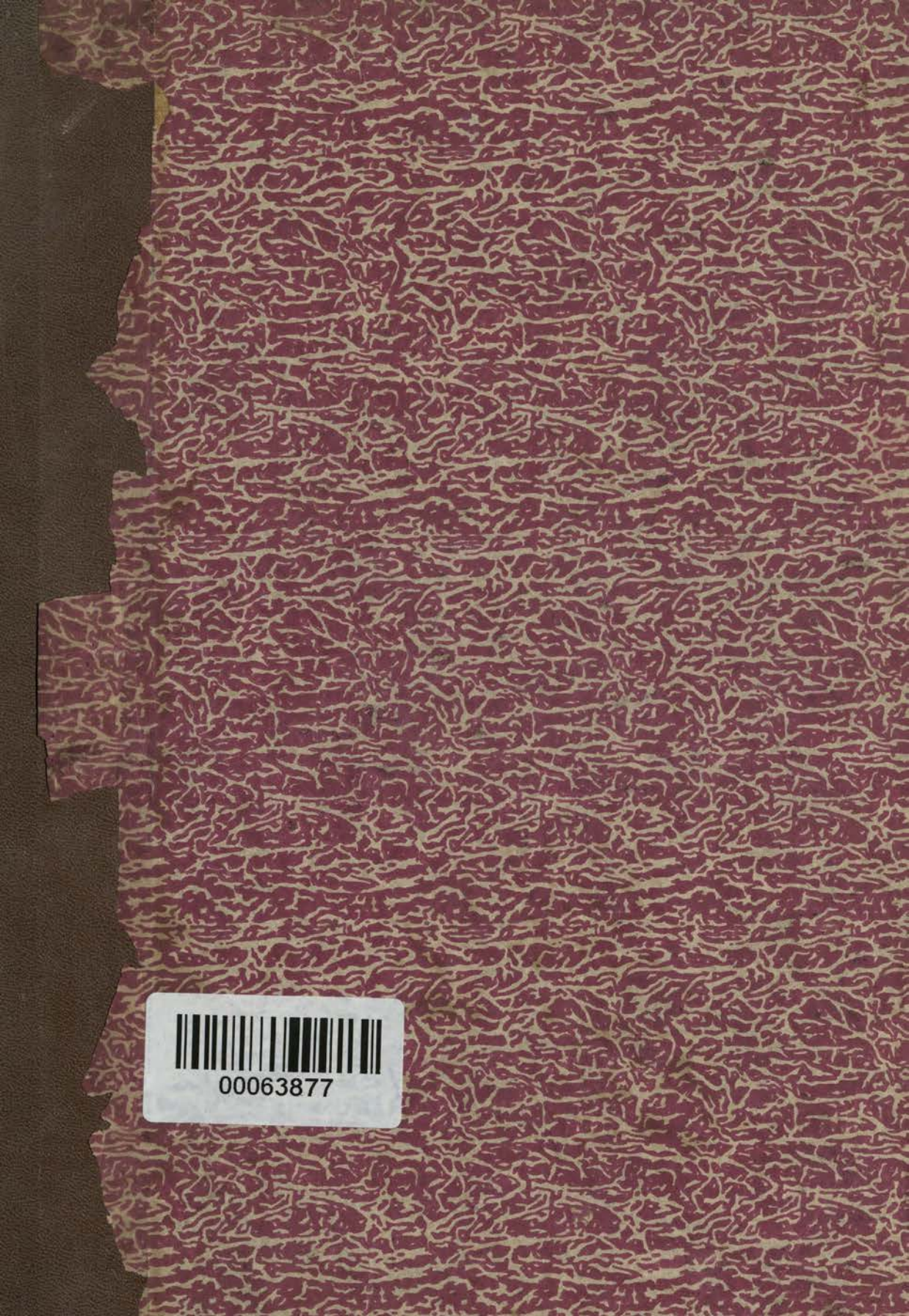
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A HISTORY OF PAINTING

A HISTORY OF PAINTING

BY HALDANE MACFALL

WITH A PREFACE BY

FRANK BRANGWYN

IN EIGHT VOLUMES. ILLUSTRATED WITH TWO HUNDRED PLATES IN COLOUR

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VOL. VII

THE BRITISH GENIUS

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH

PRIME MINISTER

AND

TO

MRS. ASQUITH

IN HOMAGE

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

H. M.

FOREWORD

I READ of late a solemn Introduction to a volume on British Art in which the writer seriously lays down laws as to the Celtic and Latin element in the British race in the creation of its art, yet putting in a good word for the Saxon element, which, whilst it is denied artistic achievement, is hailed for its high political gifts! As a matter of fact, some of our finest political leaders and men of action have been Celts; whilst some of our supreme artists have been Saxon or Norman Saxon. This pseudo-scholarly logic-chopping seems to come to print from that strange body of men who, by some fantastic impulsion, win to official positions as dictators on art to the amazed public who appear unable or unwilling to realise that the whole tyranny is a thing of straw. The British public have got it into their heads that art is some exclusive cult of culture founded on books and museums; and forthwith, rather than go through the boredom of the museum habit, they shrug their shoulders and accept any vapid statement, so long as it is authoritatively droned forth, and straightway leave the business to such as care to make a hobby of it.

Another baffling factor to the man in the street is the cult of these self-appointed authorities, whereby in one generation one group of artists is acclaimed, and in the next generation another. A Whistler comes into the vogue; is as fatuously overlauded as he was sinfully aforetime contemned—and at once, as though one small head could carry but a limited admiration, a giant like Turner is flung overboard.

Perhaps the best writer, as writer, who has made law-mongering on art his province, whom we have yet had over us, was Ruskin—for the man was a genius and an artist in literature of a high order—but for this very reason his example in criticism and his influence on art have been almost the worst. Ruskin never understood the essential significance of the art of painting; and he has been responsible for a large share of the utter misunderstanding of that significance by the writers who came after him. The moment that Ruskin

stood before the living art of his own day, having no authorities to guide, no books to fall back upon, he gasped, baffled, and forthwith abused it. And so far from the writers who have come after him seeking to discover the significance, they almost to a man blunder into his basic falsities, even whilst they shrewishly scold him. Take the book of the writer of whom I have spoken, test his judgment, and what do we find? A book surveying the British achievement, in which mediocre and second-rate artists are set forward, whilst some of the supreme masters of our age are not even mentioned!

The earlier history of British art is sadly lacking, and opens up a rare field for research of vast interest to the English-speaking race. The services of Sir George Scharf *in the examination of old portraits cannot be exaggerated; and* Mr. Lionel Cust *has done yeoman service in his endeavours to persuade the heads of old English families to record the portraits in their possession. The first books of consequence in this realm within reach of the student are* Wheatley's "Historical Portraits," *the famous* Lodge's "Portraits," *and the fine series of* Oxford Portraits. *Concerning miniatures the essays and books of* Dr. Williamson *are all excellent.* Freeman O'Donoghue's "Catalogue of Portraits of Queen Elizabeth" (1894) *is valuable, as are the catalogues of the* Glasgow Portraits *by* Heath Wilson *in* 1868; *the* Yorkshire Portraits *at* Leeds *in* 1869; *the* Royal Academy Winter Exhibitions *from* 1870; *the* Worcester *display of* 1882; *the* Grosvenor Gallery Winter Reynolds *display of* 1883-4, *and the following* 1884-5 Gainsborough *display thereat; followed by the* 1886 Millais *show, the* 1887 Van Dyck *show, and the* Century of British Art *of* 1888 *and of* 1889. *But it was in* 1889 *that the catalogue of the superb* House of Stuart *display at the New Gallery started this valuable series of records, the* House of Tudor *following in* 1890, *the* House of Guelph *in* 1891, *and* Victorian Portraits *in* 1892. *Of* 1894 *were the two fine displays of* Fair Women, *and of* 1895 *the* Old Scottish Portraits *and the* Fair Children *at the Grafton Galleries.* The Dowdeswell Charts *give an excellent view of the relation of artists in Britain to the foreign schools.*

FOREWORD

Of the many works upon Hogarth, *all that is best and valuable has been garnered and wrought into the supreme biography written by* Austin Dobson *in unforgettable fashion. The authority on* Reynolds *is* Algernon Graves. *The number of valuable books upon him is very large, by* Malone, Northcote, Beechey, Cotton, Mason, Leslie, Tom Taylor, Conway, Armstrong, *and others; whilst* Elsa d'Esterre-Keeling *has written a volume that reveals the impression of his art upon a keen feminine temperament. The most important work on* Gainsborough *is by* Sir Walter Armstrong. Sir Herbert Maxwell *has gathered together the various details of the life of* Romney *from old sources into a good volume, and here again* Algernon Graves *is the soundest authority, whilst the completest list of his pictures is in the larger work by* Messrs. Humphry Ward and Roberts. *Concerning* Raeburn *is a sound book by* Pinnington; *both* R. A. M. Stevenson *and* Sir Walter Armstrong *have written upon him; and* Sir Walter Armstrong *has brought together a scholarly volume that covers his known works.* Lewis Hind's *charming word-picture of* Romney *in the* Masterpieces in Colour, *and* Caw's *excellent work on* Raeburn *in the same series, should not be missed by the student.* Grego's "Life of Rowlandson" *contains a very full account of his career. A good little volume on the career of* Hoppner *is that by* Skipton, *if his artistic appreciation be discounted. On* Downman *there is an excellent* Studio *monograph by* Dr. Williamson; *of* Morland *are the lives by* Richardson, *an interesting* Portfolio *monograph by* Nettleship, *and a capital* Connoisseur Extra, *which gives a good summary of the best authorities. By far the most painstaking authority upon* Blake *is* Mr. Ellis, *as seen in* The Real Blake; *a monumental work upon his art is that by* Ellis and Yeats; Swinburne *also wrote an interesting volume upon him. A most useful work upon* Scottish Painting *is the volume by* Mr. Caw, *a scholarly and careful writer.*

HALDANE MACFALL.

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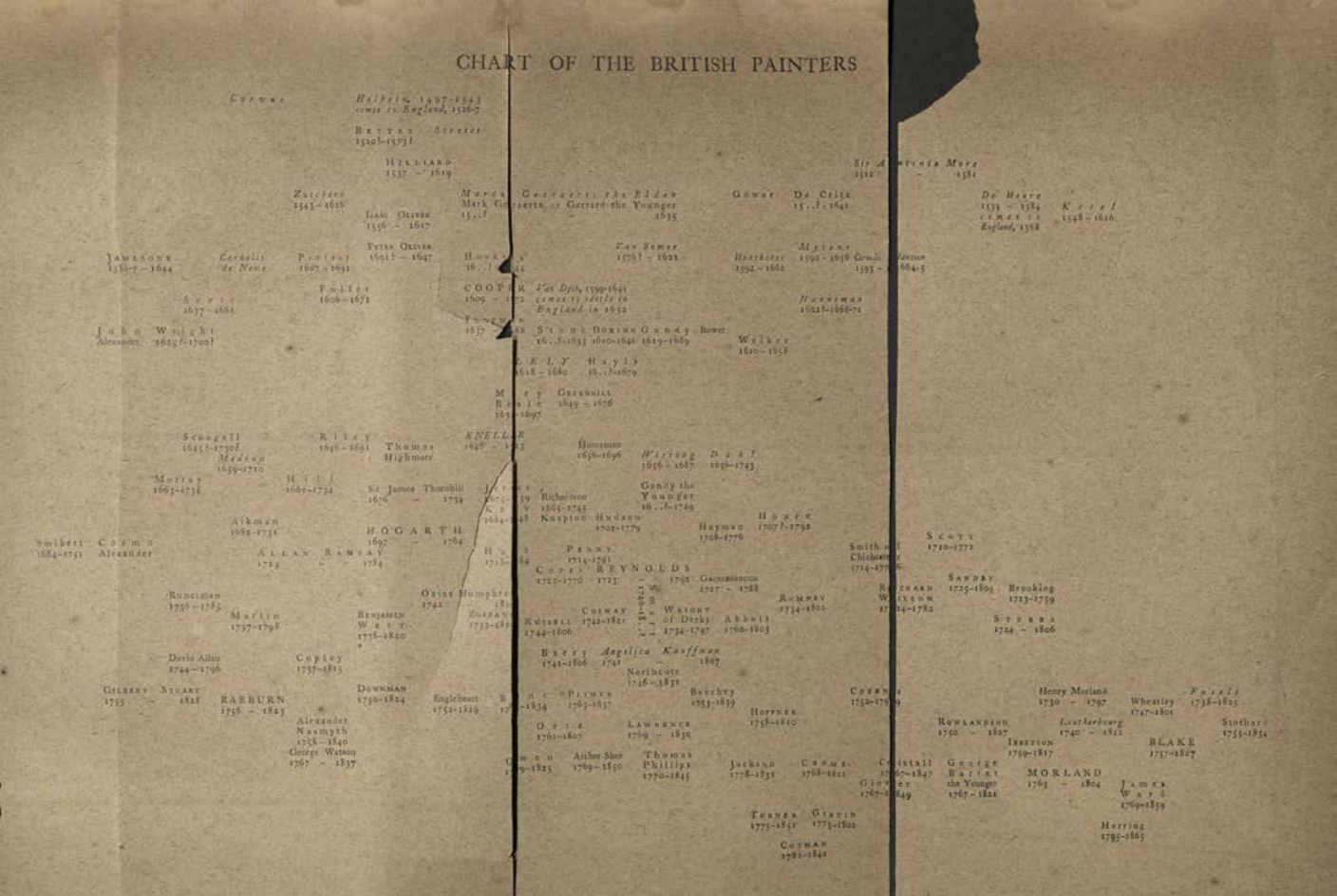
Norwich
Warwick
Cambridge
Ipswich
Gloucester
Oxford
London
Bristol
Bath
KENT
Dover
Calais
DEVON
Exeter
Plymouth
Isle of Wight
FRANCE
Rouen
MALOAN
MACFALL

CHART OF THE BRITISH PAINTERS



THE BRITISH GENIUS BEFORE THE COMING OF VAN DYCK

A HISTORY OF PAINTING

CHAPTER I

OF THE BRITAIN IN WHICH THE ARTISTS HAD THEIR BEGINNINGS; AND OF THE BRITISH LOVE OF ANCESTORS AT ANY PRICE

OF THE BRITAIN IN WHICH THE ARTISTS HAD THEIR BEGINNINGS; AND OF THE BRITISH LOVE OF ANCESTORS AT ANY PRICE

THE faculty for artistic utterance is deep-rooted in the British race. The Celts had an astounding artistic achievement; Ireland is rich in relics of it; and the Norsemen increased it, as the superb manuscript illuminations, the church architecture, embroidery, lace, needlework, glass-painting, statuary, and the like abundantly prove. But we are here concerned with painting; and the miniature portrait was early the glory of England.

It is well to realise that by race, as well as by position, we are closely akin to the Gothic, French and Netherlandish, genius. In our Gothic architecture we were to all intents French—northern French. But isolation soon told, and English Gothic took on its own creative forms. Still, even so, Britain was scarce yet a country, but rather a part of a great north-western European mediæval people. It is a curious fallacy, long asserted, and therefore made holy by print to bookish men, that the Reformation was inimical to art—it was inimical to Catholic art; but art has naught to do with religions, and, as a matter of fact, some of the sublime art of all time has been created since the Reformation and by heretics; nor, indeed, is the genius of Giorgione or of Titian or of Velazquez greatly concerned with the Church; Rembrandt and Hals were Protestants, as well as Reynolds and Gainsborough, and Turner and

THE BRITISH GENIUS BEFORE THE COMING OF VAN DYCK

Hogarth and Constable; whilst the French genius of Watteau and Chardin and La Tour and the like concerned itself as little with religion as did that of Corot and Millet and Manet. At the first assault of the Reformation much treasured achievement in art unfortunately perished, 'tis true enough; but a large part of the then art being created by and for the Church was in decay, if not a dead thing; and art, so far from losing, vastly gained by being divorced from the Church. Nor must it be forgotten that Puritanism came forth just as much in black and scowling detestation of art, in frantic outbursts within the Mediæval Church, as it did for awhile at the Reformation, when it was not so much an attack on art as upon Catholic art. There is no more widespread fallacy, and no more deep-rooted falsity, than to deny art to Protestantism or any other form of heresy.

Beginning, then, with the Stone Age, of the time of the Swiss Lake-dwellings, we have the ruins of Stonehenge; thereafter came the Bronze Age, of the time of the Egyptian civilisation, from about 1500 B.C. to 300 B.C., followed by the Iron Age. To Britain came, in the Bronze Age, the Gaels or Celts, a tall, red-haired, blue-eyed, fair race of warriors, pressing the small, dark Iberians into Wales and south-western Ireland. The Gaels swept up into Scotland, into Ireland, and the Isle of Man. They were followed in the Iron Age by the Brythons or second Celtic invasion, now holding Wales and Cornwall. Their Stone, Bronze, and Iron art created forms of great significance, which the modern set-back of the Art-Nouveau initiated by Morris has essayed to revive.

The Roman invasion did not greatly affect native art. The Anglo-Saxon invasion largely pushed it aside. But the Saxon and Celt were early becoming mixed by blood; and what lack of imagination is said to be of the Saxon character must early have been tempered by the Celtic blood. The square, simple architecture of the Saxons is marked. The Norse blood of the Normans overwhelmed both, and, becoming fused, created the real British people towards the time that England was becoming

a nation, as we understand the word nation to-day—it brought to us also rounded Scandinavian forms. This Norman-French genius, mixed with the Gael and Saxon, was bound to evolve a people apart; and the Gothic art from France was soon becoming individually British. The "round-arched Norman Gothic" gave place to the superb "Pointed Gothic"; by the end of the thirteen-hundreds, about Richard II's day, the peculiarly English "Perpendicular Gothic" was developed.

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The Gothic died into what is called "the Tudor Chaos" with Henry VIII in 1509; and the Tudor was to hold the fifteen-hundreds, giving place, under Inigo Jones, in the early sixteen-hundreds to the English Renaissance of the Stuarts of which Christopher Wren was the supreme genius.

So far, then, the housing for painting had not been inviting.

Before surveying the British genius, however, let us guard ourselves by surveying a few weaknesses in the British temperament.

The Gothic instinct for character in the Middle Ages early set the makers of church-effigies to essaying the portrait. Of course, the earlier portraiture is chiefly concerned with the apparel, and the face was treated conventionally—this is the case largely even in stained-glass windows. But instinct would out—the Gothic instinct for character.

There is great treasure in old portraits, often little valued, in English country-houses; but, on the other hand, old family traditions are most unsafe. Not only have fraudulent portraits been made, but, quite innocently, tradition has given wrong names to hundreds of fine works. The *John Balliol* and *Devorgilla*, his wife, at Balliol College, Oxford, were made—the one from a blacksmith, and the other from Jenny Reeks, an apothecary's daughter. The wide fashion of a bygone day in the painting of sets of the old kings for country-houses, which are most misleading, as time mellowed them, had quite innocent beginnings; such as the 110 portraits of the Kings of

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Scotland in the long gallery at Holyrood Palace, painted in 1684 by Flemish JAMES DE WITT, for which the contract exists; the six imaginary Lothian portraits of kings, Robert II to James V, painted by JAMESONE, as well as the nine Queens of Scotland by him; or the series of English kings by one artist that were at Kensington Palace; or the Vans Agnew *Wallace* with tartan scarf and "Libertas" on his brooch! The renaming of really fine portraits by after-generations makes the confusion embarrassing, the more so in the case of renamed masterpieces—renamed as to the sitter and the painter, as at Knole where the Holbein portrait of *Margaret Roper*, daughter to Sir Thomas More, is called *Catherine of Aragon*; or the Rembrandt's *Mother* at Windsor, which until lately was called the *Countess of Desmond*, who died when Rembrandt was a child; or *The Perfect Wife* standing on a tortoise, painted it is said by Gheeraedts from Sir Thomas More's daughter, which was engraved by Faber as *Queen Elizabeth*, and given to Holbein in 1558, who died in 1543. The National Portrait Gallery *Thomas, Lord Clifford of Chudleigh*, by Lely, proves that the several portraits of this member of the Cabal Ministry are given to other members by family traditions, for, not only was this very portrait when bought by the nation called "Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans," but the Lauderdale portrait of him at Ham House was called "Lord Maynard," the Arlington portrait of him at Euston Hall was called the "Duke of Monmouth," and the Downing Street portrait was unnamed. The Kneller *Duchess of Cleveland* at the National Portrait Gallery was said to be "Rachel, Lady Russell." *Hampden*, of whom there is a miniature at Windsor, was made the subject of many portraits for which he never sat. The Holland House *Sir Andrew Fountaine* was long called "Addison," whilst the Baroness Windsor's *Group of Dutchmen* are neither "Members of the Kit-Cat Club," nor by Kneller, any more than the Hutton *Lebeck, the Innkeeper*, is the so-called Kit-Cat Club "Christopher Catt." The portrait of *Samuel Richardson*, given by him to Lady Bradshaigh, came to Sir Thomas Robinson of Rokeby,

who had a star and blue riband painted on it and called it "Sir Robert Walpole" to fit it to take its place in the company among which he hung it!

Unfortunately this evil was further increased by engravers, in their eagerness to find a portrait of a celebrity at any price, engraving and giving false names to their work—so the portrait of *Sir John Burgh* passes as "Gustavus Adolphus"; *Endymion Porter* as "Robert, Earl of Essex"; *Sir Joshua Reynolds* as "Renwick, the *Monster*"; *John Pond*, being published in 1787, but not selling, was made into "Peter Pindar," when it went well; the *Grammont Memoirs* have several misnamed portraits, whilst *Flamsteed's* portrait was made the frontispiece to the *History of Norfolk* as that of its author, Blomefield. But when we find Hogarth painting a portrait of "Fielding" after death from Garrick, and Garrick again sitting to Roubiliac for his statue of "Shakespeare," now in the British Museum, the danger of confusion can be grasped.

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CHAPTER II

OF THE PAINTERS WHO LIMNED THE GREAT ONES BEFORE THE TUDOR CAME INTO HIS OWN

THE BRITISH GENIUS BEFORE THE COMING OF VAN DYCK

If we would get a grip on what early relics of British painters there are that still survive, it is well to grasp the period in relation to Tudor days.

The thirteen-hundreds cover Edward I (1274-1307), Edward II (1307-1327), Edward III (1327-1377), and Richard II (1377-1399).

The fourteen-hundreds are the years of the Houses of Lancaster and of York, with the last thirty years devastated by the conflict of these two houses in the Wars of the Roses. First comes the House of Lancaster through John of Gaunt, Henry IV (1399-1413), Henry V (1413-1422), Henry VI (1422-1461); followed by the House of York, Edward IV (1461-1483), Edward V (1483), Richard III (1483-1485), with the incessant strife of the War of the Roses.

The incentive to art was not great; whilst vast treasure in art was ruthlessly destroyed. The first Tudor bridged the ending of the fourteen-hundreds to the Tudor fifteen-hundreds by the union of the roses; but Henry VII (1485-1509), though he reigned partly in the fourteen-hundreds, brings in a new period, initiates a new age, and with him begins the great Tudor century of the fifteen-hundreds, just as, at the death of Elizabeth in 1603, the sixteen-hundreds pass into the wilful hands of the Stuarts.

The remains of early British painting are rare; but the old Gothic churches had their paintings—and many a coat of whitewash to-day conceals such. Durham holds a rude *Galilee*, and St. Albans as rude a *Crucifixion*.

The illuminators were busy, and to good purpose, up to the Wars of the Roses; painting was widespread in the Middle Ages here.

Westminster Abbey has an excellent portrait of *Richard II*

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enthroned, remarkable for its period. The famous Wilton portrait of *Richard II with Saints* is as good. It is in dispute whether these were painted by native artists or by some Bohemian of the School of Prague who came over with Richard's queen, Anne of Bohemia. The British Museum holds the *Fragment from St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster*, showing several figures at table, of which series the *Edward III Kneeling* was burnt in 1834; here we have kinship with the art of the English illuminators of the middle thirteen-hundreds. Norwich has an altarpiece of about the same date. The kinship is Flemish-French. Dramatic sense and fine colour are very marked.

The Wars of the Roses caused wholesale destruction; and things were in a bad way for the artists when, in Henry VIII's mid-reign, Holbein came to London town, and set up that vogue for life-size portraits in oils, and those miniatures or "limnings," which were to have so pronounced an effect on British art.

But there were portrait-painters as well as "limners" before Holbein came. Besides the *Richard II* at Westminster, we have the Gothic portraiture from the north of *James III and his Queen, Margaret of Denmark*, at Holyrood, and *Sir Edward Boncle*, given to Van der Goes.

To the illuminators of the Harleian MS. of the Canterbury Tales we are indebted for the *Chaucer*. It is proved by payments that these portraits were largely English.

At the National Portrait Gallery is a series of royal portraits, from *Richard II* to *Richard III*, bringing us down to Tudor times through the fourteen-hundreds. *Richard II*, the gigantic and handsome son of the Black Prince, whose character so baffles us to-day, hangs beside his usurping cousin *Henry IV*, son of Gaunt, called "Bolingbroke," whose loyalty to the crown Richard so wilfully flung away by banishing him for the famous quarrel with the questionable Norfolk, and further ill-used by filching his heritage from him when in exile, thereby making him his most dangerous enemy, and eventually his master. There also hangs Bolingbroke's son *Henry V*. At Eton College as well as at the Society of Antiquaries, are other portraits

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of *Henry V*, who, fine soldier as he was, became a bigoted persecutor of the Lollards and, by his claim to the throne of France, set into action the movements that were to create the miserable Wars of the Roses.

Of the great and good Archbishop of Canterbury, *Henry Chicheley*, Lambeth has a portrait—he who founded All Souls at Oxford, and so hotly opposed the Pope under Henry v, whose son, *Henry VI*, is to be seen in a fine portrait at Eton as well as one at Windsor and the National Portrait Gallery—that learned Henry who was to know disastrous defeats by Joan of Arc.

Edward IV, a born general, may be seen at the National Portrait Gallery, at the Society of Antiquaries, and at Windsor —that son of Richard, Duke of York, who had such trouble from the great house of Warwick, which he at last overthrew, sullying his repute with the death of Henry vi and his son, and with that of his own brother, the Duke of Clarence—altogether a discreditable, cruel, vengeful, and gross fellow, though a giant of six feet three, and a fine warrior. He married *Elizabeth Woodville*, whose portrait is at Queens' College, Cambridge, as well as at Hampton Court and at Windsor, she with whom the king fell in love when she came to plead for her two little sons by her first marriage with Sir John Grey of Groby, who had fallen on the Lancastrian side at St. Albans battle in 1461, she being then about twenty-four, the daughter of the first Earl Rivers. She became the mother of Henry vii's queen, and of the doomed "Princes in the Tower." Mistrusted by every one, she was reconciled to Richard iii, the murderer of her sons; and, distrusted by Henry vii, she ended in a nunnery; but at least she founded Queens' College at Cambridge. Her son by Edward iv, *Edward V*, we know from a manuscript portrait—the unfortunate boy who, born in the sanctuary at Westminster, whither his mother, Elizabeth Woodville, had fled, fell at last into the hands of his uncle, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, by whom he and his brother were flung into the Tower, in which they were murdered; which uncle, as *Richard III*, hangs at the National Portrait Gallery, the Society of Antiquaries, Windsor,

and Knowsley, the strange man who murdered the young Prince Edward of Lancaster at Tewkesbury and Henry VI in the Tower before he was twenty, thereby fitting him for the later murder of his nephews the Princes in the Tower. At Magdalen, Oxford, is a portrait of *William of Waynflete*, Bishop of Winchester, the great founder, who entertained within its splendid architecture King Richard III, whilst that amiable personage was plotting this very murder of the Princes in the Tower.

Edward IV's brother-in-law, Elizabeth Woodville's brother, *Antony Woodville*, is limned in the Lambeth MS. kneeling on one knee in armour; he was Caxton's first patron—he became Earl Rivers, and translated the first book published in England. He was beheaded by Richard III.

Margaret of York (1446-1503) is to be seen at the Society of Antiquaries, that Margaret, sister of Edward IV who married Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. The portraits of *Margaret Beaufort* and her son *Henry VII* at the National Portrait Gallery are particularly interesting. The fine *Margaret Beaufort*, her hands in prayer, was painted in 1488. Margaret Beaufort (1441-1509) had become heiress to the English throne in 1471, through the failure of heirs to Henry VI—for, though the Beauforts were bastard by origin, they had been made legitimate by Act of Parliament under Richard II. Henry VI had brought about the marriage of Margaret Beaufort in 1455 to his half-brother, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond; and to them in 1456 was born a son, Henry, who was to reign as Henry VII. She married, secondly, a son of the Yorkist Duke of Buckingham, and, thirdly, the Yorkist Lord Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby, whose desertion of Richard III at Bosworth Field led to the victory of his stepson Henry VII, whose wise adviser she remained, though taking vows as a nun in 1504. She was a great woman, founded Christ's and St. John's at Cambridge, the Lady Margaret Professorships at Oxford and Cambridge, and was one of the glories of the rebirth of learning in England, with Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. An ardent supporter of printing, she imbued her grandson Henry VIII with his love of books.

PAINTING

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Henry VII (1457-1509), by his marriage with the Yorkist *Princess Elizabeth*, to be seen at Christ Church, Oxford, and at the National Portrait Gallery, united the houses of York and Lancaster. He gave in marriage his daughter Margaret Tudor to James IV of Scotland, through whom the Stuarts came to the English crown. The number of portraits of *Henry VII* is considerable. Henry VII drew TORRIGIANO (1472-1522), the Florentine sculptor, fellow-student of Michelangelo, to London, who wrought the fine effigies at Westminster Abbey of *Henry VII*, his *Queen*, and his mother, *Margaret Beaufort*.

The which brings us to the fifteen-hundreds, the century of the Tudors.

1500

CHAPTER III

WHEREIN GERMAN HOLBEIN COMES TO THE COURT OF BLUFF KING HAL

WHEREIN GERMAN HOLBEIN COMES TO THE COURT OF BLUFF KING HAL

THE fifteen-hundreds in England belong to the Tudors: Henry VII (1485-1509), Henry VIII (1509-1547), Edward VI (1547-1553), Mary (1553-1558), Elizabeth (1558-1603).

At Windsor is the portrait of the eldest son of Henry VII, *Arthur, Prince of Wales*, painted, be it noted, *in very Holbeinesque spirit*, though the Prince (1486-1502), who had been married to Catherine of Aragon in the November of 1501, he being fifteen, died in the following April, his virgin bride being forthwith betrothed to Prince Henry, his brother.

At the National Portrait Gallery is a portrait of *Margaret Tudor*, the eldest daughter of Henry VII, who, by her marriage with James IV of Scotland, brought the Stuarts to the English Crown. She was a fickle soul, and married for the second time the Earl of Angus, though her adulteries were a scandal, for which Henry VIII, her brother, pious man, scolded her. Divorced from Angus in 1527, she married Lord Methven. Her daughter by Angus, Margaret Douglas, married Lord Lennox and became the mother of Henry, Lord Darnley. Of *James V* of Scotland, son of James IV and Margaret Tudor, the Duke of Devonshire has a good portrait by an unknown painter. To the Duke of Bedford belongs a portrait of *Mary Tudor* (1496-1533), daughter to Henry VII, who in 1508 was married by proxy to Prince Charles, afterwards the Emperor Charles V, but the marriage being disavowed by Wolsey, she became Queen of France in 1514 to the elderly Louis XII, whom she danced to death by the new year, whereon she married bluff King Hal's friend, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, to the wrath of the king. Her only daughter Frances was born in 1517 and became mother to Lady Jane Grey. Mary Tudor was a bitter hater of

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Anne Boleyn. The Bedford portrait includes Mary Tudor's husband, the *Duke of Suffolk*. At the National Portrait Gallery is another portrait of this *Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk*, Henry VIII's lifelong friend and boon companion, who is as like his royal master in features as he was in love affairs and in bluff ways.

We are wont to speak of British painting as being created by Holbein; as a matter of fact, there was astounding good portraiture in England before Holbein came; and if the artists by name are amongst the unknowns, at least they were practising portraiture, and on a large scale scarce known over the larger part of Western Europe in the middle fourteen-hundreds at latest. But, on the other hand, of the many such artists as worked on the small scale known as "limning" or miniature-painting, most of the painters seem to have been foreigners practising amongst us—and the names of LAVINIA TERLINCK and GWILLYM STRETES prove Netherlandish origin, though in the thirteen-hundreds the native illuminators were creating miniature portraiture, as in the Salisbury Lectionarium with its frontispiece portrait of *Lord Lovell receiving the Book from John Siferwas*, and the famous portrait of *Chaucer* by OCCLEVE in the British Museum Manuscript.

That the native artist was illuminating manuscripts with portraiture on occasion—on the important occasion—well into Tudor days is proved by the "treaty portraits" of *Henry VIII* in 1543 and *Philip and Mary* in 1556.

However, the portrait in small, whether it were cut from the manuscript and set into a jewelled casing or not, was soon become a thing of itself. The vellum is said to have given place to a playing-card; soon a fine piece of vellum or a piece of chicken-skin was stretched over the card, and it was upon such a surface that the Elizabethan small portraits were wrought.

PAINTING UNDER HENRY VIII

1509 – 1547

On Henry VIII coming to the throne in 1509 the world

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little suspected that the handsome young fellow who for fifteen years after he came to the crown lived a gay life, leaving affairs of state to his minister Wolsey, had an eye for statecraft or a will to enforce his desires. A scholar, an athlete of great bodily strength, he gave himself up to extravagance and riot. Married to his brother's wife Catherine of Aragon two months after he came to the crown, of whose several children only Princess Mary, born in 1516, lived, the young king who had written an attack on Luther and been made the Defender of the Faith, suddenly awoke. Whether he really felt uneasy about his marriage with his brother's widow, he now tried to get a divorce; but she was the niece of the powerful Emperor Charles v, and the Pope dared not, offering instead to give Henry dispensation for two wives! Henry, with the Tudor instinct for standing firm in the strength of the people, turned to his Commons, who detested the ordering of Rome; and the bull-necked king boldly led the nation to be rid of Rome; the gentry of the land leaped at the prospect of sharing the Church lands, as well as being rid of the foreign tyranny. So Henry staggered Europe by fighting the greatest living power of his day. All was swept before his will, deep-rooted in his faithful House of Commons—Wolsey went down, and the Church lands were divided amongst the faithful.

Of *Henry VIII* we have the painting with *Catherine of Aragon* in the great east window of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster; the Hampton Court panel; Earl Spencer's panel; the Windsor circular miniature; the illumination of the "*Liber Niger* of the Order of the Garter"; the copy on the back of a playing-card at Windsor by Hilliard; a Windsor miniature; the Magniac miniature; the beardless portrait at Windsor; the St. Bartholomew Hospital portrait of 1544; the Marquis of Bath's portrait at 54; the circular Windsor miniature in oils on oak at 57; the "caricature" portrait by Cornelius Matsis of 1548; the Dillon full-length; the Lucas d'Heere at Trinity, Cambridge.

Catherine of Spain, called Catherine of Aragon, was daughter

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to Ferdinand and Isabella. The National Portrait Gallery has a portrait of this learned and accomplished *Catherine of Aragon*, who acted throughout her miserable days and to the end with rare dignity. *John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester*, of whom there is a drawing by Holbein at Windsor, and *Sir Thomas More*, Holbein's great patron, stood heroically and loyally by the queen. They both abhorred Wolsey and his ways; and both the aged Fisher and Sir Thomas More went to the block in the July of 1535 to the horror of the civilised world. Catherine died at Kimbolton.

Of Edward Stafford, third *Duke of Buckingham*, whose father was beheaded by Richard III, and who himself, after being in high favour at the Court of Henry VIII, and entertaining the king at Penshurst, roused the ill-will of Wolsey and went to the block on Tower Hill in 1521, there is a portrait at Magdalene, Cambridge.

William Warham, whom Holbein painted in the Dillon portrait, and drew in the immortal drawing at Windsor, had been made Archbishop of Canterbury by Henry VII. He, like Fisher, was a great friend of the New Learning. He crowned Henry VIII and his Queen Catherine in 1509; but Wolsey swept his kindly influence aside, though the two men remained friends—both of them detested persecution, and both had a deaf ear for charges of heresy. Indeed, Warham protected *Colet* (whose portrait by an unknown artist is at Magdalen, Oxford), when it was no safe act so to do, quashing the heavy charge of heresy brought against him by the Bishop of London for translating the Lord's Prayer into English. Warham's position as regards the divorce was a difficult one, as he considered the marriage illegal. Lambeth has a portrait of *Warham*. At Jesus, Cambridge, is Warham's successor, *Cranmer*, said to be by Holbein.

At the National Portrait Gallery we may look upon the features of *Anne Boleyn*, the second queen of Henry VIII, by an unknown painter. Niece to the courtier-statesman, Norfolk, she caught the ranging fancy of the king in 1522 when her elder

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sister Mary Boleyn was bluff King Hal's mistress. When she herself became the king's mistress is not known, but by 1527 the king was seeking his divorce, and at once, against Wolsey's efforts, Henry married her privately in the January of 1533. Cranmer, as Archbishop, declared the marriage valid, and she was crowned in great state on Whitsunday. Detested by the Court, she gave birth to Elizabeth in September; but Henry was already weary of her, a vulgar coquette without wit or culture. Tried for some charges which are terrible, she was beheaded on Tower Hill on the 19th of May 1536.

Of *Tyndale*, the martyred translator of the New Testament who was burnt by Charles v in 1536, Hertford College, Oxford, has a portrait.

Of *Thomas Howard, Second Duke of Norfolk*, the ducal house has a portrait—he who fought at Bosworth, where his father fell, for Richard III, but thereafter clove to the Tudors, won Flodden Field, and against his wish, in old age, presided at the judicial murder of Buckingham, his friend, in 1521.

HOLBEIN

1497 – 1543

With introductions from Erasmus to Sir Thomas More in London, Holbein left Basle on his English journey in the autumn of 1526, reaching London on the eve of his thirtieth year, journeying thither by way of Antwerp. For the great and noble English statesman he had already designed the title-page to his *Utopia*. More was soon to become Lord Chancellor; and soon after Holbein's arriving at his house, "at the village of Chelsea," he was at work upon the portraits of celebrities, besides painting More again and again. The Huth *Sir Thomas More* is dated 1527. In the summer of 1528 Holbein was back at Basle, but Basle was fallen on evil days, and 1529 saw him struggling for livelihood; by the autumn of 1531 he was glad to paint the clocks over the Rhine-gate for fourteen florins. He turned his eyes to London again. Sir Thomas More was

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now Lord Chancellor, and stood next to the king. Shaking the dust of Basle from his feet in 1532 Holbein made for London. More had flung up his high office, and was out of bluff King Hal's favour; but Holbein was welcomed by the rich German merchants of the "Steelyard," for whom he worked until about 1536, when his art caught the royal favour. More was foul of the king owing to the royal quarrel with Rome—and went to the scaffold in the July of 1535; but already, in 1533, Holbein had painted the falconer to the king, *Robert Cheseman*; and he painted *Cromwell*, about to become the "sledgehammer of the monks," in 1533-4—indeed Holbein about this time designed his satirical woodcuts on the monks for Cranmer's Catechism. He was evidently on the high road to the royal favour. Greatly enamoured of the portrait-miniature now being wrought in England by the Netherlandish LUCAS HOREBOUT, then at Court, Holbein in 1535 painted the famous Windsor miniature of little *Henry Brandon, Son of the Duke of Suffolk*. *Henry VIII* and his third queen *Jane Seymour* were painted by him in 1536, the year that Jane Seymour came to the Crown, the year also in which Holbein became Court-painter, and entered upon that triumphant career in which he was to paint the Court and the great ones of the land.

The Vienna *Jane Seymour* is of 1537. The Duke of Bedford has a superb *Jane Seymour* by Holbein. This, the third queen of Henry VIII, Jane Seymour (1509-1537), who had been maid of honour to Catherine of Aragon and to Anne Boleyn, attracted the king's gadding eye in 1535, and he married her, on Anne Boleyn's death at the block, in the May of 1536. Their child, the little Prince Edward, was born in the October of 1537 amidst the frantic delight of the nation, which received a check on hearing that Jane Seymour had passed away twelve days afterwards. She alone kept bluff Hal's love; for her alone of all his queens he wore mourning; and beside her at Windsor he lies buried. The Duke of Devonshire has Holbein's large cartoon of *Henry VIII, Jane Seymour*,

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Henry VII and Elizabeth of York, for the Whitehall picture, painted in 1537, but destroyed by fire.

In 1537 Holbein painted the large double-portrait of *The Ambassadors*; and was soon in personal touch with the king, who greatly liked him, trusted him, and admired him. At the death of Jane Seymour, Henry VIII laid siege to the girl *Duchess of Milan* whose famous portrait by Holbein makes her immortal. In the August of 1539 Holbein painted *Anne of Cleves* for the king's wooing, she whom Henry made his fourth queen—the Louvre possesses this fine painting. St. John's at Oxford has a portrait of *Anne of Cleves* by an unknown. The king went to meet her at Rochester; Cranmer married them at Greenwich in the February of 1540, but Henry never lived with her—he had decided on a new policy before she arrived, and they were divorced in July. She visited the king at Hampton Court more than once, but passed her life at Hever Castle, where she died in 1557, having taken part in the Coronation of Queen Mary. Of *Cranmer*, Warham's successor as Archbishop of Canterbury, Holbein painted the portrait at Jesus, Cambridge.

Then came the fall and death of *Thomas Cromwell*, Earl of Essex, of whom the National Portrait Gallery has a painting by an unknown artist. A brutal and overbearing man, he came to be hated by all; and when he died by the axe, none regretted him.

The marriage of the king with Catherine Howard, his fifth queen, brought a *Norfolk*, the third Duke, to power, and Holbein painted him.

The National Portrait Gallery has a fine portrait of *Catherine Howard* by a painter of Holbein's school. Brought to Court in the spring of 1540, whilst Henry was fretting and fuming over his marriage with Anne of Cleves, it is said by the intrigue of Bishop Gardiner, the head of the Catholic party, to lure the king, the reckless girl was secretly married to Henry VIII in the July that saw him divorced from Anne of Cleves. He very soon found out about her love affairs, discovered

her meeting her old lovers, even making one her secretary, and she was tried for high treason in the January of 1542, and beheaded in the February. Brother of the vile third Norfolk was *Lord William Howard*, created Lord Howard of Effingham, Mary's High Admiral, who, Catholic though he was, spoke boldly for the rights of Elizabeth to succeed, and, disgusted with the bloodshed of Mary's late years, threw up the post of High Admiral. The Earl of Effingham has his picture.

Windsor holds some eighty chalk portraits by Holbein for his painted portraits of the celebrities of the age, as well as a miniature of *Himself*.

By the February of 1542 Catherine Howard's tragedy was over. In the summer of 1543 Catherine Parr was bluff King Hal's sixth and last queen. Holbein was at work upon the large portrait-group of the *Barber-Surgeons receiving their Charter from Henry VIII* when, in the autumn of 1543, the Plague came raging into London and took him with other thousands.

Holbein died in the year that *Catherine Parr* became Henry's sixth queen ; but Lambeth Palace has a portrait of her by an unknown hand. Catherine Parr, a cultured woman, had married the Marquis of Northampton, who died in 1543. Being wooed by Sir Thomas Seymour, the scoundrelly brother of Jane Seymour and of Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, the king stepped in and married her himself in the July of 1543. A good woman, the king grew to respect and trust her. She saved many heretics, and influenced the king to restore Mary and Elizabeth to the royal rank, and to take the brand of illegitimacy from them. After Henry's death she married the scoundrelly *Thomas Seymour, now Lord Seymour of Sudeley*, who ill-treated and probably poisoned her in 1548, having designs on marrying the Princess Elizabeth. The Marquis of Bath has his portrait by Holbein.

Cruel and ruthless and abominable in private life as Henry VIII was, he understood his people, and they knew no tyranny from him. They trusted him. He was the first king to teach the House of Commons to express the will of the people.

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Lord Portsmouth possesses Holbein's *Admiral Sir John Wallop*, and Lord Galway has bluff King Hal's astronomer *Kratzer* by him.

Affecting the whole native achievement, and in turn affected by it, Holbein immortalised the Court and the great personages of his day, from the king and his several wives downwards. Of the British painters who owe tribute to him the names of but few are known, though their works are by no means scarce.

Holbein was until recently held to have died in 1554; and many portraits after 1543 were given to him, proving that he had close followers and had created a wide school. The *Edward VI delivering the Royal Charter to the Mayor at Bridewell* in 1552 had to be taken from Holbein, and the guess is that GUILLIM STRETES painted it.

It has been discovered that JOHN BROWNE was Sergeant-painter to Henry VIII, and was followed in that office by ANDREW WRIGHT, who was succeeded by ANTHONY TOTO. Then Edward VI appointed as second painter to Toto one NICHOLAS LYZARDE, who became Sergeant-painter to Mary, and then to Elizabeth. These officials seem to have had for chief concern the painting of coats-of-arms and the like duties.

Of the miniature-painters of this time was LEVINIA TERLING (or Terlinck) of Bungay.

To England came the Flemish painter JAN RAVE, from Bruges, who latinised his name to JOHANNUS CORVUS; he wrought his art from 1512 to 1544. He painted and signed the frame of the portrait of *Richard Fox, Bishop of Winchester*, founder of Corpus Christi at Oxford, his masterpiece, made between 1520 and 1528. The Sudeley Castle *Mary Tudor*, Queen of England, is by him, in its original signed frame. The National Portrait Gallery has his *Mary of England* as princess in 1544, and his *Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk*, father to Lady Jane Grey—he who had married the daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and of Mary Tudor, bluff Hal's sister, and at least knew how to die.

THE BRITISH GENIUS BEFORE THE COMING OF VAN DYCK

BETTES

1510?–1576?

JOHN BETTES, the maker of the famous portrait of *Edmund Butts*, third son of Henry VIII's physician, Sir William Butts, in the national collection, was painting, with his brother, in the later years of Henry VIII, and the reigns of Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth. Their style is markedly like that of Holbein. The *Edmund Butts* is dated 1545 and signed by John Bettes, Englishman (Anglois), on a strip of panel that was cut off the front when the portrait was made smaller, and fixed to the back.

GUILLIM STRETE or STRETES, said to have been the pupil of Holbein, is reputed a Fleming; and to him are given the full-length *Earl of Surrey* at Hampton Court, and another at Arundel Castle; whilst the Yarborough *Portrait* is signed G. S.

EDWARD VI

1547 – 1553

Of *Edward VI* the National Portrait Gallery has a fine portrait by a painter under Holbein's influence. A studious, sickly lad, under age, he was governed by his uncle, the Protector, Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, who had created himself Duke of Somerset, and who impelled the young king towards his Protestant inclinations, as did the young king's gentle godfather Cranmer.

The Grammar Schools that go by the king's name owed little to him, but were Cranmer's work, saved from the spoiling of the Church lands.

Of *Edward Seymour*, whom Henry VIII had made *Earl of Hertford* on marrying his sister Jane Seymour, the Duke of Northumberland has a fine Holbein portrait. Seymour and Paget headed the Protestant faction against the Howards. On the king's death they seized the young Edward VI; and Hertford, being made Protector, created himself *Duke of Somerset*. Somerset set to work to make England a Protestant country,

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dragging Cranmer with him. He spoiled Church property, removed images and pictures from the churches and had them whitewashed. But both hated persecution, and no heretic burned in their day. He stood for mercy and toleration, and had a great pity for the poor. But he failed as a statesman in those dangerous days; and fell to the headsman's axe in the January of 1552. Of the wily *John Dudley*, who brought about Seymour's fall, Lord Sackville has a portrait by an unknown artist as *Duke of Northumberland.* He had been Seymour's comrade-in-arms in their many and dangerous wars; had supported him as Protector, being raised to the Earldom of Warwick when Seymour became Duke of Somerset; but thenceforth intrigued against him, and brought him to the Tower. After shamefully misgoverning the land, he in 1551 made himself Duke of Northumberland, seizing most of the lands of the see of Durham. Having won Somerset from the Tower by feigned friendship, he now felt strong enough to strike at him, and by false witness had him sent to the block. His brutalities set up a reaction against the Protestants. Seeing the young king failing, and knowing what he would receive from Mary as queen, he married one of his sons to the Lady Jane Grey, and persuaded the dying lad to make her his heir. Edward VI died on the 6th of July; and Northumberland setting forth to seize Mary, the rightful queen, was thrown over by the Council, arrested, and beheaded in the Tower—perhaps as false and foul and subtle a scoundrel as ever dragged a great cause in the mud, ending his days with the last treachery whereby he disowned his zeal for the Reformation and died a Catholic, deserting all who had supported him.

Of the many families who rose from small beginnings like the Cecils in the Tudor years, was the house of Paget. *William Paget*, of whom the National Portrait Gallery has a good portrait, came of the humblest origin. A creature of Gardiner, he took a large part in Henry's divorce, and by consequence won the favour of the king. Somerset when he came to power ennobled him as Lord Paget, but though he supported

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the succession of Lady Jane Grey he turned his coat for Mary. A moderate man, he strove hard to prevent the persecution of heretics.

THE PORTRAIT-MINIATURE UNDER HENRY VIII

By the time that bluff King Hal came to reign over the land, the fine illuminators of manuscripts had been gone for close on a hundred years. To Henry VIII, as we have seen, came HOLBEIN, and finding the English vogue for miniature portraits, set himself to better the vogue, bringing with him a superb gift of portraiture in small, which was to be of rare value to the English artists, who at once, whether pupils or followers, began to create that achievement in the miniature which was to last, most handsomely carried on, until photography came to quench it, within the memory of our fathers. Holbein's exquisite work in miniature has been left to these pages, since, in a large degree, they created English painting—painting that brought forth English utterance from the day that the plague took Holbein in London city.

The miniature became almost essentially an English art, in which we have had no rivals, and, except for the French, no pretence of a rival. Perhaps the supreme painter of the miniature was Cooper, an Englishman ; or if we reckon Cooper and Cosway as peers, the supreme achievement still rests with the British race. Nor was the miniature-painter, as in France, our closest rival, a man of a century—he practised his art from generation to generation from the day that Holbein died ; and few reigns were without a superb artist in the dainty realm.

The Salting Collection contains a very beautiful miniature of *Anne of Cleves* by Holbein ; and from it we can see what a considerable number of followers arose after him, essaying to catch his style, without the consummate gift of draughtsmanship that was granted to their master. But, whilst these Unknowns were less gifted in draughtsmanship, they early displayed a colour-

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sense and a certain racy seeking after expression quite distinct from the ordered style of Holbein; and the first man of mark to stand out and, by his rare gifts, to call attention to his personality—to shed the cloak of the Unknown—was Hilliard.

First, it is well to grasp Holbein's gifts and influence. The Pierpont Morgan Collection has a fine *Mrs. Pemberton* in which his consummate skill in arrangement is seen adapting the head and bust to the form of a circle with all that unerring mastery that places his heads in such commanding relation to the panel-shape of his famous chalk drawings. In the same collection is Holbein's fine *Henry VIII*, the pendant to the superb Salting *Anne of Cleves*; and the Duke of Buccleuch has the self-portrait of *Holbein*. Windsor possesses the *Henry, son of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk*, and the *Catherine Howard*, queen of Henry VIII.

At Windsor also is a *Lady Jane Grey* by an unknown limner; and a famous *Mary Queen of Scots* by François Clouet (Janet), once belonging to her grandson, Charles I, which is the undoubted portrait of that ill-fated heroine of tragic romance.

CHAPTER IV

WHEREIN WE WALK AWHILE WITH THE TWO MARIES

MARY
1553 – 1558

THE BRITISH GENIUS BEFORE THE COMING OF VAN DYCK

On the death of the young King Edward VI, Lady Jane Grey was proclaimed queen by Northumberland, but the nation was weary of his incompetent and brutal sway, and of the foreigners whom he had brought to Court. Northumberland and the poor Lady Jane, who openly hated and distrusted her father-in-law, were seized. Wyatt's rebellion came in the late winter, and Lady Jane Grey and her husband were beheaded on the 12th of February 1554. There is a portrait of *Sir Thomas Wyatt* in the possession of the Dowager-Countess of Romney.

The long humiliation suffered by Mary whilst princess had been eased first by Catherine Parr and then by Somerset. Her gentle nature, warped by ill-treatment, had turned to bitter revengefulness, and her Spanish confessors (not, be it remembered to their honour, Gardiner and Bonner), launched her upon the vile cruelties of her reign. The failure of Wyatt's rebellion gave her the excuse, and her enemies went to the block by the score. She married Philip II of Spain in the July of 1554. Nearly three hundred persons were burnt alive for denying the Real Presence in the Sacrament. The broken woman died in the midst of a quarrel with Rome on November 17, 1558.

Of *Stephen Gardiner*, Bishop of Winchester, that strange paradox of a man, there is a portrait at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Beginning as the secretary of Wolsey, to whom he was ever loyal, and eagerly pursuing the divorce of Catherine of Aragon, a daring denouncer of Rome, he yet became the bitter enemy of Cranmer; then later the favourite of Mary and the strong arm of Rome, he yet tried to save both Cranmer and Latimer, and was for an English marriage of the queen with *Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devon* (of whom the Earl of Devon has the portrait), as against Philip of Spain.

PAINTING

WHEREIN WE WALK AWHILE WITH THE TWO MARIES

Fliccius is best known for his National Portrait Gallery *Cranmer*, the martyr Archbishop of Canterbury. Cranmer, employed by the king and Gardiner over the difficult business of the divorce, succeeded Warham as archbishop in 1532, showing dislike of the Papal ceremony even in his protest to the oaths he took; he became the close ally of Henry in all his quarrels with Rome, standing for mercy in all the advice he gave. A strong adherent of the Englishing of the Bible, he wrote the English Litany of 1544; and the English Prayer Book, when it came out in the name of Edward VI, was almost wholly by him. Condemned as a traitor with Lady Jane Grey, he was held back by the vindictive Mary for a more terrible end; the broken man was sent to Oxford and recanted, but on being condemned to the stake he recovered his will, and publicly recanted his recantation, denounced the Pope as Antichrist, and met death by fire with heroic courage.

Of grim, courageous *Hugh Latimer*, the martyr Bishop of Worcester, and of the dauntless and merciful *Nicholas Ridley*, martyr Bishop of London, who were tried at Oxford with Cranmer, and burnt together on October 16, 1555, before Cranmer, the National Portrait Gallery has pictures by an unknown hand. Windsor has a portrait of England's first great physician *Linacre*.

At Windsor is Holbein's famous drawing of *Mary*.

Sir Anthony More (Mor or Moro), 1512-1581, of Utrecht, pupil to Jan Schorel, came to England from Philip II of Spain to paint the Prado *Mary*; he painted also the portraits of one of the great merchant-princes of the age, and founder of the Royal Exchange, *Gresham* (died 1579), now in the National Portrait Gallery, *Sir Henry Lee*, and others; though his stay was too short for the making of the many portraits given to this fine artist. But his marked decorative style probably greatly influenced the men then working in London, for he came with a great reputation. The Yarborough *Walter Devereux, first Earl of Essex*, he painted, father of Elizabeth's Essex.

Lord Townshend has a portrait of the first Earl of Essex's

lady, *Lettice Knollys*, who afterwards married Elizabeth's Leicester, thereby making Leicester stepfather to Elizabeth's Essex. Of which *Essex* there are at least eleven portraits, including the one at Trinity, Cambridge; whilst the Bodleian at Oxford has a portrait of *Leicester*. Earl Spencer has More's portrait of *Himself*.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

1542 – 1587

At Blairs College, Aberdeen, is a portrait of *Cardinal Beaton* who so hotly opposed the marriage of his queen, Mary of Scots, with Edward VI, and was hated as persecutor of the Reformers; he who sent Wishart to the stake and was himself done to death by Wishart's friends—after a shameless life whereby several children were born to him. He stood for the "auld alliance" of the Scots with France, and handed on the policy to the gallant *Mary of Guise* whose fine portrait is in the National Portrait Gallery, and who sent Mary to her education in France, which was to be so disastrous for the girl, though her mother little foresaw it. Glasgow University has a portrait of *Wishart*, the teacher of Knox, and victim of Beaton. The Earl of Lauderdale has a portrait of *William Maitland of Lethington*, the crafty and unscrupulous schemer for the "auld alliance," to whom was due what religious tolerance Mary Stuart showed, but to whom are also due her marriage with Darnley, the murder of Rizzio, and the murder of Darnley.

At Holyrood Palace is a portrait of *Henry, Lord Darnley, with his younger Brother*. After the death of Mary's first husband, Francis II of France, she married young Darnley, whose handsome person disguised a coward, and whose effeminate and weak character soon disgusted Mary as well as every one about him. The dupe of the "English party," he held Mary's arms whilst they murdered Rizzio at her feet. She craftily watched her chance, and was deeply involved in Darnley's murder.

The Boyle portrait shows us *James Hepburn, fourth Earl of Bothwell*, the violent, daring, Protestant fellow who rid Mary of

Darnley, and carried off the infatuated queen to his castle and married her.

At Holyrood is a portrait of *James Stewart, Earl of Moray*, that strange, crafty figure that looms as "noble Puritan" in tradition through all those trying times, but whose craft was deep and cruel and unflinching. Bastard son of James v, he realised the coming power of the Reformers, and led them during his sister Mary of Scots' reign, hiding his personal ambition under the glamour of the people's cause. Thwarting whilst pretending to support the good Regent, Mary of Guise, he betrayed every move to Elizabeth of England; he grimly gloried in the marriage with Darnley; secretly abetted the murders both of Rizzio and Darnley; secretly abetted the Bothwell marriage; and when Mary fled to England, betrayed her to Elizabeth. Murdered by a Hamilton, his name was purified by the happy chance that all he did in his own crafty self-interest tallied with the welfare of Scotland.

Of *Mary Queen of Scots* Clouet, as we have seen, made a fine drawing; and of her great enemy, *John Knox*, the National Portrait Gallery has a strong presentment—Knox who, in 1559 preached the destruction of idols, and sent the achievement of old Scottish art to ruin.

Of learned old *George Buchanan*, who was Moray's agent in England during the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, and is said to have forged the famous Casket Letters, the National Portrait Gallery has a portrait by an unknown, and the Royal Society the portrait by Pourbus.

CHAPTER V

WHEREIN WE SEE GOOD QUEEN BESS ORDERING THAT PAINTING SHALL HAVE NO SHADOWS

ELIZABETH
1558 – 1603

THE BRITISH GENIUS BEFORE THE COMING OF VAN DYCK

ELIZABETH's best friend in childhood was Henry's last queen, Catherine Parr, who caused the princess to be declared legitimate, and on the king's death took her into her household, where Thomas Seymour, who had married Henry's widow, made infamous court to the young princess, who cried bitterly at his execution. She attended Mary on her triumphal entry into London; but the failure of Wyatt's rebellion which had for its intention the setting of Elizabeth and Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devon, on the throne, put her foul of her half-sister, who had never borne her much love. But Philip of Spain, who greatly liked her, befriended her; and she soon left the Tower for close restraint at Woodstock, thence she went to live at Ashridge and Hatfield, where William Cecil became her favourite. She came to the throne in the November of 1558 a woman of twenty-five and of remarkable gifts. Viscount Dillon has a famous full-length portrait of *Elizabeth*. She came to power in an England rent by religious discord, with Mary Stuart as dangerous rival to the throne, and the treasury empty. Beginning by firmly establishing moderate Protestantism, she compelled fanatics on both sides to observe it or be silent; she kept out of foreign strife; but the flight of Mary Stuart to England, and her own excommunication in 1570, saw her threatened on all sides; France's jealousy of Spain, and the English people's enthusiasm for the Protestant cause, saved her —the English seamen began to loot Spain's treasure-ships. In 1587 Mary Stuart went to the block. Then Spain's Armada was destroyed by the valour of the English sea-dogs and the fury of the elements; though Elizabeth had little to do with it, she became Gloriana, the idol of the people. So Gloriana,

claiming the glory of all victories by her people, repudiating all blunders, went her way a lonely, selfish, old woman, grudging payment for her people's splendour, lived to see her great statesmen fall one by one from her side—her most loved Leicester in 1588; William Cecil, Lord Burghley, the greatest of them, in 1598; Essex she had to behead in 1600—but she goes on with her hunting, her progresses, her strong ale, her dances, her gay dresses, berouged and bejewelled, to her grave on the 24th of March 1603.

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The number of portraits of *Elizabeth* is very great. The chief of these as known to us are some seventy-five, besides drawings and miniatures, and have been classified as: *Elizabeth* as princess, of which are the Windsor three-quarter-length, the Hampton Court *Henry VIII and Family*; of *Elizabeth* when the small frill ruff was in the fashion; of *Elizabeth* when the "radiating unbroken ruff" came into fashion; of *Elizabeth* when the radiating ruff was opened in front; of *Elizabeth* with the *high* ruff, open in front; and of *Elizabeth* in fancy dress.

The painter of *Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester*, at the National Portrait Gallery, is unknown. Of Cecil's bitter enemy, *Henry Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel*, the Marquis of Bath has a fine portrait by Holbein.

The number of artists who were at work by Elizabeth's days must have been considerable.

D'HEERE

1534 – 1584

Lucas D'Heere, being banished from Ghent for heresy, came to England in 1568, his Hampton Court *Elizabeth with the three Goddesses* being painted the year after, in 1569. He left England again for Ghent in 1577. Several of his works have been given to Holbein; whilst the full-length *Henry VIII* in the Master's Lodge at Trinity, Cambridge, is given to D'Heere. The National Portrait Gallery has his *Lady Jane Grey*, in which the Holbein style is clearly beginning to give

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way. Now, if D'Heere's dates are correct, and he painted Henry VIII, he must have done it on or before his thirteenth year, when the much-married king died, and he must have painted *Lady Jane Grey* when he was nineteen, and fifteen years before he came to England, so that his dates are clearly bemuddled. His *Mary I* is at the Society of Antiquaries.

THE GHEERAERTS

MARCUS GHEERAERTS, or GARRARD, *the Elder*, being a Protestant, fled from the Duke of Alva's rule in 1568. MARK GARRARD *the Younger* (or GHEERAERTS *the Younger*), born at Bruges, came to England in 1580, after Zucchero had left the country, and died in 1635. The National Portrait Gallery has a famous *William Cecil, Lord Burghley*, by Marcus Gheeraerts—this Cecil, Elizabeth's astute councillor, whom she created Lord Burghley or Burleigh, was the son of a country gentleman who had been greatly enriched with Church lands; he became Prime Minister to all intents, though Leicester was ever a thorn in his side. A stern upholder of peace, when even his friend Walsingham was for war with Spain, Burghley sullenly prevented the nation from following up the defeat of the Armada, and he found Elizabeth but too willing to agree. Burghley's weakness was to manufacture a pedigree for the Cecils.

In the same gallery is the group by Marcus Gheeraerts of the *Conference of Spanish Plenipotentiaries* in 1604, in which are *Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham*, better known as the admiral against the Armada under the name of *Lord Howard of Effingham*, and beside him sits *Charles Blount, Earl of Devonshire*, better known as *Lord Mountjoy*, the young blood whose attraction for Elizabeth led to a duel with Essex, whose bosom friend he thereafter became, and with whose sister, the famous flirt, Penelope Devereux, then married to Lord Rich, he lived in open adultery, marrying her in the last year of his life. Mountjoy came to the relief of Essex in Ireland, overthrowing Tyrone, of which *Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone*, there is an excellent portrait in South Kensington by an unknown painter; and also

by an unknown at the National Portrait Gallery is a fine *Essex*, stepson to Leicester, and the last favourite of Elizabeth, whose anger he drew by marrying Sir Philip Sidney's widow, daughter to Walsingham. Finally deserted by Francis Bacon, whom he had brought to fortune, Essex eventually went to the block, his death breaking the heart of his old queen. Of *Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton*, the patron of Shakespeare, and accomplice of Essex in the mad plot that cost Essex his life, the famous portrait is by an unknown artist. Of Southampton's wife, *Elizabeth Vernon*, cousin to Essex, the Digby family have a portrait by an unknown.

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Of Elizabeth's great statesman, *Walsingham*, Penshurst has a portrait by an unknown.

But to get back to MARK GARRARD. He was no flatterer, unlike most of the painters, as the Welbeck *Elizabeth* and the portrait at Cambridge prove, giving us the truest presentments of Queen Bess in her later years.

Of the vast portraiture of Elizabeth's Court and time, it is impossible here to mention a tithe. Of the more notorious of her sprightly maids of honour, there is the Craig portrait of *Elizabeth Throckmorton*, who married Raleigh; the Vavasour portrait of *Anne Vavasour*, who married John Finch, but lived with Sir Henry Lee; and the *Mary Fitton*, who had a child by William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, which led to Pembroke's disgrace at Court, and broke up the theory of her being Shakespeare's "dark lady," for she is exceeding fair. Hampton Court has Elizabeth's *Giant Porter*.

By MARCUS GHEERAERTS *the Younger* is the *William Pope, Earl of Downe*, at Trinity, Oxford.

KETEL
1548 – 1616

Dutch CORNELIUS KETEL came to England in 1573, to become one of the best portrait-painters of these times. Brought into the favour of Elizabeth by her Lord Chancellor, *Sir Christopher Hatton*, whom he painted in the Winchelsea portrait, he

wrought his art in London town for eight years, going back to Holland in 1581. The Bodleian Library has his portrait of the sea-dog *Sir Martin Frobisher*, of Armada and Polar exploration fame. Hampton Court has Ketel's portrait of *Himself*.

ZUCCHERO

1543 – 1616

FEDERIGO ZUCCARO, or FREDERIGO ZUCCHERO or ZUCHARO, of Florence, came to England in 1574 and painted *Queen Elizabeth* and many of her Court, but, as he never signed his works, the portraits given to him are very many. After some years he went back to Rome, founded the Academy of St. Luke there, and left all his possessions thereto. His portrait of *Sir Walter Raleigh* is at the National Portrait Gallery.

The famous Hatfield House "*Rainbow*" *Portrait of Elizabeth* is by Zucchero, as is the fine *Elizabeth* at Jesus, Oxford, which college holds two other portraits of her. At Hatfield is Zucchero's portrait of Burghley's wife, *Mildred Cooke or Coke*, sister to Francis Bacon's mother and daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke.

Zucchero painted the National Portrait Gallery *James I as a Boy*, hawk on wrist.

POURBUS

1540–1580

FRANS POURBUS *the Elder*, son to Peter Pourbus, is said to have painted the portrait of *Knox*, and the Royal Society *George Buchanan*.

GOWER

GEORGE GOWER, who flourished about 1575 to 1585, was Sergeant-painter in oil to Elizabeth in 1584, he having the sole privilege to make all portraits of the queen in oils, in woodcuts or engravings, with the exception of miniatures or "lymning," which were granted as sole privilege to Nicholas Hilliard, of whom more anon. Gower's *Self-Portrait*, signed and dated, is in the Fitzwilliam Collection (Northants); and Strathmore has the double portraits of *Lord Glamis and George Boswell* as boys.

OF PAINTING

WHEREIN WE SEE GOOD QUEEN BESS ORDERING THAT PAINTING SHALL HAVE NO SHADOWS

Meres has left us valuable gossip, not only of Shakespeare, but of the painters of the age; and mentions as limners: HILLIARD, ISAAC OLIVER, and JOHN DE CREETES as "very famous for painting"; and as painters, the brothers WILLIAM SEGAR and FRANCIS SEGAR, THOMAS BETTES and JOHN BETTES, LOCKEY, (RICHARD) LYNE, PEAKE, PETER COLE, ARNOLDE, MARCUS (GARRARD), JACQUES DE BRAY, CORNELIUS, PETER GOLCHIS, HIERONYMUS (DE BYE), and PETER VAN DE VELDE. Meres forgets to mention RICHARD STEVENS, a painter as well as sculptor and medallist of this time, painting in 1590. RICHARD LYNE was working about 1570; his *Matthew Parker*, Elizabeth's learned Archbishop of Canterbury, is at Lambeth. NICHOLAS LOCKEY is also called LOCKE.

At Lambeth is a portrait of the gentle *Edmund Grindal*, Elizabeth's second Archbishop of Canterbury, and of *Whitgift*, Archbishop of Canterbury, the Elizabethan hater of Puritans.

The National Portrait Gallery has *Sir Henry Sidney*, the loyal and upright and clean-souled friend of the house of Tudor; though the brother-in-law of Leicester he avoided the ill-will of Burghley. He was father to the chivalrous *Sir Philip Sidney*, whose unstained honour, with that of his father, makes Penshurst hallowed ground. Paul Veronese painted him at Venice; and Isaac Oliver's masterpiece of him in miniature is at Windsor. An ardent young Protestant, friend of William the Silent and of Spenser, his noble death in the Low Countries at Zutphen is one of the immortal glories of England. Pembroke, Cambridge, has an *Edmund Spenser* by an unknown.

Lord Winchilsea has a portrait of Elizabeth's favourite and Lord Chancellor, *Sir Christopher Hatton*; and at the National Portrait Gallery are the greatly loved Anglican *John Jewel*, Bishop of Salisbury, and his famous pupil *Hooker*, the learned divine, all by unknown painters.

Of the great sea-dogs who spread terror through Spain, and thrashed the Spaniard with dare-devil courage in the ten days' fight with the Armada, reckless of their Admiral Howard of Effingham's disdain of them, there is a portrait in the Hawkins

family of *Sir John Hawkins*; and of his nephew *Drake* the miniature by Hilliard. Greenwich has a copy of the Mytens *Hawkins, Drake, and Cavendish* at Newbattle Abbey.

At the National Portrait Gallery is a fine portrait of Elizabeth's bluff, honest, rough cousin, the faithful and capable *Henry Carey*, created *Lord Hunsdon.*

Of *Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst*, in Elizabeth's day, and made *Earl of Dorset* by James I—poet, ambassador, who lived and died with noble reputation unsullied, and who was given the cruel task of telling her death-sentence to Mary Queen of Scots—Lord Sackville has a portrait. *Foxe*, of "Book of Martyrs" fame, may be seen at the National Portrait Gallery. At Queens', Cambridge, may be seen the homely features of *Sir Thomas Smith*, the loyal friend of Somerset in good and evil days, and thereafter trusted councillor to Elizabeth.

Of "the bravest man in battel" of the old ballads, *Lord Willoughby of Eresby*, who won laurels at Zutphen when Sidney fell, the present lord has a portrait by an unknown.

BACON
1583? – 1627

Besides English Gower, Sergeant-painter to Elizabeth, there was another good painter in Queen Bess's late years, an amateur who wrought also in James I's and Charles I's time, SIR NATHANIEL BACON, K.B., of Culford in Suffolk—nephew to the great Sir Francis Bacon, and son to that Sir Nicholas Bacon who was "first of the baronets." Lord Verulam has his *Cook Maid*, and there are two portraits of *Himself*, the one in Lord Verulam's possession, the other in that of Mr. Nicholas Bacon, of Raveningham Hall at Norwich.

About these Bacons is much confusion. Of *Sir Nicholas Bacon*, the Lord-Keeper of the Great Seal for the first twenty years of Elizabeth's reign, a jovial fat man, whose high integrity rendered him famous, there is a fine portrait at the National Portrait Gallery, and an earlier portrait, before he grew fat, at Corpus Christi, Cambridge. It was of him, whom Elizabeth

liked and trusted well, that she said, when he was grown fat, "Sir Nicholas' soul lodges well."

By his second marriage with Anne Cooke, the daughter of the tutor of Edward VI, he became father to Francis Bacon, the great Lord Chancellor and philosopher; and at the same time the stout Sir Nicholas Bacon became brother-in-law to Cecil, Elizabeth's Lord Burghley, who married secondly Mildred Cooke. But Francis was a younger son; the eldest son of Sir Nicholas was another Sir Nicholas Bacon, who was the first baronet created by James I. The seventh son of "the first of the baronets," and therefore nephew to the immortal Bacon, was SIR NATHANIEL BACON, who studied painting in Italy, and was knighted by Charles I at his coronation.

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Of the great *Francis Bacon* the Royal Society and the National Portrait Gallery have portraits by Van Somer.

THE FAMILY OF DE CRITZ

JOHN DE CRITZ

15 ? – 1641

Finer artist than either of these Elizabethans was JOHN DE CRITZ, or DE CRETZ, or DE CRATZ, of a family that was at the Courts of Elizabeth, James I, and Charles I—he who is said to have painted the *Tradescant portraits* in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. Meres speaks of De Cretz in 1598 as a famous painter. He worked on the tomb of Elizabeth at Westminster Abbey.

THOMAS DE CRITZ, his brother, was a good artist; and artists also were OLIVER DE CRITZ and EMANUEL DE CRITZ. The Ashmolean at Oxford has Oliver de Critz's fine *Self-Portrait.* JOHN DE CRITZ and EMANUEL DE CRITZ became Sergeant-painters to Charles I; and when evil days fell upon the king, the family bought largely of the royal pictures, to the large sum of close on £5000. John de Critz was one of the finest painters of this age.

Which De Critz painted the ceiling of the room known as

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the "Double Cube" at Wilton is not certain, but the gossip pen of Pepys tells us that he painted the first *Lord Sandwich.*

Of other painters who wrought the portrait in the late fifteen-hundreds were JOHN BOSSAM, JOHN SCHUTE, and the unfortunate amateur, EDWARD COURTENAY, EARL OF DEVON, the miserable man who spent most of his childhood and youth in the Tower, and who was contemplated as husband for Queen Mary; and for whom Wyatt raised the rebellion, which gave Devon another dose of the Tower, from which he was released by the entreaties of Philip II to go into exile. But a finer painter was BURBAGE, the great actor, who has left us a portrait of *Himself* at Dulwich; and the questionable Chandos *Shakespeare* in the National Portrait Gallery is said to be by him, the copy of it by Kneller being at Wentworth Woodhouse. Dulwich has portraits of the Shakespearean actors *Alleyn* and *Sly*, besides the *Burbage.*

We are now come to the Elizabethan painters who rose to chief fame in the early years of the Stuarts. It behoves us to turn awhile to the superb achievement in the miniature that marks these years. Meres, in his mention of great artists, sets Hilliard first upon his list, and Hilliard is the first painter of genius of the British race known to us.

THE PORTRAIT-MINIATURE UNDER QUEEN ELIZABETH

HILLIARD

1537 – 1619

NICHOLAS HILLIARD was the son of Richard Hilliard, who was High Sheriff of Exeter in 1560, and of Laurence, daughter to a London goldsmith, one John Wall. He seems to have displayed astoundingly early talent, since in 1550 he painted a dated miniature of *Himself at Thirteen.* He married first *Alicia Brandon*, whose portrait in the Buccleuch Collection he painted at twenty-two; and secondly a wife unknown. At Penshurst is his *Self-Portrait* in later life.

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The young Nicholas, apprenticed to the goldsmith's craft, would find a ready outlet for his miniaturist bent, but of his master we have no knowledge. In spite of Holbein's example, his art is more akin to that of the English illuminators; and his goldsmith's training sets him to put a real gem into his miniature, and to raise the gold and jewel work. Holbein would be the talk of the town; and Hilliard said that "Holbein's manner of limning I have ever imitated, and hold it for best." Yet we find at once, in the art of Hilliard, the play of a fancy, a gayer concern with colour as colour, and a sense of elegance wholly apart from Holbein's habit. His sitters look less German. Nor, on the other hand, is there Holbein's exquisite draughtsmanship nor arrangement. The Salting portraits of *Hilliard's Father*, of *Hilliard*, and of the husband and wife in the *Double Locket*; the *Arabella Stuart* in the fine Joseph Collection; the Pierpont Morgan *Mary Queen of Scots*, dated 1581; and the interesting *Queen Elizabeth*, whom he often painted, give good types of his art, which was colourful, flat, and without shadows. Indeed, it is interesting to note that his appointment to be "lymner" to Queen Elizabeth is made on condition that he should "lymne her body and person in small compasse only" and without shadows. He painted in body colour, like the illuminators. Being also Court goldsmith he wrought the frames as well. Windsor holds his *Henry VII*, *Henry VIII*, *Edward VI*, and the young king's mother, *Jane Seymour*—the last three after Holbein. Lord Derby has a *Sir Francis Drake* by him.

Hilliard came early into repute, and is always mentioned as a personage by the writers of his day. By James the First's years he was eminent, and in the king's warrant of May 5, 1617, making him a royal painter, he is "our well-beloved Gentleman, Nicholas Hylliard"; in 1610 his illness is noted in the State Papers.

Hilliard died in 1619, evidently after his second wife, for he does not mention her in his will, leaving his fortune to his son Laurence Hilliard, whom he had named after his own mother,

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Laurence Wall. Nicholas signed his work with his initials joined. LAURENCE HILLIARD, who succeeded his father in the royal favour as miniature-painter, worked so like him that it is difficult to separate their portraits, except when he (very rarely) signed his miniatures. His colour is richer, and the composition freer and easier, and the writing about the portrait is remarkable for its grace of lettering.

But there went as pupil to old Nicholas Hilliard a man who was to come to far wider fame than father or son, one ISAAC OLIVER. The Olivers, father and son, were both to know high repute.

ISAAC OLIVER
1556 – 1617

There had come to London from Rouen, and was there settled in 1571, a Huguenot named Peter Olivier or Oliver, to whom had been born in 1556 a son, ISAAC OLIVER, who went when a youth as 'prentice to old Nicholas Hilliard. He early displayed fine gifts of draughtsmanship which were to carry his art beyond his master's teaching; and he seems to have begun his career by making copies of Hilliard's more important portraits, doing them with such skill that it is difficult to decide as to their parentage. Amsterdam has two copies by Oliver of the Pierpont Morgan *Arabella Stuart*, once belonging to Walpole, and painted by Nicholas Hilliard; whilst other copies by Oliver are known. Lord Derby has two excellent pencil portraits of *Isaac Oliver* and his *Wife* by this artist. Of famous examples by Oliver are the Dilke *Frederic, King of Bohemia*, and his *Queen* (the "Queen of Hearts" of tradition); the Pierpont Morgan *Philip II of Spain*, in which that worthy appears like his character, eminently inadequate, and the motto on the back, "He who gives himself, gives no little thing," completes the fine character painting; the Pierpont Morgan *Queen Anne of Denmark*, whom Isaac Oliver painted often, and of which the frame was wrought by that goldsmith George Heriot, who founded the great and famous Heriot Hospital and School at Edinburgh; then there is the *Digby Series*, discovered in a Welsh garret by Walpole and

bought by him, which are now scattered amongst the Digby family. South Kensington has his exquisite scheme in blue, rose, and grey of the full-length *Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset*; and Windsor the superb *Sir Philip Sidney* seated under a willow-tree—he died in 1586, Oliver's thirtieth year. The Joseph Collection has the *Lady Hunsdon*; and the Salting Collection is rich in works by him—the *James I* and *Anne of Denmark*, the *Henry, Prince of Wales in Youth*, and the *Henry, Prince of Wales in Young Manhood*, limned just before his death in 1612, whereby his brother Charles became Prince of Wales and stepped upon the fateful path towards his tragic ending; the *Prince Charles of Wales in Boyhood*, and a charming *Lady Unknown*. Windsor has the famous large miniature of *Henry, Prince of Wales*.

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Isaac Oliver painted the celebrities of his day; and his limning of the Court of James I and his queen, Anne of Denmark, was very wide. Anne of Denmark greatly affected the dolphin and the like ornaments on ruff and hair. Windsor has a famous *Profile Anne of Denmark*, long said to be Queen Elizabeth. The old English homes are rich in the art of Isaac Oliver who, nevertheless, never came to a royal warrant.

Isaac Oliver died a couple of years before his master, in 1617, being buried in St. Anne's Church, Blackfriars. His son PETER OLIVER carried on his art with mastery.

ROWLAND LOCKEY, who wrought from 1590 to 1610, was another pupil to Hilliard, "skilful in limning, and in oil-works and perspectives."

The land is rich in what we may call the Primitive portraiture of the fifteen-hundreds, as the Tudor display at the New Gallery in the years gone by amply proved. But the names of the painters are forgot. And in Queen Bess's years, largely due to her dictation, this primitiveness, a stiff decorative design, "without shadows," persisted—and a fine decorative effect resulted, if quaint. To her also were due the high colour-notes which are now so charming in their mellowed richness.

PAINTING

THE BRITISH GENIUS BEFORE THE COMING OF VAN DYCK

There has been a tendency, until of late, to set everything painted in her glorious and splendid reign down to Zucchero, and in all James I's years down to Mytens.

Luckily the makers of monumental effigies in Tudor years largely employed death-masks for their sculptures, to which we owe the finest of the two unassailable portraits of *Shakespeare*—the bust in Stratford-on-Avon Church. The artistic achievement of the age in painting sinks before the supreme portraiture of the greatest artist in words that the world has known. England burst into song in words; her utterance in the realm of colour was not as yet.

We must also mention that life-size paintings were rare, for these "tables," as they were called, were panels of oak; and it was only when canvas began to be used, in the sixteen-hundreds, that larger works became numerous.

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1600

CHAPTER VI

WHEREIN THE STUART COMES TO THE ENGLISH CROWN, AND ENGLAND IS INVADED BY THE LESSER DUTCHMEN

WHEREIN THE STUART COMES TO THE ENGLISH CROWN, AND ENGLAND IS INVADED BY THE LESSER DUTCHMEN

ELIZABETH, the last of the Tudors, took but three years from the sixteen-hundreds; thus the century belongs to the Stuarts; and 'tis well to grasp their position in it. James I (1603-1625), Charles I (1625-1649), The Commonwealth (1649-1660), Charles II (1660-1685), James II (1685-1689), William and Mary (1689-1702), Anne (1702-1714). It will be seen that the mid-century broke the Stuart domination into two—and two vastly different parts, of which the later Stuarts are further broken by the coming of Dutch William to reign over us, who took a couple of years from the seventeen-hundreds, whilst Queen Anne from 1702 to 1714 really belongs to another age that is rather the beginning of the Georgian eighteen-hundreds than the end of the Stuarts.

The first Stuart brings us a quarter-century of Dutch influence, and may be called the years before Van Dyck appeared amongst us.

When the Stuart came to the throne of England, several of Elizabeth's painters were at their prime, and these rose to high honours at the Court. On the 5th of May 1617 James I made HILLIARD his painter for twelve years, with the right to seize any Court portraits done by others, and to grant licences for others to paint the person of the king.

MARK GARRARD *the Younger* (Gerraerdt or Gheeraerts) was made Court-painter to James I and his queen, Anne of Denmark, and painted *Prince Henry* and *Prince Charles*. The Bodleian has his *Camden*, painted in 1609. The National Portrait Gallery has his *Conference of English and Spanish Plenipotentiaries* in

1604, long given to Pantoja de la Cruz; whilst ISAAC OLIVER painted the whole Court.

JOHN DE CRITZ, who had come to fame under the patronage of Walsingham, was made Sergeant-painter to James I and Charles I; he died in 1641.

It is not known whether MIEREVELDT (1567-1641) ever came to England, but the National Portrait Gallery has Charles I's sister *Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia*, and the *Sir Ralph Winwood* by him, and an *Earl of Southampton*, Shakespeare's patron, said to be by him.

At Hampton Court is a picture of the eldest son of James I, *Henry, Prince of Wales, with Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex*, son of Elizabeth's favourite—of which pair of lads 'tis said, falling out at tennis, the prince lost his temper and called Essex the son of a traitor, whereon the other hit the prince over the skull with his racket. The death of this greatly loved and popular prince made Prince Charles heir to the throne.

VAN SOMER

1576? – 1621

PAUL VAN SOMER came to England about 1606, and was greatly honoured, painting *James I*, and *Anne of Denmark*, his queen, the *Earl of Pembroke*, and many other personages at Court. The Arundel Castle *Earl of Arundel* and *Countess of Arundel* are dated 1618. Dying in London in 1621, he was buried in the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; and it was his portraits that Van Dyck, on his first being called to London, was set to copy, to his profound disgust. The National Portrait Gallery has his *Francis Bacon* and *James I.* At Hampton Court is the queen, *Anne of Denmark*, dressed for the chase, though her crossbow was a dangerous weapon that killed the king's favourite dog instead of the deer on one occasion.

Hampton Court also holds his *Christian IV* of Denmark, the jovial brother-in-law of King James, who set so naughty an example to the Court with his hard drinking. The Royal Society has also a portrait of *Bacon* by him.

MYTENS
1590 – 1656

DANIEL MYTENS or MIJTENS was in England before 1618, and his earlier works have not been wholly disentangled from the portraits of Van Somer. He was given a house in St. Martin's Lane, and Charles I made him Painter to the King in 1625. He painted *James I* for Knole, and wrought the portraits of many of the great ones of the day. But on Van Dyck being called to London the second time by Charles I, Mytens realised that he had met his master, and feeling that his vogue was departing he begged the king to allow him to go back to Holland—without success. However, leave England he was at last able to do, and returning to Holland, died there. Newbattle Abbey has the *Hawkins, Drake and Cavendish*, of which there is a copy at Greenwich. The Royal Society has his *Sir Henry Spelman*; Hampton Court his *Self-Portrait*; Lord Powerscourt his *Elizabeth of Bohemia.*

HANNEMAN
1601?–1668-71

ADRIAEN HANNEMAN, born at The Hague, was pupil and assistant to Mytens, with whom he came to England, where he worked for many years, going back to The Hague in 1640. At Windsor are his *Charles II* and *Duke of Hamilton*, painted in 1650. He was the favourite painter of Charles I's daughter *Mary, Princess of Orange*, of whom there is a portrait at St. James's Palace. Vienna has his *Charles I* and *Van Dyck*; Hampton Court his *William III in Boyhood*, painted in 1664. He painted the Fountaine *Admiral Blake*, of whom Wadham has a portrait by an unknown. At Hampton Court is his portrait of *Peter Oliver*. At St. James's Palace is his *Charles II.*

CORNELIS JANSSEN
1593 – 1664-5

CORNELIUS JONSON, born in London town in 1593 (or as is said in 1590) was of Netherlandish artist stock, his real name CORNELIS JANSSEN VAN CEULEN, or CORNELIUS JANSSOON VAN

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KEULEN. Janssen and Mytens seem to have been the two chief painters about the Court of James I until Van Dyck came to dispossess them from the royal favour. Janssen was painting at the Court of James I from his twenty-fifth year, in 1618—the year of his *John Milton at the age of Ten.* His is a somewhat perplexing personality, as he usually called himself Johnson or Jonson of London. When Van Dyck came to London, Janssen, then living in Blackfriars, seems to have become his friend, and Van Dyck painted his portrait. However, Van Dyck's achievement was soon looming so large that Janssen and Mytens both went out of the fashion, and Janssen had to retire to a Kentish village. Van Dyck died in 1641 ; but the storm of the great Civil War of Cavalier and Roundhead was gathering; bursting over the land it sent the old Court artist a-packing seven years after Van Dyck died, for in 1648 he was handed the Speaker's warrant granting him safe-conduct to leave England and take his belongings with him. "Johnson of London" got him over to Holland, became Cornelis Janssen van Ceulen again, and lived the remainder of his days in the Netherlands until his death at Amsterdam in 1664, when CORNELIS JANSSEN VAN CEULEN *the Younger* took up his father's mantle.

The National Portrait Gallery has Jonson's *Earl of Portland* and *Sir Edward Coke*, and Mrs. Joseph his *Lady Unknown*, which reveal fine gifts in which the advance from primitive to chiaroscuro is very marked. His colour is somewhat cold, but his handling is sensitive and subtle, if somewhat timid at times and tending to vagueness. The *William Harvey*, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, physician to James I and Charles I, at the College of Physicians, is given to Janssen.

A painter of considerable gifts was SIR BALTHASAR GERBIER, the architect, who followed Prince Charles and Buckingham to Spain, where he painted a portrait of the *Infanta* for James I, supposed to be the Denbigh portrait at Newnham Paddox. South Kensington has Gerbier's miniature in grey of *Charles I.*

SIR ROBERT PEAKE, printseller and royalist colonel (1590?-

1667), had an artist father, ROBERT PEAKE, who was Sergeant-painter to James I; he painted the *Prince Charles*, afterwards Charles I, on his visit to Cambridge in the March of 1612-13 to receive his degree.

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LIEVENS (1607-1672?), fellow-student of Rembrandt at Leyden, came to the English Court in 1631, painted portraits of Charles I, his queen, and the royal children, and stayed here for three years before returning to Antwerp.

GERARD HONTHORST (1592-1662), the favourite painter of Charles I's sister, *Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia*, whose portrait by him is at Hampton Court, and whose children he taught, was called to England by Charles I. Honthorst, whom the Italians called Gherardo delle Notti, owing to his favourite subject the Night, painted the Hampton Court *Family of the Duke of Buckingham* in 1628, just before the king's favourite was assassinated. The National Portrait Gallery has the *Elizabeth of Bohemia* and other portraits by him,

CORNELIUS DE NEVE or LE NEVE, said to have been a Dutchman, painted the signed and dated Knole *Richard and Edward Sackville* in 1637; *Asmole* in 1644, and his Ashmolean *Self-Portrait*; he became Portrait-painter to Charles II. Petworth has two groups of the *Artist, his Wife and Son*, and *The Artist's Eight Children*.

GEORGE GELDORP, who wrought from 1611 to 1660, having been apprenticed to art in Antwerp, came to England before 1623. He was a friend of Van Dyck, and is remembered for his bitter quarrel with Gerbier. He painted the portraits of *William Cecil, Earl of Salisbury*, and his *Family*; and the National Portrait Gallery *George Carew, Earl of Totnes*, is by him. He is better known as the Keeper of the Pictures of Charles I than as an artist.

FULLER

1606 – 1672

ISAAC FULLER, who lived a part of his career at Oxford, and was to die late in Charles II's days, painted altarpieces and

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portraits of *Samuel Butler*, *Ogilvy*, *Sir Kenelm Digby* and others. The Bodleian has his *Self-Portrait*. He did a considerable amount of decorative work in Oxford.

With a passionate love of art, Charles I, so far, though he was making a superb collection of paintings, had not been able to win an artist of the first rank to his Court. He had in the royal household a musician, Nicholas Laniere (1588-1666), who collected pictures and statues for him, and was keeper of the royal miniatures. His *Self-Portrait* at Oxford proves him a better art-lover than artist. At Antwerp Van Dyck painted his portrait, which, being shown to the king, led to Van Dyck being called to the English Court. It was to mean much for the English achievement.

CHAPTER VII

WHEREIN VAN DYCK COMES TO ENGLAND

WHEREIN VAN DYCK COMES TO ENGLAND

In the May of 1629 Rubens had come to England. Having worked his way Netherlandwards from Spain, to cast off suspicion of political intrigue, he set sail from Dunkirk for Greenwich, charged with his secret mission from the Spanish king to Charles I of England, to conclude peace between the two countries.

Rubens (1577-1640) came to one of the most artistic Courts in Europe; he finds an "incredible number of excellent pictures and statues" in the land. He found himself welcomed by the English king; during his stay he was the personal guest of Charles I. He painted the fine *Peace and War*, now at the National Gallery, and designed among other things the large ceiling of the *Apotheosis of James I* for the Banqueting Room at Whitehall. Windsor has one of his two portrait-groups of the so-called *Family of Buckingham*, Lord Raglan the other, but really the *Family of Sir Balthazar Gerbier*, in whose house he painted them, as he did the Dulwich *Venus and Cupid*—that Gerbier, his friend, who with artistic leanings and crafty, unscrupulous skill in diplomacy, was to cost Rubens many an uneasy night. At Althorp is the *Head of the Little Gerbier Girl* who appears in *Peace and War*; and at Buckingham Palace is the landscape called *St. George* for whom sat Charles I, and Henrietta Maria for the rescued princess. Knighted by the king on the 3rd of March 1630, Rubens henceforth strutted it as Sir Peter Paul Rubens; and no man ever wore knighthood in more handsome fashion. Philip IV promptly raised him to the Spanish nobility, and would have made him ambassador to England but for the insolent opposition of the fatuous Count Onate on the ground that "a man who is to represent the

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King of Spain ought not to live by the work of his own hands." Rubens returned to Antwerp, and there did his royal friend in England the great service of procuring him the Raphael cartoons. In England Rubens tasted the bitters of diplomacy; and he was glad to go, hating the Puritanism of the people, and as roundly the corruption of the nobility.

Charles, unable to secure him, eagerly set himself to lure the next best artist he could find to his Court.

VAN DYCK
1599 – 1641

Rubens's pupil Van Dyck had been called to London by James I in his twenty-first year, 1620, and being set to copying the portraits of Van Somer, had in disgust taken himself off again in 1621 to his Italian wanderings. It was in 1628, the year before Rubens first set foot on English soil, that Van Dyck, now on the edge of thirty, had turned homewards to Antwerp with a high reputation. He was in England for a brief while in 1630. Two years after Rubens went back to Antwerp from the English Court, in the spring of 1632, Van Dyck answered the urgent call of the English king, to whom Nicholas Laniere, his keeper of pictures, had enthusiastically shown the portrait that Van Dyck had made of him, whilst Endymion Porter had presented the king with Van Dyck's *Rinaldo and Armida*. Through 1631 Gerbier was straining all his craft to lure Van Dyck to London. At last, on the 13th of March 1632, Gerbier could write to the king from Brussels, "Van Dyck is here, and sends word that he is resolved to go to England."

The early April of 1632 saw Van Dyck enter London town. He was at once taken into the service of the king, who provided a handsome style of living for the great painter; gave him a town-house at Blackfriars and a country-house at Eltham in Kent, and a regular income, the artist being paid in addition for each painting; he made him Principalle Paynter in Ordinary to their Majesties; and within three months, on the 5th of the July of 1632, dubbed him knight as Sir Anthony Van Dyck.

WHEREIN VAN DYCK COMES TO ENGLAND

The chief part of Van Dyck's duty as Court-painter was to paint the *King* and his *Queen, Henrietta Maria of France.* He painted them again and again. Dresden has the two great three-quarter-lengths. The Hermitage at St. Petersburg has the *Philip, Lord Wharton, as a Shepherd,* at nineteen, painted in this year of 1632, in which Van Dyck wrought the large "Great Piece" at Windsor of *Charles I, Henrietta Maria, and their two eldest Children, Prince Charles and Princess Mary.* The National Gallery has Van Dyck's famous *Cornelius van der Geest,* a marvellous work to have been painted when he was twenty (1619); in Lord Lucas's *Balbi Children* we see the high achievement of his middle or Genoese period after he has studied Venetian and Italian art, and his hand's facility has increased. The bookish and "scientific" critics are wont to speak of his English period as a decline, or at best as not equal to his art previous to coming amongst us. As a matter of fact, he wrought the supreme work of his life in England. It is true he set up a picture factory; 'tis true that most of the portraits that issued therefrom are not the work of his hands, or but in small part. But such art as he created was of the highest flight of his genius; and the superb masterpiece of *Charles I* in the equestrian portrait at the Louvre is one of the paintings of the ages.

The fact is that Van Dyck's was an astoundingly sensitive nature. The moment he arrived in England the atmosphere of the Court seems to have expanded his every gift, and he became in some subtle way English. He flung off foreign utterance. It were as though he had dived into the national spirit and come out reborn. His whole style, his manner, his colour-sense, his vision changed.

His example and influence were to bear rich fruit in England; to stimulate her artistry, and to give her impulse.

Van Dyck painted a portrait in stately fashion. Every one is fit lord of a great domain. His every work is a decoration for the walls of a stately mansion. He brought to the handsome business a dignity that surpassed his master Rubens; and if he had not the searching eye for character of Holbein, nor

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the deep spiritual insight or utterance of Rembrandt, he stands for all that amongst the masters of all time. No man of his age painted an aristocrat like Van Dyck. He caught the subtle thing called breeding, and wove it into his canvases. Like the army of a South American republic, all his men are captains. He did not understand and could not state the people.

The great series of masterpieces of his English period are marked by increased range in colour, distinction, subtlety and grace, and have made his name immortal, as they are chiefly responsible for the courtly and splendid tradition of the manners and bearing of the days of King Charles, setting on the canvas once and for all time the aristocratic air that we associate with the name of cavaliers—those who, with large plumed hat, lace collar and cuffs, slashed silken or satin doublet and knee-breeches, with handsome cloak flung over shoulder, their gloved graceful fingers on hilt of long sword that hangs on hip from broad baldrick, will go down to the ages fragrant of the romance that Van Dyck conjured up and created and wove about their gallant personalities.

To the English king his Court-painter came as an ideal artist. A charming personality, he won into the close friendship of the king, who, to escape from boredom or the burden of the State, would take boat at Whitehall and get him to Blackfriars, to find in the bright and brilliant converse of his painter a congenial hour. The English nobility rushed to be in the fashion. Van Dyck was quick and facile as he was masterly in his art. The royal portraits it would be difficult to count. Of *Strafford* he painted at least nine. Strafford went to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant in this year of 1632; nine years thereafter he was to lay his head on the block for his king, who deserted him, and in the doing polished the axe for his own neck. The art-loving *Earl of Arundel* he painted seven times. *Endymion Porter* Van Dyck painted with himself in the double portrait at the Prado, which also possesses a whole series of Van Dyck's portraits. The Uffizi has the well-known

Van Dyck in his favourite pose, looking over his shoulder. Another close friend of Van Dyck's, *Sir Kenelm Digby*, cousin to the Earl of Bristol, he painted in the picture now at Windsor; whilst Sir Kenelm's wife, *Venetia, Lady Digby*, he painted four times in one year—Windsor has the famous allegorical portrait of her; but he was soon to paint her for the last time. She died on the May Day of 1633, and Van Dyck painted her dead, as though she slept, the fallen petals of a rose by her side. Dulwich has the picture.

WHEREIN VAN DYCK COMES TO ENGLAND

Of his great works of 1633 are the so-called "King of Van Dycks"—the stately double portrait of *George Digby, Second Earl of Bristol, and William Russell, First Duke of Bedford*, at Althorp, signed and dated; and the equestrian portrait of the king at Windsor, *Charles I on a Grey Horse, attended by Monsieur St. Antoine*, his riding-master.

The spring of 1634 saw Van Dyck in the Netherlands on leave of absence for a year, when he left his little natural daughter Maria Theresa in the care of his sister Susanna to whom he had confided the management of his property there. After painting several portraits and pictures he came back to England in 1635, and was soon busy on the royal portraits again.

His English phase is said to be marked by a cool tone with black as its basis; but this is critical jargon, for his colour was now at its fullest and purest and freshest. He indeed set to work on his superb equestrian *Charles I* at the Louvre, standing before his horse—a stately, dignified work, wrought with the supreme art of Van Dyck's genius in colour and atmosphere and arrangement, into which he seems to have spun the whole subtle fascination and bearing of the man, and wrought the whole age as it appeared to the aristocratic class of England. At Wilton is the huge group of *Philip Herbert, Fifth Earl of Pembroke, and his Family*, of 1635. Of the king's children he painted many charming groups. Turin has the fine *Three Eldest Children of Charles I*, with a dog, painted in 1635—the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II, had been born in 1630; the Princess Mary in 1631, afterwards the wife of William of

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Orange and mother of that William III who was to thrust Charles's second son James from the throne; and James, Duke of York, afterwards James II, who was to be so usurped, born in 1633. Dresden has another *Three Children of Charles I*, with two spaniels, of a year later; and Windsor the *Five Children of Charles I* of 1637, of which Berlin has the replica—the little Elizabeth who was to die a maid at Carisbrooke, and little baby Anne who was to die in infancy. Amsterdam has the fine portrait of *William II and his Bride, Mary of England.*

The Buckingham Palace sketch for, and the National Gallery masterpiece itself of the equestrian *Charles I* on a dun-coloured Flemish horse, attended by Sir Thomas Morton, are of 1636. And Windsor has the *Charles I in the Royal Robes*, and the *King, Queen, and their Sons.*

We know from the king's accounts in 1638 that he owed Van Dyck money for twelve portraits of the queen and five of the king. The number of portraits of the nobility and gentry of the realm is beyond all hope of complete listing, and the names would but make a catalogue. The Windsor double portrait of *Thomas Killigrew and Thomas Carew* is of 1638, as is the double portrait of *Lord John and Lord Bernard Stewart.* The Prado half-length of the vivacious *Lady Diana Cecil, Countess of Oxford*, and the stately Windsor full-length of *Beatrix de Cusance, Princesse de Cantecroix*, are the types of a mass of these distinguished portraits of the celebrated beauties of which at least some three hundred are scattered throughout the land, hanging in the great country-houses for which they were painted.

Van Dyck lived in princely fashion; often, at the end of his day's labour, asking his sitters to dine with him. His income was now very large, and he spent it with a lavish hand. The king, sitting to him on one occasion, got on to the subject of his embarrassed exchequer with the art-loving Earl of Arundel, and, turning to Van Dyck, asked him slyly whether he knew what it was to be short of money. Said Van Dyck promptly: "Yes, sire; when a man keeps an open table for his friends and an open purse for his mistresses, he soon reaches the

bottom of his money-chest." The king seems to have chided him for his open profligacy, and urged him to marriage, choosing for the brilliant man one of the queen's maids of honour, the beautiful but penniless aristocrat, Mary Ruthven, the young daughter of Patrick Ruthven, son of that Earl of Gowrie who had lain at the Tower in James I's day under suspicion of high treason and lost his estates thereby. Mary Ruthven, kin to some of the highest nobles in the land, and of the blood-royal of the Stuarts, was married to Van Dyck in 1639, and he brought her immortality in several works, of which the most famous is the Munich *Mary Ruthven* seated at a 'cello.

WHEREIN VAN DYCK COMES TO ENGLAND

The life about the Court of the English king saw Van Dyck giving himself up to the dissipation of the brilliant men who took pleasure in his society. Always of delicate health, his frail body was soon undermined by excess. Courted, spoilt, made much of, greedy of gold and honours that he might take part in the wild extravagance of the age, hurrying from pleasure to pleasure, exhausted in body and mind, he worked like one possessed in order that he might live at fever pitch. His arrogance grew beyond all bounds. By consequence he was early treating his art as a mere workshop for the turning out of money—art became a manufactory. He employed a swarm of assistants—one painted backgrounds, another the draperies, another the landscape, another the hands, another this, that, or the other thing. 'Tis true that he went over the whole and pulled it together. But a painting so done could scarce create the emotional significance which is the essence of a work of art. Asked by Margaret of Bourbon why he gave more attention to her fingers than her face, he slyly replied: "It is, madam, that I anticipate a rich compensation from those beautiful white hands."

Working with great rapidity, Van Dyck created a portrait in an astoundingly short time. Appointing the day and hour of his sitter, he worked for but one hour at a time on a portrait, arose, bowed, and made another appointment; and, his man having cleaned his brushes and palette, set a fresh palette for

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the next sitter. Van Dyck made a sketch of the figure and costume on a grey paper with black and white chalks, arranging the pose and drapery therein for the assistants to transfer to the canvas. For the hands he hired models.

Van Dyck's colour when he laid it on the canvas was held to be too garish; but his instinct told him that Time was his partner and would mellow his design.

The greater and wider gifts of uttering passion or action had been sternly denied to him, and he perhaps made the stately and aristocratic convention obliterate character somewhat. It was a whimsical part of his ambition that the portrait which brought him immortal fame did not satisfy him; that he yearned for distinction in the grand historical masterpiece. He badgered the king to let him paint designs for tapestries to hang in the banqueting-hall at Whitehall, where Rubens had designed the ceilings; and he wrought some sketches and designs on the *History of the Order of the Garter* to that end, for the tapestry looms at Mortlake. But the black cloud was gathering for the king—1640 was to see the beginning of the troubles that were only to end for Charles upon the scaffold outside the window of this same Whitehall.

Hampton Court holds Van Dyck's *Cupid and Psyche* of 1640. Rubens died in the May of 1640; and Van Dyck, baulked of his Whitehall historical paintings, at once made for Flanders, trusting to get the works for Philip IV of Spain which Rubens's death left open. But his demands for prices were now so high, and his bearing and manner to the Cardinal-Infant Ferdinand so arrogant and aggressive, that the Spanish prince broke off all relations with him. Coming back to England, brooding and ill, he suddenly bethought him of Paris. Broken by ill-health, he left England with his young wife and a huge retinue in the September of 1640, and made for the French Court, hoping to secure the decoration of the great gallery at the Louvre with the historical works of which Louis XIII was then dreaming, only to find that Nicholas Poussin had already received the order, who, later, had to resign it into the hands of the queen's

favourite, Simon Vouet. Van Dyck, failing in health, disappointed and ill at ease, fretted away close upon a year at Paris. The 10th of the November of 1641 saw him at last asking for a pass for himself and five servants, four maids, and his travelling carriage. Becoming daily worse, he began to long for his London home. So, a dying man, he set out for England, whither his young wife had gone before him; only to arrive at his house in Blackfriars in time to be with Mary Ruthven when, on the 1st of December 1641, she gave birth to a daughter, his only lawful child. His state was now beyond all cure. On the 9th of December 1641 he passed beyond the reach of winning for the king's physician the reward of £300 that Charles had feverishly promised that worthy man if he could save his painter's life. His grave is in the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, where the great fire that overwhelmed the church obliterated his tomb.

WHEREIN VAN DYCK COMES TO ENGLAND

To Mary Ruthven, Lady Van Dyck, and to his Antwerp kin, he left a large fortune; and Mary, now handsomely dowered, married a Welsh baronet, Sir Richard Pryse of Gogerddan. Van Dyck's daughter Justinia married Sir John Stepney of Prendergast, and, for the moneys that Charles I owed her father, she was granted a pension of £200 a year by Charles II.

Windsor has Van Dyck's triple head of *Charles I*, sent to Rome to guide Bernini in sculpturing his bust. At Longleat is the beautiful *Frances Howard* who married the son of a vintner, then an earl, then a duke, and wanted to marry James I —it was on her marriage to the Earl of Hertford that Sir George Romney killed himself. Lambeth has the *Archbishop Laud*, which Laud found lying on the floor, having fallen down, on October 27, 1640, and took to be an ill omen. The copy by Stone is at the National Portrait Gallery. Of *Juxon*, who was with Charles I in his last moments, and became Archbishop after his friend Laud at the Restoration, there is a portrait by an unknown at St. John's, Oxford. The National Portrait Gallery has the *Self-Portrait*.

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A variant account of Van Dyck's last years is that, in order to make money, he set himself to discover the Philosopher's Stone, and thereby further damaged his health. But, deeply engrossed as were very able men in this fantastic business, it is likely enough a biographical romance. Whether his visit to Paris to secure Rubens's succession were immediately after Rubens's death, and his failure sent him back to England, whereon he developed the Order of the Garter series, then went to Antwerp to carry on the School of Rubens, but owing to ill-health came back to England to die, is a part of the tangled tradition of these days which seems likely enough. The doctors differ.

CHAPTER VIII

OF THEM THAT WERE PAINTING IN BRITAIN IN VAN DYCK'S YEARS, AND OF THEM THAT WERE TRAINED BY HIM

THE Reformation was particularly destructive to the ancient works of art in Scotland. Of the rare portraits that have survived are the *James III*, his queen, *Margaret of Denmark*, and their son, *Sir Edward Boncle*, on the Flemish Trinity College altarpiece.

JAMESONE
1586-7 – 1644

GEORGE JAMESONE or JAMESON, of Aberdeen, fatuously known as the "Scottish Van Dyck," was a fine artist. Trained under Rubens at Antwerp, he is said to have been a fellow-student of the young Van Dyck, whose early development perhaps influenced the young Scot's style. He was the first British oil-painter of genius. His many fine portraits are scattered over Scotland.

Jamesone's birth is generally given as in February 1587; but of him really very little is known. Aberdeen was a small town, but had a University, and was the centre of the trade with the Low Countries. Born to a master-mason and architect of the town, the lad in the May of 1612 was made apprentice to his uncle "John Andersone, a paynter of Edinburgh." In 1616 Anderson had to settle in Aberdeen; and Jamesone probably went to Antwerp to learn from Rubens, returning about 1619, and in 1620 emerges with the portrait of *Sir Paul Menzies* in the Marischal College at Aberdeen, with a marked Rubensesque style. He was soon painting Scottish celebrities, amongst others *Himself*. Keeping clear of party, he was employed by all, painting *Charles I* and *Montrose*, as well as

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Argyll, Johnston of Warriston, and *Leslie*. Of his early work is *Dr. Arthur Johnston* at Aberdeen; of his rapidly maturing genius are the Scottish National Gallery *Lady Mary Erskine, Countess Marischal*, of 1626, the fine full-length *Maister Robert Erskine* of 1627, and the young *Montrose* of 1629. In 1633 Jamesone painted *Charles I*, then went for a visit to Italy; but his style was unaffected thereby. After this he hurried his work, and turned out portraits very rapidly, though many are of his finest doing, such as the three Carnegies of 1637—*Earls Northesk* and *Southesk* and *Sir Alexander Carnegie*; his boy portrait of *Thomas, Lord Binning*, at Langton, of 1636; and his *Lady Hope* at Pinkie. Lord Lothian has his *James I.*

Jamesone died in 1644 at Edinburgh, leaving a considerable fortune, though he lies buried in a nameless grave in Greyfriars Churchyard. He painted character, and his art is of a fine order. Though he rarely signed, he often set the sitter's name on the canvas.

The sombre tone of Jamesone's work fits the age. The lull in the storm during which he wrought his art was broken before he died, and art had small voice or chance of utterance in the civil broils. The English Commonwealth brought Cromwell to the conquest of Scotland; and the Restoration brought persecution and injustice from which Cromwell's government had been free. From the Restoration until the Union, Scotland knew one of the blackest pages in her history, and what few pupils Jamesone trained—indeed, any artists of capacity—betook themselves south to find a career in London.

Van Dyck had a profound influence on painting in the years that came after him, not only in England but abroad. Of his alien pupils JEAN DE REYN's works chiefly pass as the works of Van Dyck; when he went back to Dunkirk for thirty years he painted much for the churches there, and his style and handling we can thus settle, and thereby test his Van Dycks. DAVID BECK, or DAVID BEECK or BEEK (1621-1656), of Arnheim, noted for his swift dexterity at the English Court,

was another clever 'prentice to Van Dyck. Beck taught the children of Charles I. He went thereafter to Christina, Queen of Sweden—dying at The Hague.

Of other alien assistants, ADRIAEN HANNEMAN, pupil to Ravesteyn and to Mytens, came to repute.

But of the men who achieved considerable name in England, the most brilliant were DOBSON and GANDY and STONE.

OF THEM THAT WERE PAINTING IN BRITAIN IN VAN DYCK'S YEARS, AND OF THEM THAT WERE TRAINED BY HIM

STONE
16 ?–1653

HENRY STONE, called "Old Stone," was the eldest son of Nicholas Stone, a sculptor and master-mason to James I. Pupil and assistant to Van Dyck, he painted a large number of the pictures, probably copies, that are to-day hanging in great houses under the name of Van Dyck. He went to Rome, where he lived for some time. Coming back to England in 1642, he worked both as a portrait-painter and a sculptor, and added more "Van Dycks" to the confusion—until the dates of dresses began to be considered.

DOBSON
1610 – 1646

WILLIAM DOBSON, pupil to Sir Robert Peake, and it is possible to Cornelius Jonson, was in an almost destitute state, copying Titian and Van Dyck, when he caught the eye of Van Dyck, who brought him the favour of Charles I. On the death of Van Dyck he was made Sergeant-painter to Charles, who called him the "English Tintoretto." As his official painter, Dobson went to Oxford with the king when Charles established himself there in his quarrel with the Parliament. His vogue was soon so wide that he insisted on half the price of the portrait being paid before beginning to work upon it. His repute in his day was very high; and he is steadily coming into his own again. Many of his works were also long given to Van Dyck, whose unfinished works he largely completed. The National Portrait Gallery has his fine portraits of *Endymion*

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Porter and of *Himself*. His *Sir John Suckling* is at the Ashmolean at Oxford. At Hampton Court are his *Self-Portrait* and his *Wife*. Dobson died in dire poverty.

GANDY
1619 – 1689

JAMES GANDY—GANDY *the Elder*—was another pupil to Van Dyck who copied his portraits, and continued closely in his style. Going to Ireland after the death of Van Dyck with the Duke of Ormonde, he wrought his chief and best works there.

EDWARD BOWER was an excellent portrait-painter of Charles I's years. His *Lord Finch* is of 1640; his equestrian *Lord Fairfax* is of 1647; of the *King seated at Trial* (1648); he also painted the portrait at All Souls', Oxford—a sombre, dramatic, fine piece of work.

JOHN TAYLOR, nephew to *Taylor the Water-Poet*, of whom he painted the two portraits at the Bodleian, worked at Oxford in the mid-sixteen-hundreds; and the Bodleian has his portrait of *Himself*; whilst the City of Oxford has his remarkable *John Nixon* and his wife *Joan Nixon*.

RICHARD GIBSON (1616-1690) was a dwarf under four feet high (three feet ten inches), page to Charles I and Henrietta Maria, who married Anne Shepherd, his own height, the five of their nine children that lived to maturity being of full stature. Hampton Court has his copy of a *Head of Henrietta Maria* after Van Dyck. He was also patronised by Cromwell, and became a favourite at the Court of Charles II.

OF PAINTING

THE PAINTERS OF MINIATURE UNDER CHARLES I

OF THEM THAT WERE PAINTING IN BRITAIN IN VAN DYCK'S YEARS, AND OF THEM THAT WERE TRAINED BY HIM

PETER OLIVER
1601? – 1647

Working in the years of Charles I as his father had done in the years of James I, PETER OLIVER, son to Isaac Oliver, was as gifted; but there is considerable confusion as to his earlier works, as he closely followed the later development of his master, then he came under the glamour of Van Dyck. His signature in his earlier work is the only test of his work as against his father's achievement. Peter Oliver also copied the masterpieces in Charles I's collection in miniatures, some now at Windsor. The Pierpont Morgan *Marriage of St. Catherine*, after the painting by Titian or Palma Vecchio, is the only trace we have of the picture which went to Spain and was burnt at Seville. By these miniatures, sold at the fall of the king, hangs a story. Charles II, anxious to buy back the pictures that had belonged to his father, heard that Peter Oliver's widow had many of Peter's miniatures returned to her; whereon he went disguised to Isleworth to call on her, and, they being shown to him, offered to buy them; but she told him that she must first offer them to the king, at which Charles II revealed himself, and she showed him many more. The king begged for the purchase of them, to which she consented, at the price at which they stood in the dead artist's books. Charles left with the miniatures, and sent a groom of the bedchamber to offer her £1000, or £300 a year for life, which annuity she accepted. Some years thereafter the old lady heard that they had been scattered amongst the king's mistresses, whereon Mrs. Oliver vowed that had she known they were going to his mistresses and bastards he should not have had them. Gossip carried the old lady's disgust to the Court, and her annuity was stopped!

Peter Oliver also painted in oils life-size; and it is shrewdly suspected that many so-called Van Dycks are by his hand. He

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did for the personages of Charles I's days what his father had done for the preceding reigns. Windsor possesses his *Charles, Prince of Wales*, in early manhood.

Amongst the several excellent painters of the miniature of these days was PENELOPE CLEYN, daughter of a designer of tapestries at the Mortlake factory.

The art of enamelling had been practised in England during the Gothic years. Charles I's physician, Sir Theodore Mayerne, dabbled in enamel, and brought PETITOT from Geneva to the Court. To Charles the First came the two friends from Geneva, JEAN PETITOT *the Elder* (1607-1691) and his brother-in-law PIERRE BORDIER, after Italian travel. To Petitot were given lodgings in Whitehall, where he made enamel miniatures of the king and the royal family, and copied several of the royal paintings in enamel. At the fall of the king, Petitot went to Charles II in exile, who led him to Louis XIV, for whom, with Bordier and his own son, JEAN PETITOT *the Younger* (165?-1695), he worked. Being a Protestant, he went to Geneva on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and died in Geneva in 1691; his son came to England, where he worked under Samuel Cooper. BORDIER wrought the *Fairfax Jewel* presented by the Parliament to Sir Thomas Fairfax after Naseby battle. South Kensington, the Louvre, and the Wallace are rich in works by the Petitots. Bordier is said to have painted the hair and backgrounds for Petitot's enamels. The Pierpont Morgan *Mary, Duchess of Richmond and Lennox*, by Petitot, is signed and dated 1643. Another enameller of mark was PRIEUR, who married Petitot's widowed and only sister Marie.

"OLD HOSKINS"

16 ? – 1664

JOHN HOSKINS is found working for Charles I with Peter Oliver. Hoskins brought to the miniature a broader style and fine artistic gifts. He is not content with mere likeness, but strives to catch the animation of his sitter, as seen in his

remarkable miniature of *Queen Henrietta Maria* in the Pierpont Morgan collection, which is in its original frame and cut glass. Hoskins thrust forward the art of the miniature, only to be surpassed by the pupil he taught, one of his two nephews, Samuel Cooper. With "Old Hoskins" the miniature passes from the minute and detailed realm of the illuminator to that of the broadly handled portrait-painter. He employed somewhat sombre colouring, and lost some of the gem-like qualities of Hilliard and the Olivers, as his *Duke of Buckingham* pronounces. He made a trick of dividing the background in two, into a light and dark, which his pupil Cooper was also sometimes to use, to no great enhancement of their art. The Pierpont Morgan, Ham House, and Montague House collections are rich in the work of Hoskins, at Montague House being his fine *Charles II in Youth*.

OF THEM THAT WERE PAINTING IN BRITAIN IN VAN DYCK'S YEARS, AND OF THEM THAT WERE TRAINED BY HIM

HOSKINS THE YOUNGER

"Old Hoskins" had a son John Hoskins who came to wide repute in limning. The Pierpont Morgan *Duke of Berwick*, with its initials and the date 1700, is by him.

Besides his son, "Old Hoskins" also trained his nephews SAMUEL COOPER and ALEXANDER COOPER, both of whom came to renown, and Samuel to supreme achievement in the art, not only in England but in Europe.

CHAPTER IX

WHEREIN, UNDER THE MIGHTY SHADOW OF CROMWELL, ENGLAND BRINGS FORTH HER FIRST SUPREME PAINTER

THE BRITISH GENIUS SUBJECT TO VAN DYCK

It has so long been written that the Commonwealth was destructive to art that writers have accepted the dogma, as they accept any plausible fatuity, without challenge. It so happens that the Commonwealth brought to blossom not only one of the greatest and earliest English painters of genius, Cooper, but in Cromwellian times there flourished more than one fine artist, including Lely.

WALKER

1610 – 1658

Robert Walker, called "Cromwell's Painter" as against the Royalist painter Dobson, was largely employed by the Parliamentarians for portraiture. The Pitti has his *Cromwell*, there given to Lely. *Lambert* he also painted, and *Ireton* and *Fleetwood*, and in 1648 *Evelyn* of the "Diary." The National Portrait Gallery has his fine portrait of *Himself*. Evelyn tells us that the best portrait of Cromwell was the double one, with his son Richard arranging his sash—engraved by Lombart as "Cromwell and Lambert"!—now at the National Portrait Gallery. Hampton Court has his *Self-Portrait*.

John Baptist Gaspars, who worked for General Lambert, became assistant to Lely after the Restoration, hence his nickname "Lely's Baptist." From Lely he went as assistant to Kneller. The Royal Society *Hobbes* is by him.

Edward Mascall painted *Cromwell*: he was a good artist, and several of the drawings for Dugdale's "Monasticon" are by him, as well as the etching of *Viscount Falconberg* of 1643. Gammon engraved Mascall's *Self-Portrait*.

PAINTING

WRIGHT
1625? – 1700?

WHEREIN, UNDER THE MIGHTY SHADOW OF CROMWELL, ENGLAND BRINGS FORTH HER FIRST SUPREME PAINTER

JOHN MICHAEL WRIGHT, pupil to Jamesone, went to England at seventeen, two years before Jamesone's death, and then made for Italy, where he worked for some years, being elected to the Academy of St. Luke in 1648, and afterwards to the Academy of Rome. Coming back to London during the Commonwealth, he had a wide vogue with his portraits, painting in 1658 Cromwell's favourite daughter *Mrs. Claypole*, now at the National Portrait Gallery; *Colonel John Russell* at Ham House, and *General Monck*. Evelyn writes of him in 1659 as "the famous painter Mr. Wright." At the Restoration he became with Lely the favourite painter of the age, though Pepys thinks him a poor fellow by comparison. At Magdalen, Oxford, is his full-length of *Prince Rupert*. He also painted for Charles II some decorative works for Whitehall, which have vanished. Hampton Court has his *Lacy*, the low comedian, in three characters, the Lacy whom the king so much favoured. Wright was widely employed by the Restoration nobility. And when the City of London ordered the portraits of the judges for the Guildhall from Lely, and Lely declined to paint them because they would not come to his studio, Wright was given the order, and painted twenty-two, of which the *Earl of Nottingham* and *Sir Timothy Littleton* are amongst the best, spite of Spiridione Roma's vile repaintings.

Of his rare paintings in Scotland is the fine *Sir Charles Bruce*, architect of Holyrood as it now stands, painted in 1665, and his charming *Lady Cassilis* at Yester. In England his portraits are scattered over the land. The Garrick Club has his *Lacy* the actor. The National Portrait Gallery *Thomas Chiffinch*, and *Hobbes*, author of "Leviathan," at eighty-one (1669), are excellent. The fine *Regent Moray* at Langton, given to Jamesone, is said to be Wright's masterpiece.

Wright went to Rome in 1686 in the suite of the Earl of Castlemaine, and published an account of the embassy. He

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came back to find Society greatly excited over a new idol, Sir Godfrey Kneller. He asked William III in 1700 to make him King's Painter in Scotland, but was passed over, and died in London the same year.

EDMUND ASHFIELD, pupil to Wright, came to wide repute in pencil portraits, copying Van Dyck. But it was in the miniature, the portrait in little, that England was to sound her first note of high mastery. She now brought forth genius of the first rank.

COOPER

1609 – 1672

With SAMUEL COOPER, nephew and pupil to "Old Hoskins," we come to the greatest artist of the miniature known to fame, as indeed he is one of the greatest portrait-painters of the British genius. Samuel Cooper is said to have left Hoskins's studio to study awhile in France and Holland. Of this man of genius all too little is known. We have mention of him by the gossip Pepys in the famous Diary, in which Pepys, his ardent admirer, complains to himself of the indifferent likeness of his *Wife*, but bursts into eulogy of the "most rare piece of work as to the painting." The writers of the day ever speak of his genius in superlatives; so that he knew high fame even whilst he lived. Evelyn tells of his pride in being allowed the honour to hold the candle for him whilst he limned the king's portrait; Cooper preferring to work so, as he "chose the night and candle-light for the better finding out the shadows." Thus it will be seen that Cooper went for strength; and his master-work proclaims it. Walpole accounted him greater than Van Dyck, as indeed in painting character he was.

Windsor possesses his superb portraits of *George Monk, Duke of Albemarle*, and the boyish, ill-fated son of Charles II, *James, Duke of Monmouth*, both unfinished, as Cooper so often left his portraits unfinished, once he had painted the head and hair, hastening to other conquests, as though any man might render the apparel. These, with the finished *Charles II*, are amongst the highest works of art in miniature, painted with rare power

and a breadth of handling worthy of work life-size. The Duke of Buccleuch possesses Cooper's famous portrait of *Oliver Cromwell*, one of his masterpieces, both as regards breadth and solidity of handling and statement of character.

WHEREIN, UNDER THE MIGHTY SHADOW OF CROMWELL, ENGLAND BRINGS FORTH HER FIRST SUPREME PAINTER

The Pierpont Morgan *Charles II* and *Earl of Loudoun*; the Hodgkins *Lady Fauconberg* (daughter to Cromwell) and the *Colonel Lilburne* (in which the effect is marred by that cutting of the background into light and dark halves); the large Goodwood *Charles I*, are all fine examples of his art. His usual ovals of head and shoulders are possessed by many houses throughout the land. A rare half-length is Lord Exeter's *Elizabeth, Countess of Devonshire*, in girlhood; and South Kensington has the large square portrait of *Himself*.

Drawing in the head and figure in brown, painting the shadows in transparent sienna, and the half-tones in greyish blue, Cooper wrought on vellum, sometimes on cardboard, keeping his flesh tints transparent, but would also use solid colours. Sir Charles Dilke's sketch of a pretty young woman's head, *Miss Christian Temple, Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York*, proves with what exquisite tact and consummate style he varied his touch to utter the delicate bloom of a young beauty's skin. Whether this be the original by Cooper, or a close copy of the girl who married Thomas Lyttelton—she was daughter to Sir Richard Temple of Stowe—it gives Cooper's method.

Whether Samuel Cooper were born in England is not known; he is known to have gone to France, to Holland, and possibly to Sweden, where his brother ALEXANDER COOPER spent a considerable time.

Cooper, with his wife, Christina Turner, and daughter, lived in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, being well known at the Covent Garden Coffee-house. A short, stout man of ruddy countenance, he was a good musician, playing the lute with skill; and we know that he spoke French with ease. The Duke of Portland has the portrait of Cooper's wife, *Christina Cooper*; and there is a fine painting by him also of his *Daughter*.

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Christina Turner's sister was mother to Alexander Pope, to whom Christina was godmother, and to him she left her books, pictures and medals, with several of Cooper's portrait-sketches.

Employing a varied craftsmanship, using his material to suit his subject, Cooper was an artist through and through. Colour, handling, arrangement were all made attune to his sitter's character. Always searching keenly for character, his portraits of men are his best work; and the stronger the type of man, the more keenly his hand leaped to delineate it. His art is intensely original—astoundingly modern. Mrs. Joseph's fine collection contains Cooper's *Richard Cromwell.* Just as Jamesone's genius could not be recognised as original, so Cooper is fatuously called the "Van Dyck in Little," with which Van Dyck his art has about as much in common as it has with Nebuchadnezzar.

Mary Beale's Diary tells us that "Samuel Cooper, the most famous limner of the world for a face, dyed" on Sunday the 5th of May in 1672.

As we have seen, Samuel Cooper had an elder brother, ALEXANDER COOPER, also trained by "Old Hoskins," who came to distinction in the art.

There were also working in Cooper's years—besides the unknown painter of the fine portrait of *Milton* at about forty-eight, lean, red-haired, pallid, which belongs to Dr. Williamson—the Huguenot DAVID DES GRANGES (D. D. G.), who turned Catholic by 1649 and became the close friend of *Inigo Jones*, who was a Catholic, whom he painted at sixty-eight in the miniature at Welbeck Abbey—one of his chief works. The Hodgkins *Rachel Fane, Countess of Bath*, is by him.

CHAPTER X

OF THE YEARS OF THE MERRY MONARCH

THE PAINTERS OF THE RESTORATION

LELY

1618–1680

OF THE YEARS OF THE MERRY MONARCH

THE portrait-painter of the Restoration was Lely, who, though an alien, set himself to catch the English spirit and style, and came to great gifts in his art utterance. He uttered his age with consummate skill.

A rich and mellow colourist, a remarkably fine composer, Lely caught the subtle atmosphere of the time; and if the manners and habits were loose and immodest, these were not of Lely's making, whilst he was artist enough to record them—and in the doing was a truer artist and a more sincere man than the hypocritical critics who condemn his art for it. His unusually sombre portrait of *Himself* at the National Portrait Gallery pronounces his peculiar treatment of the eye, particularly of the severe upper line of the eyelid between eye and eyebrow; and it reveals the fact that the deep utterance of art created by the Tenebrosi and supremely voiced by Rembrandt, had not been lost upon him. A man of imagination, he brought to the portrait a charm that will never fade. And he recorded the English Court of Charles II with an art as dexterous as that employed by Van Dyck to record the cavaliers of Charles I. He brought into English art the influence of Frans Hals and the school of Haarlem.

To PETER LELY it were difficult to give any nationality but the English of his career and adoption. He was the handsome and dandified son, born in 1618 to a captain of infantry, one VAN

THE BRITISH GENIUS SUBJECT TO VAN DYCK

DER VAAS or VAN DER FAES, then in garrison at Soest by Utrecht (long confused with Soest in Westphalia). The Netherlandish captain changed his name of Van der Faes to Lely or Lilly; and the boy's name by consequence became Peter Lely, and as such was to come to fame as Sir Peter Lely.

The youth Peter studied art under Pieter Franz de Grebber at Haarlem for a couple of years; but at the death of Van Dyck in 1641, the young fellow of twenty-three set his eyes towards England, where Van Dyck had reached to wealth and honours, the tales of which and the splendour were borne to Haarlem, we may be sure, as to distant Seville we know, so that Murillo as a youth started on his wayfaring to London to be stopped on the way by Velazquez at royal Madrid. So it came about that Peter Lely made the sea-journey, and set foot in the land that had done Van Dyck such great honour—'tis said in the suite of William of Orange, who was to wed Charles I's daughter Mary, which would seem to point to the fact that he was already a man of note in Holland.

Peter was a bright fellow; he soon saw that his "landscapes with historical figures" were going to win him no success; Van Dyck was the art god; Cooper was a revelation. He forthwith set the subject aside for the portraiture in which it was abundantly clear lay all hope of encouragement at the Court of the Stuart; and to the portrait he took forthwith, at first forming himself on the style of Van Dyck, out of which he was to develop, with that fine rich colour-sense of his own, to that personal utterance and English atmosphere to which Van Dyck himself had early given himself, which we see in that delightful child-picture that hangs in the National Gallery of a *Girl feeding a Parrot*, in which, to Van Dyck's good breeding and a certain affectation, is added a daintiness which is all Lely's own—an added fragrance of girlhood that comes closer to the spirit of childhood.

The Earl of Northumberland introduced Lely to the king; and at the marriage of the Princess Mary, the eldest daughter of Charles I whom we have seen in Van Dyck's family groups,

with Prince William the Second of Orange in 1643, two years after Van Dyck's death, Lely was presented to the king, and painted *Charles I, Prince William of Orange*, and the king's daughter *Mary*.

When Charles I was a prisoner at Hampton Court he was painted by Lely, holding a note just handed to him by his son, the youthful Duke of York, who presents a penknife for him to cut the string—the picture now at Sion House in possession of the Duke of Northumberland, who has the receipt for its payment.

The fierce outbreak and progress of the Civil War do not seem to have daunted Lely, for he stayed in England during the Commonwealth, painting the portrait of Cromwell and other celebrities of the time; for we have Captain Winde's oft-told tale of Cromwell's "Mr. Lely, I desire you would use all your skill to paint my picture like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything as you see me, otherwise I will never pay a farthing for it."

Lely's indebtedness to Van Dyck is more marked in the superb Althorp portrait of the handsome debonair lad, *Henry Sydney*, in which we see, so fitly arrayed as a golden-haired young god going a-hunting with two greyhounds on leash, the boy whose romantic life was to lead him to the Earldom of Romney, which was to be created for him and die with him. Romance has ever hovered about his house; and young Henry Sydney drank of its intoxicating cup to the full. It was fitting that Lely should paint him—Lely whose art breathes the spirit of romance—in his boyhood, with the godlike atmosphere about him. Of all the men influenced directly by Van Dyck, Lely came nearest to that master's genius; and in some things surpassed him. Even here there is a breeziness, a sense of action throughout it all, a boyishness, the boyishness of a young lordling, of which Van Dyck had not the secret. The lad came of a romantic house, and was not its least romantic figure, being youngest son, the fourth, of the second Earl of Leicester—and own brother to Algernon Sydney, the famous

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patriot, who suffered death on the scaffold at Tower Hill on a bleak day of December in 1683 for the Rye House Plot against the Merry Monarch, he whose name will live as long as Hampden's is cherished by the free-born of England; he who insisted that Christianity was a divine philosophy of the mind that needed no divine worship or visible church; the "stiffest" of all Republicans, his rough and boisterous temper such an enemy to all that looked like monarchy that he could not even brook Cromwell being made Protector. The younger brother, Henry Sydney, was zealous for the Revolution that brought William and Mary to the throne, and was created by them in consequence Baron and Viscount Sydney, and in the April of 1694 Earl of Romney, to pass away in 1704, the year of Blenheim battle, unmarried and without heir.

Lely does not seem to have offended the Royalists, since, on Charles II coming to the throne, the king made him his Principal Painter. "A mighty proud man he is and full of state," wrote Pepys.

Lely was now supreme in art in England, pouring forth portraits of the beauties and celebrities; nor does his merry-making face look as if his genial company would be distasteful to the king who made him a baronet in 1679. The attitude of the bookish writer towards Lely's "ogling beauties," and the moral saws therefrom deducted, so far from being the censure of his art that is intended, is its praise. The age was corrupt; and Lely wrought it as he saw and knew it. But give Lely a noble-souled or modest sitter and he made that sitter noble or modest. It was not for him to lie and show the age in terms of the moralities. And if his Court beauties display their charms over confidently, and roll a naughty eye, so, be you sure, they did. But how he caught and stated their wanton ways! and with what consummate artistry he caught the glint on their silks and satins, and made of each a work of art that is wholly right in its fine arrangement and fittingness!

From 1662, two years after the Stuart came into his own again after dire need in Holland, Lely lived in the Piazza at

I

LELY

1618–1680

"HENRY SYDNEY"

(Earl Spencer's Collection)

The handsome debonair lad, so fitly arrayed as a golden-haired young god going a-hunting, was the boy whose romantic life was to lead him to the Earldom of Romney, which was to be created for him and die with him.

OF THE YEARS OF THE MERRY MONARCH

Covent Garden, his home until his death. How he dominated the art of England in his day we may see by glimpses into Pepys his immortal Diary. On the 18th of June 1661, "I walked to Lilly's, the painter's, where I saw, among other rare things, the Duchess of York, her whole body, sitting in state in a chair, in white satin; and another of the king's, that is not finished; most rare things"—and sly Pepys straightway "gives the fellow something that showed them to us," in order that he may have a peep at others soon—"thence to Wright's, the painter's; but, Lord! the difference that is between the two works." . . . On the 20th of October he goes again to "Mr. Lilly's, the great painter," who tells him that "he should not be at leisure these three weeks," which astonishes Pepys, who, with delightful inquisitiveness, goes in to see "in what pomp his table was laid for himself to go to dinner"—this man so greatly in the vogue. On the 18th of July 1665, Pepys is astonished again at the vogue for Lely—"So full of work Lilly is, that he was fain to take his table-book out to see how his time is appointed, and appointed six days hence for him (Sir William Penn) to come between seven and eight in the morning." At Greenwich are Lely's portraits of the "Flag-men," the admirals painted for James II when Duke of York: the *Duke of Albemarle*; *Sir Thomas Allin*; *Sir George Ayscue*; *Sir William Berkeley*; *Sir John Harman*; *Sir Joseph Jordan*; *Sir Christopher Myngs*; *Sir William Penn*; *Prince Rupert*; the *Earl of Sandwich*; *Sir Jeremy Smith*, and *Sir Thomas Teddiman*. Hampton Court has his *Admiral Sir John Lawson*. Hinchingbroke has several Lely portraits of the *Earl of Sandwich*.

But Sir Peter Lely was to find a rival in London town before he died. Lely was on the verge of sixty when, in 1674 or 1675, the young Kneller came to London to leap into the royal favour and walk to wealth and honours—he was soon painting the Merry Monarch and his Court. There was full room for both men; the extravagance of the whole Court was prodigious; its picturesqueness and love of artistic things could scarce well be exaggerated; and the portrait was in almost

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universal demand. But the brush was soon to fall from Lely's fingers and leave Kneller without rival at Court. Lely was painting the handsome *Duchess of Somerset* when he was seized with apoplexy and passed away from the scene of his triumphs amidst the tools of the art that he had beautified and enhanced by the dignity and charm and fascination of his style. He was buried by torchlight in the Church of St. Paul's in Covent Garden, where his bust by Grinling Gibbons was a hundred years afterwards unfortunately destroyed by the fire of 1795. So died in 1680 the elder of the two famous men whose names are a household word, whose art limned not only the celebrated beauties of King Charles the Second's sumptuous, gay, not to say giddy and naughty Court, but whose untiring industry and handsome gifts have made to live for us in many homes throughout the land the features of those who trod the romantic stage of the later sixteen-hundreds. His fine collection of paintings and engravings and drawings of Old Masters, which he marked with his initials P. L., fetched a large sum.

Lely painted women with great skill, and sense of their femininity; he painted men even better. At Hinchingbroke is a fine portrait of the notorious Duchess of Cleveland when *Countess of Castlemaine*. At the National Portrait Gallery is his *Nell Gwyn*, whom he often painted, and his *Moll Davis* the actress, another mistress of Charles II, grandmother of the Earl of Derwentwater who was beheaded. There also is a fine *Thomas, Lord Clifford of Chudleigh*. The superb Cartwright portrait of *John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee*, is given to Lely, though this is doubtful—but the beautiful face of "Bonnie Dundee" it is, though scant hint is given of the brutal character of the man who led the charge at Killiecrankie that scattered Orange William's troops, though Dundee fell in the victory.

The fine "Windsor beauties" that he painted for Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, are now to be seen at Hampton Court; the superb *Lady Belasyse as St. Catherine*, long called Elinor, Lady Byron; the *Duchess of Cleveland as St. Catherine*;

Anne Hyde, Duchess of York; *Frances Stewart, Duchess of Richmond*; *Henrietta Boyle, Countess of Rochester*; *Mrs. Jane Middleton*; *Frances Brooke, Lady Whitmore*; *Elizabeth, Countess of Northumberland*, miscalled Countess of Ossory; *Elizabeth Brooke, Lady Denham*; *Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland*; *Anne, Countess of Sunderland*; *Elizabeth Hamilton, Countess of Grammont*; and the beautiful *Jane Kelleway as Diana*, sometimes called the "Princess Mary."

HAYLS
16 ?–1679

JOHN HAYLS is best known to us through the Diary of *Pepys*, whose portrait he painted as a young man, now at the National Portrait Gallery, as one of the chief rivals of Lely. Hayls seems to have been in wide request; perhaps his best-known works are the Russell portraits at Woburn Abbey.

Lely had many pupils and followers, of whom were MARY BEALE and JOHN GREENHILL.

MARY BEALE
1632 – 1697

MARY BEALE, a very good painter of the time, founded her art on that of Van Dyck and Lely—to Lely she was pupil, and is said also to have been pupil to Walker before him. She painted a considerable number of the clergy of her time, of whom the Royal Society has the *Bishop Wilkins* and *Dr. Thomas Paget*, and the National Portrait Gallery has her *Charles II, Cowley, Archbishop Tillotson*, and the *Duke of Norfolk* (the sixth). At Wadham, Oxford, is her *John Wilkins*. Much of her work is given to Lely. Mary Beale had marked genius.

A pupil of Mary Beale was SARAH CURTIS, who after painting portraits for a calling, married Bishop Hoadly, thereafter painting for amusement. Mrs. Hoadly's *Bishop Hoadly* at the National Portrait Gallery is said to have been worked upon by Hogarth.

GREENHILL
1649 – 1676

Born at Salisbury, JOHN GREENHILL, in his short span of years,

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if he painted the fine silvery *Mrs. Middleton* at the National Portrait Gallery, there given with a query to Largillière, was a sad loss to English painting. Pupil to Lely, Greenhill began by copying the works of Van Dyck. He lived a short, dissipated career. The National Portrait Gallery has his masterly *Charles II* and *Lord Shaftesbury*; Dulwich his *Self-Portrait*; and Trinity, Oxford, his *Seth Ward.*

Other pupils of Lely were WILLIAM CLARET, JEREMIAH DAVISON, JOHN DIXON, SIR JOHN GAWDIE, MATTHEW MEEK, THOMAS SADLER, and HENRY TILSON.

EDWARD HAWKER followed Lely to his studio after his death. WILLIAM SHEPHERD is rather earlier, and trained the Lincolnshire animal-painter FRANCIS BARLOW, who died in 1702.

THOMAS MANBY was a landscape-painter of these years.

SIR RALPH COLE, Bart. (1625 ?-1704), M.P. for Durham, was an amateur who is said to have studied under Van Dyck before he was sixteen. Lely painted him. Cole kept several Italian painters in his service at 500 guineas a year, and spent his whole fortune over his artistic enthusiasm. Petworth has his portrait of *Thomas Wyndham* of 1677.

SIR JOHN GAWDIE, Bart. (1639-1708), was a Norfolk amateur, deaf and dumb, who became pupil to Lely.

ANNE KILLIGREW (1660-1685), daughter of the Master of the Savoy, and maid of honour to Mary of Modena, Duchess of York, shines a bright and pure girl in a corrupt Court—who wrought, 'tis said, charming portraits of James II and his queen.

FRIEDERICH KERSEBOOM (1632-1690), born at Solingen, studied under Le Brun at Paris, and after going to Rome came to England, where he settled and had considerable vogue as a portrait-painter.

GERARD SOEST (1637-1681), born in Westphalia, appears in Cromwell's London about 1656, and was soon in very wide vogue. The National Portrait Gallery has his *Colonel Blood* of historic drama; the Royal Society his *Dr. Wallis.* A good painter, he

also trained a good painter, Riley. At Queen's, Oxford, is his *Thomas Cartwright.*

ROBERT STREATER (1624-1680), made Sergeant-painter at the Restoration, painted portraits, history, landscape, architecture and still-life.

RILEY
1646–1691

JOHN RILEY, pupil to old Fuller and to Soest, came to considerable vogue in society as portrait-painter after the death of Lely. He painted *Charles II, James II* and his *Queen,* and thereafter was made Court-painter to William and Mary. The National Portrait Gallery has his fine *James II*; *Bishop Burnet*; *William, Lord Russell*; the poet *Waller*; and *Lord Crewe, third Baron of Stene, Bishop of Durham.*

LARGILLIÈRE (1656-1746) came to England in youth, fell under the glamour of Lely, painted several portraits for Charles II, went back to France, and returned to England twice, leaving the land at the Revolution that overthrew James II, for whom he painted the royal family. The *Prince Charles Edward* and *Cardinal York* as boys at the National Portrait Gallery are given to him, though challenged as being by Nattier.

HENRI GASCAR, who came to England with the Duchess of Portsmouth, was of small account, and soon went back to Paris.

THE MINIATURE IN THE LATE SIXTEEN-HUNDREDS

After Cooper came, amongst several good miniaturists, two or three painters of fine gifts—LAURENCE CROSSE, NATHANIEL DIXON, above all, THOMAS FLATMAN ; and FAITHORNE, LOGAN, and LENS ; after whom for awhile, during the earlier seventeen-hundreds, the art fell away to foreigners of no great powers.

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FLATMAN
1637 – 1688

Thomas Flatman, in the Joseph portrait of a *Lady Unknown*, displays gifts of the first rank in this exquisite art, marked by expert modelling, breadth, and beauty of craft. The Salting Collection has a good portrait of a clean-shaven *Man* by him, and of a *Man* with a moustache. He also ran to verse.

Ivory was introduced for miniature-painting in William III's day, it is said by BERNARD LENS. By the seventeen-hundreds its use was almost universal.

CHAPTER XI

WHICH HAS TO DO WITH THE YEARS WHEN THE WORLD WORE GREAT WIGS AND MARLBOROUGH MADE HIS WARS

KNELLER
1646 – 1723

WHICH HAS TO DO WITH THE YEARS WHEN THE WORLD WORE GREAT WIGS AND MARLBOROUGH MADE HIS WARS

Four or five years after Lely first stepped ashore to England, there had been born at Lübeck, in 1646, to an Inspector of Mines—who had been compelled by the wars to leave his native Eisleben and settle in that town, where he married—a son, his second son, whom he christened Godfrey. As the child, Godfrey Kneller or Kniller, sprang up to boyhood he was sent to Leyden to be trained for the army, studying mathematics and fortification to that end. But at Leyden the artist in the lad came out, so dominating all other instincts that his father, discovering the young fellow's bent, encouraged it, sending him, 'tis said, to Rembrandt at Amsterdam, where Kneller learnt the mysteries under that mighty man. However that may be, the young Kneller went for awhile to Rembrandt's pupil, Ferdinand Bol. His twenty-sixth year (1672) saw him in Rome, under Italian masters. At Rome he set foot on the high road to fame, winning considerable repute with several historical paintings; so much so that, on leaving for Venice, he was handsomely received by the great houses of that city, and was soon engaged in painting the portraits of many of the leading families. Leaving Italy, he went to Hamburg; but in Hamburg he was not destined long to dwell. Hamburg was his stepping-stone to high success and wider fame; it was at Hamburg in 1674 that, at twenty-eight, he was persuaded by a merchant, one Banks, to try his fortune in London—in that London where Rubens and Van Dyck had

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been welcomed like princes, and had found a gold mine and knighthood and high honour—in that London where Sir Peter Lely had leaped at once to honour and renown and fortune, and was then in such wide demand that he could not accept all his orders. To London, therefore, Kneller went in Charles II's mid-reign, to leap into the favour of the Merry Monarch straightway, and in turn to find wealth and honours and renown. He was soon to be painting the king and his Court.

Lely was on the edge of sixty, Kneller but twenty-eight, when the Duke of Monmouth introduced Kneller to Charles II. So rapid and facile was the younger artist that when Charles II, to save himself trouble, sat to Lely and Kneller at the same time, the portrait by Kneller was finished before Lely had well laid in the foundation of his design—or, as Walpole put it, Lely's portrait was "dead-coloured" only. This would impress Charles and most of the great ones of the day far more than the quality of their art.

Death struck Lely down in 1680, leaving Kneller supreme at Court. And Kneller, surviving into George the First's days, painted for us the beauties of Dutch William's and of Queen Anne's Augustan age, and the big-wigged folk of Marlborough's splendid years.

The number of portraits painted by Kneller was very great. His facility and rapidity were a byword. He was early Court-painter, without a rival, and with a practice of which his astounding rapidity of skill and quick industry gave him the power to take fullest advantage. Nor was his repute an island affair; his fame was European; he was known in France, where he painted *Louis the Fourteenth*, amongst other celebrities of France and Spain and distant lands. His vogue in England needs no further proof than the vast numbers of family portraits that still remain to us in the great houses throughout the land. There can have been scarce a single person of distinction or rank in his day that he did not paint—and paint, when all's considered, uncommon well. The friend of that brilliant group

of literary, political, and artistic men whom his friend Pope made famous by poem or satire, he in his turn immortalised them all. It were impossible to understand the age of Charles II, of William and Mary, and of Queen Anne, without the art of Lely and Kneller. And as Lely painted the Beauties of the Court of the Merry Monarch and the "Flagmen of the Fleet" (or Admirals), so for Mary the Second, Dutch William's queen, Kneller painted the Beauties at Hampton Court, being knighted by William in 1692.

WHICH HAS TO DO WITH THE YEARS WHEN THE WORLD WORE GREAT WIGS AND MARLBOROUGH MADE HIS WARS

The gracious and dignified style of the man, so well fitting the presentment of the big-wigged dandies and celebrities of the days of William and Mary and of Queen Anne—so gifted in presenting the beauties of the splendid years of the last Stuarts—painted for us more than one remarkable masterpiece of the great ones of the town in that studio of his house in Covent Garden, hard by Peter Lely's—his home for some twenty-four years, which he only left in 1705, within a year after that day in August that made Marlborough's name a dread to England's enemies in the fierce victory of Blenheim, in order to settle at Whitton House by Twickenham, since known as Kneller Hall, the school for military musicians. There he lived in handsome fashion through Queen Anne's great days of glory, the chief painter of the England of his splendid age; there he was the handsome lord of the house when George I in 1715, the year after he came to the throne, made him a baronet—for German George, though, like his son, he "hated painting and poetry," loved a German; and there at Twickenham Sir Godfrey Kneller died in 1723, George I being still king over us, and lies buried in the old church hard by—his monument, with Pope's epitaph carved upon it, being set up in Westminster Abbey.

The Earl Spencer has his double-portrait of *The Ladies Henrietta and Anne Churchill*, daughters of the great Marlborough, through whom the line of the ducal family descends. At the National Portrait Gallery are his *Lady Castlemaine in mourning* (the Duchess of Cleveland). For William III's Mary he painted the "Hampton Court Beauties": *Lady Diana de*

THE BRITISH GENIUS SUBJECT TO VAN DYCK

Vere, Duchess of St. Albans; *Lady Mary Bentinck, Countess of Essex*; *Carey Fraser, Countess of Peterborough*; *Lady Margaret Cecil, Countess of Ranelagh*; *Miss Pitt, afterwards Mrs. Scroop*; *Lady Isabella Bennet, Duchess of Grafton*; *Lady Mary Compton, Countess of Dorset*; and *Lady Middleton.*

The Earl Spencer has a fine *Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough*, with the long hair which she cut off to spite her lord, and which he kept—at the National Portrait Gallery is another *Duchess of Marlborough.* Ten sovereigns sat to Kneller, and *George I* and *George II* were of the number. At the National Portrait Gallery are Kneller's portrait of *George, Lord Jeffreys*, in handsome young manhood—he was to make his name immortal as Judas as the vile hero of the Bloody Assize; his *Lord Somers*; his two portraits of the great *Duke of Marlborough*; his *Sir Christopher Wren*; his *Dryden*; his fine *Betterton*, the great actor of the Restoration theatre. At Christ Church, Oxford, are his *John Locke* and *Henry Aldrich.* The Harcourt *Pope* is well known. For Tonson he painted the forty-eight members of the "Kitcat Club," of which were *Addison, Steele, Congreve* and *Vanbrugh.*

Kneller had a ready wit, and no embarrassment about uttering it in his broken English. Many stories are told of him in his office of J.P. in which he followed equity before law—as when he dismissed the thief who had stolen a leg of mutton, and roundly scolded the butcher for tempting him with it. When a poor man applied for relief he always sent him to the richest parish; and he always refused to sign a distraint warrant against the goods of a poor man who could not pay a tax. Kneller married Susannah Cawley, daughter of the rector of Henley-on-Thames. He came to great fortune, and even though he lost £20,000 in the South Sea Bubble, he still kept £2000 a year.

The blank walls of the new buildings that were springing up everywhere in England drew the foreigners VERRIO and LAGUERRE to their decoration. Verrio plastered the Grand

II

KNELLER
1646–1723

"THE LADIES CHURCHILL"

(EARL SPENCER'S COLLECTION)

The two daughters of "handsome Jack Churchill," the great Duke of Marlborough, the Ladies Henrietta and Anne Churchill, the two fair-haired girls who were to carry on the descent of this illustrious ducal house, and in whom the features of their famous father and mother are so marked.

Staircase at Hampton Court with his huge Italian classicalities; whilst Laguerre's best work is his decoration of Sir Godfrey Kneller's house, Whitton Hall, now called Kneller Hall, by Twickenham.

This drew JAMES THORNHILL to the lucrative business, who decorated the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral; James Thornhill's son-in-law was to come to immortal fame as Hogarth.

Of other foreign artists who came to repute and settled in England, were

WHICH HAS TO DO WITH THE YEARS WHEN THE WORLD WORE GREAT WIGS AND MARLBOROUGH MADE HIS WARS

WISSING

1656 – 1687

WILLIAM WISSING of Amsterdam, coming to England in 1680, became assistant to Lely, who dying soon thereafter, Wissing set up as rival to Kneller, and came into considerable vogue. The National Portrait Gallery has his *Lord Cutts*, his *Duke of Monmouth*, *Prince George of Denmark*, *Mary of Modena*, James II's second queen, and *Mary II of England*, whereby his favour at Court is made clear. His works were long swept into Lely's credit, but their styles are very different. At Hampton Court is his *Mrs. Knott*, one of the few virtuous Windsor Beauties.

MICHAEL DAHL (1656-1743) of Stockholm, coming to England in 1678, went on to France and Italy, but coming back to London in 1688 won into the fashion, and painted much for Queen Anne when princess, and for Prince George of Denmark. He too became, like Wissing, a rival to Kneller, and from his brush came many *Admirals* now at Greenwich, of which is the *Sir Cloudesley Shovel.*

JOHN CLOSTERMAN (1656-1713), coming to England in 1681 to paint the draperies for Riley, at that artist's death finished many of his portraits. Going to Spain in 1696, he came back to London and had considerable vogue, painting *Dryden*, *Grinling Gibbons and his Wife*, and *Sir William Petty*, whilst the National Portrait Gallery has his *Queen Anne* and *Duke of Marlborough.*

SIMON DU BOIS, coming to England in 1685, and being patronised by *Lord Somers*, the great lawyer, whom he painted,

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in his studio at Covent Garden, where he lived with his elder brother the landscape-painter, wrought the Lambeth *Archbishop Tenison* and the Knole *Wilmot, Earl of Rochester*, amongst other portraits. Du Bois died in 1708.

SIMON VERELST, the Flemish flower-painter, best remembered for his overweening vanity, called himself the God of Flowers, and so filled his portrait of the *Duke of Buckingham* with fruit and flowers that the king thought it a flower-piece; but he grew into a vogue that damaged Lely. At Hampton Court is his *Duchess of Portsmouth as Flora*. He also painted *Smollett*.

JACOB HUYSMAN, known as HOUSEMAN (1656-1696), of Antwerp, came to England with the reputation of combining the power and freedom of Van Dyck with the grace and feeling of Lely. At Gorhambury is his *Queen Catherine*, whilst Buckingham Palace has his *Queen Catherine as Shepherdess*, whom he painted so often that he gave himself the title of Queen's Painter. The National Gallery has his *Izaak Walton*. The fine *Lady Belasyse* at Hampton Court by Lely was long given to Houseman. His full-length of the *Duchess of Richmond as Pallas* belongs to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

NICCOLO CASSANA (1659-1713) of Genoa came to England and painted *Queen Anne* and many of the nobility, his best-known work being *James Fitzjames, Duke of Berwick*, the famous and brilliant natural son of James II.

CHAPTER XII

OF THE SCOTTISH PAINTERS OF MARLBOROUGH'S YEARS

THE fact of the Stuarts being upon the English throne drew the young Scottish painters to London, I fancy, quite as much as the disturbed state of Scotland sending them adrift. Of these were MURRAY and SCOUGALL.

MURRAY
1663 – 1734

THOMAS MURRAY, a pupil of one of the De Critz family, came under the influence of Riley, whom he unfortunately imitated in the habit of painting the face and leaving the draperies and the rest to pupils; a sorry loss to his repute, for such portraits as he wholly painted were of good achievement. His fine manners and handsome person made him acceptable to the society of the day, and he was greatly in the fashion. The National Gallery has his Lord Chief Justice *Sir John Pratt*, father of Lord Camden, and his *Captain Dampier*, the famous seaman who rescued Alexander Selkirk, whilst Stratford-on-Avon town hall has his full-length *Queen Anne*. English country-houses and the learned societies are rich in portraits by him—the Royal Society has his *Edmund Halley*, and the College of Physicians his *Sir Hans Sloane*.

Several Scottish artists such as HAMILTON and FERGUSON worked abroad, but painted in foreign fashion, and Ferguson's sons, who came to wide honour and repute, you must seek in German galleries as VON FERGUSON. WILLIAM GOUW FERGUSON (*1633 ?-1690 ?*) was a fine painter of dead game and birds, and many of his pictures abroad to-day masquerade under the names of Weenix and others.

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But amongst the artists who remained in Scotland the family of Scougall stands out. It is difficult to get details of David Scougall and his son John Scougall, called the elder, who also had a son, George Scougall, a painter, called Scougall the younger, an inferior painter of William and Mary's and Queen Anne's days. But John Scougall, of Restoration days, was a fine artist.

SCOUGALL
1645? – 1730?

JOHN SCOUGALL, cousin to Patrick Scougall, Bishop of Aberdeen, had a very wide vogue, and his house in Edinburgh was a centre of society. At Dalmeny is his *Lord Carrington* (1670); at Penicuik his Sir John Clerk and his very fine *Lady Clerk* of 1675, which three, with his *Lord Harcarse* and *Lady Elphinstone*, and *Countess of Lauderdale* are masterpieces. In 1693 and 1702 he was painting portraits of celebrities for Glasgow University, of which are *Wishart*, *Patrick Hamilton*, *Knox*, and others. In 1698 he made the copy of Van Somer's *Heriot* at the Heriot Hospital. In 1708 and 1712 he was painting portraits for the Glasgow Town Council, full-lengths of *William III*, of *Mary*, and of *Queen Anne*—not from life—thereafter retiring at seventy to give place to his son.

Scougall's son, and his two pupils, MARSHALL and WAIT, belong to the early seventeen-hundreds. Marshall and Wait both went later to Kneller. Wait painted very good still-life. A fine miniature-worker in pencil of those years was DAVID PATON, many of whose works are at Ham House and Hamilton Palace.

Whilst the better Scottish artists were migrating south to London, there came foreigners to Scotland: JACOB DE WETT, the Fleming, who in 1684 undertook the imaginary series of 110 portraits of Scottish sovereigns from remotest times to Charles II, that hang at Holyrood; NICOLAS HEUDE, the French Huguenot, who painted a number of the Queensberry portraits at Drumlanrig, but who died in penury; and

OF PAINTING

MEDINA
1659 - 1710

OF THE SCOTTISH PAINTERS OF MARLBOROUGH'S YEARS

SIR JOHN BAPTIST MEDINA, the Brussels Spaniard, who in 1688 was called by the Earl of Leven to Edinburgh, where he came into a wide vogue, filled the land with portraits of the years of William and Mary, and of Queen Anne. Fond of black in his portraiture, Medina had a forceful style, if somewhat hard, and a decorative sense. The sharp use of reds in his flesh-painting, and of blue-grey in his shadows, makes his work very individual. His conventional and somewhat archaic treatment, and his small care for character, produced at least telling decorative work; and his wide social vogue brought him knighthood. His *Self-Portrait* is at the College of Surgeons at Edinburgh; and his work always looks as if belonging to a somewhat earlier time, more akin to the Tudor years.

Medina's son, who died in 1764, and grandson who died in 1796, were inferior painters, from whose studios came the scores of portraits of *Queen Mary* so treasured in Scottish families to-day. But Medina trained WILLIAM AIKMAN (1682-1731) who was to become the most able Scottish painter of the early years of the seventeen-hundreds.

THE BRITISH GENIUS FINDS VOICE

1700

CHAPTER XIII

OF SUCH PAINTING AS WAS IN THE LAND WHEN THE GERMAN GEORGES CAME TO THE THRONE "HATING BAINTING AND BOETRY"

We now come to a group of artists who were rising in the land. They bridge the gap from Kneller to Hogarth.

HILL
1661 – 1734

Thomas Hill, having been 'prenticed to W. Faithorne, took up portrait-painting in London. His fine portrait of *Bishop Hooper* was long given to Hogarth.

RICHARDSON
1665 – 1745

Jonathan Richardson, pupil to Riley, was to have a compelling effect upon the art of England. Passionately insistent on the fact that no great art could be born in the land so long as native artists were subject to foreign fashions, he wrote his dreams of the creation of an English school of native expression. And his insistence was to influence and fire the coming glory of the English seventeen-hundreds. The National Portrait Gallery has a sincere and able piece of character-drawing in his *Self-Portrait*, and his portrait of *Earl Cowper*. Of his pupils was Hudson, who married one of his daughters; thus Richardson was to became the "pictorial grandfather of Sir Joshua Reynolds." Bristol possesses his *Edward Colston*; the College of Surgeons his *Lady Mary Wortley Montague* and his *William Cheselden*.

Hogarth and Reynolds were both fired by his essays on art.

John Woolaston, born in London about 1672, a musician

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who played at the concerts of Thomas Britton, the small-coal man, painted portraits, of which is the National Portrait Gallery *Britton*, who, whilst being received by the wits, continued in person selling coals in sacks.

GANDY THE YOUNGER

16 ? – 1729

WILLIAM GANDY, the son of Van Dyck's pupil, James Gandy, who had gone to Ireland, settled at Exeter about 1700, and wandered about the neighbouring counties painting portraits, some of which reveal fine gifts. The western families of England possess most of his works. His art was to have a profound effect upon the youthful Joshua Reynolds. At the Bodleian at Oxford is his *William Jane*.

THORNHILL

1676 – 1734

SIR JAMES THORNHILL was sent by his uncle, Dr. Sydenham, as pupil to THOMAS HIGHMORE, Sergeant-painter to William III, in which office Thornhill succeeded him. He gave himself to the decoration of ceilings in the grand style, but also wrought some excellent portraits. He set up a famous academy for teaching painting. Thornhill came of an old Derbyshire family, being borne at Melcombe Regis. Poverty brought him to London to earn his livelihood as a painter. Coming early to repute, and after travelling through Holland, Belgium, and France, he was given the decoration of the cupola of St. Paul's Cathedral by Queen Anne. He next painted Queen Anne's bedroom at Hampton Court; and he worked at Blenheim. From 1707 to 1727 he was at work on the ceilings and walls of the Painted Hall at Greenwich, for which and St. Paul's he was paid forty shillings the square yard! The altarpieces for All Souls' and Queen's Colleges at Oxford are by him; and the Academy has his copies of Raphael's cartoons. He was knighted by George I; and we shall see a promising young fellow called Hogarth running away with his daughter Jane. He became an M.P., and died at Weymouth in 1734.

JERVAS
1675–1739

OF SUCH PAINTING AS WAS IN THE LAND WHEN THE GERMAN GEORGES CAME TO THE THRONE "HATING BAINTING AND BOETRY"

CHARLES JERVAS or JARVIS, born in Ireland, came to London and became pupil to Kneller. After visiting Italy, he came back to London about 1709; and at Kneller's death in 1723 he succeeded him as Principal Painter to George I. Jervas married a rich widow, and a waggish tale is told of Kneller who, on hearing that Jervas had set up a carriage and four, cried out: "Ah, mine Cot! If he's horses don't draw better as he does, he will never get to his journey's end."

Jervas was a lion amongst the writers; and the verses of Swift and Arbuthnot did his conceit little good, as when the Countess of Bridgewater asking him to show her a "handsome ear," he solemnly displayed his own. The National Portrait Gallery has his *Queen Caroline*; *Pope*; *Martha Blount, Duchess of Queensberry*; *Swift* and *William, Duke of Cumberland.* Lord Spencer has his *Elizabeth Churchill, Countess of Bridgewater*, third daughter of the great Duke. The Bodleian has his *Swift.* Jervas taught POPE to draw and paint; the poet's *Betterton* is at Caen Wood, copied from Kneller's portrait at the National Portrait Gallery.

GIBSON
1680–1751

THOMAS GIBSON was a portrait-painter in London during the early seventeen-hundreds. He painted *Archbishop Wake*; his *Archbishop Potter* is at Christ Church, Oxford; the *Vertue* is at the Society of Antiquaries; and the *Flamstead* at the Royal Society. Gibson left London for Oxford about 1730; but came back afterwards, and died in London. At the Bodleian is his *John Locke.*

KENT
1684–1748

WILLIAM KENT went to Rome in youth, where he won the favour of the "architect Earl of Burlington," the Lord of Burlington House, now the Royal Academy. In 1719

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Burlington brought Kent to England, gave him rooms for life at Burlington House, and flung him upon the town as the Admirable Crichton of all the arts! He was soon the dictator and designer of buildings, of sculpture, of painting, of furniture, of women's dress, of everything. His pompous and heavy style raised the bitter hate of Hogarth, who needed little nudging to it from his father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill. But Kent, though he was pathetically overrated in his day, produced some fine architectural work on the large and heavy lines that so well suited the years of the first Georges. The rooms of the great as Kent created them, grimly enough, are the rooms that Hogarth made the scenes of his long series of "dramatic paintings" or "pictured morals." His sculptured *Shakespeare* stands in Westminster Abbey. In furniture he evolved from the Queen Anne just that heavy style that brought forth the "Hogarth chair," which was the foundation of Chippendale's immortal genius. He designed Holkham Hall, Devonshire House in Piccadilly, and the Horse Guards in Pall Mall; and worse architects have worked in London since.

The red, round face of the man, double of chin and thick of lip, you may see in the dandified portrait of him by DANDRIDGE in the National Portrait Gallery

The "architect" Earl of Burlington married in 1721 LADY DOROTHY SAVILE, who made portraits in chalks.

HIGHMORE
1692 – 1780

JOSEPH HIGHMORE was learning the mysteries at the Painters' Academy in Great Queen Street, when he caught the favour of Kneller. He came to wide vogue. He painted a series of portraits of the *Knights of the Bath*; the National Portrait Gallery has his two portraits of *Samuel Richardson*, and at Stationers' Hall are the *Richardson* and his *Wife*. But Highmore's length of days brings him into the great age of Reynolds and Gainsborough.

STEPHEN SLAUGHTER, who died in 1765, was a capable painter.

OF PAINTING

In Scotland the Darien Scheme wellnigh ruined the people; but affairs began to settle after the Union of 1707. In 1726 Allan Ramsay opened the first circulating library. Commerce in Scotland increased and rapidly developed. In 1729 was formed the short-lived School of St. Luke. Of the Scottish artists of this time were

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AIKMAN
1682 – 1731

WILLIAM AIKMAN was to be the chief Scottish painter of the early seventeen-hundreds. Nephew to Sir John Clerk of Penicuik and to Sir David Forbes of Newhall, and son of a Forfarshire laird and sheriff, Aikman was brought up to the law, and it was not until after the death of his father in 1699 that, having reached to manhood, he became pupil to Medina. Three years thereafter, selling the family estate, he made for Rome and there lived until 1710, when he made for Constantinople and the East, coming back to Edinburgh in 1712 as a portrait-painter, his family connections and the Duke of Argyll soon winning him a wide vogue. After eleven years of Scotland, the Duke of Argyll persuaded him to London in 1723, Kneller having just died. Taking a studio in Leicester Fields, Aikman was welcomed by the brilliant folk there living; Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Burlington were of his friends; and his literary tastes won him the society of the wits, amongst whom his charming personality and refined tastes soon made him a favourite. Ill-health fell upon him, and the death of his only son broke him down. Both lie buried in one grave in Greyfriars Churchyard at Edinburgh. His early works have the marked stiffness of his master, Medina, to whom they are often given; but the influence of Maratti in Rome developed in him a refined and clever handling, if somewhat lacking in vigour; whilst his colour-faculty never developed, and he runs to grey and weak tones. His oval portraits of women are amongst his best work. The Clerk portrait of the poet *Allan Ramsay* is well known; and he showed by far his highest power in his portraits of men, of which are his cousin *Sir John Clerk* in his

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robes as Baron of Exchequer, and the bust in armour of the sixth *Earl of Lauderdale*. Of the writers he painted *Somerville*, *Thomson*, and *Gay*, which last two the Scottish National Portrait Gallery possesses, as well as *Patrick*, *Earl of Marchmont*, and his fine *Self-Portrait*. The Royal Scottish Academy has another *Self-Portrait*, and the Uffizi another. Holyrood and the National Portrait Gallery have each a *Duke of Argyll*, at which last also is his *Duncan Forbes*. His work is widely scattered through English and Scottish homes.

DAVIDSON

JEREMIAH DAVIDSON, who died in 1745, is said to have formed himself on the works of Lely. He had a wide vogue in Scotland and London. The statue of *Duncan Forbes* in the Parliament House at Edinburgh was modelled by Roubiliac after a portrait by Davidson.

SMIBERT
1684–1751

JOHN SMIBERT, born at Edinburgh, began life as 'prentice to a house-painter. Making his way to London, and on to Italy, he kept himself by copying for the dealers; came back to London as a portrait-painter; joined *Bishop Berkeley*, whose portrait by him is at the National Portrait Gallery, in his miserable mission to the Bermudas, and thence made for America, where his chief work was done, first at Newport, then at Boston; thus Smibert becomes one of the pioneers of American painting. Like Aikman he was a friend of Allan Ramsay of *Gentle Shepherd* fame. His chief and best work is in America.

THE ALEXANDERS

As difficult to disentangle out of the past as the Scougalls are Jamesone's descendants the Alexanders. The father, JOHN ALEXANDER (1690 ?-1760 ?), either grandson or great-grandson to Jamesone through his daughter Marjory, who married an Edinburgh advocate John Alexander, studied art in Italy, and, returning to Scotland, decorated the staircase at Gordon Castle with scenes from the *Rape of Proserpine*. Of his numerous

portraits are the *Margaret Drummond* of 1727 at Keir, the *Lord Lewis Gordon* of 1738, the *Lord Provost Drummond* of 1752, and the *George Murdoch* of 1757. Though inferior, his art is kin to that of Allan Ramsay. His son, COSMO JOHN ALEXANDER (1724-1773?), was with his father "out" in the '45, and probably made for Italy until the trouble blew over, but was back again before 1754, when James Gibbs, the architect, made him his heir. His chief interest lies in his connection with GILBERT STUART, the greatest American painter of the age.

OF SUCH PAINTING AS WAS IN THE LAND WHEN THE GERMAN GEORGES CAME TO THE THRONE "HATING BAINTING AND BOETRY"

There were three alien painters who wrought much in England in those days. JEAN BAPTISTE VAN LOO (1684-1746) came to London in 1737, and had a wide vogue for portraits. The National Portrait Gallery has his *Richard Temple*, *Lord Cobham*, and *John Lord Hervey*. The Royal Society has his *Sir James Burrow*. He painted also *Horace Walpole*, *Colley Cibber*, and *Peg Woffington*. Going back to France in 1742, he died in his native town of Aix in Provence.

JOSEPH VAN HAAKEN, who died in 1749, came from Antwerp to London to paint the figures and backgrounds for several artists—draperies for Van Loo amongst others. It is said that canvases came by stage-coach from all over the land to be finished by him. Hogarth sketched the satirical funeral of Van Haaken, followed by the artists for whom he worked, in despair what to do now that he was dead. JAN VANDERBANK (1694-1739) was born in England, and painted many portraits in the years of Queen Anne and George I. He it was who headed the rebels from Sir James Thornhill's academy, and set up the opposition academy into which he introduced the living model.

THE MINIATURE IN THE EARLY SEVENTEEN-HUNDREDS

About the year of the death of Cooper, in 1672, the whole style of the miniature was to change; the painting in body-colour on card or vellum gave place to transparent painting upon ivory.

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During the early seventeen-hundreds it looked as if the art was to die out in the hands of aliens, amongst the best of whom was CHRISTIAN RICHTER, the son of a silversmith from Sweden who had settled in London in the days of Queen Anne, whose consort, *Prince George of Denmark*, Richter painted in the miniature now in the Hodgkins Collection.

NATHANIEL HONE, R.A. (1718-1784), born in Dublin, came to England in youth and moved from place to place making portraits, at last reaching to considerable repute in the earlier days of the mid-century; and was followed by SAMUEL FINNEY (1721-1807) and SAMUEL COTES (1734-1818). But those were lesser men, preparing the way for John Smart and Richard Cosway in the latter half of the seventeen-hundreds in George III's years.

It was Nathaniel Hone who fell foul of the Royal Academy in his painting of *The Conjuror*, which was taken as an attack upon Reynolds and Angelica Kauffmann, and which, being rejected by the Academy, led to the passionate Hone, in 1775, giving a display of his works outside the Academy. Hone married a lady of wealth and settled in a fine house in St. James's Place. He painted oil portraits as well as miniatures.

The Petitots being dead, the miniature in enamel passed into the hands of the French-Swede CHARLES BOIT, who, coming as a drawing-master, wrought his stormy career in rare enamels. His pupil, the Saxon ZINCKE (168 ?-1767), lived in England for sixty years from 1707, and wrought a vast number of enamel portraits of brilliant quality. He was followed by GEORGE MICHAEL MOSER (1704 ?-1783) and JEREMIAH MEYER (1735-1789), both foreigners becoming foundation members of the Royal Academy. And GROTH, RICHTER (1680 ?-1732), ROUQUET (1702 ?-1759), HURTER (1730-1790) and his brothers, carried on the craft.

Of Englishmen, GERVASE SPENCER, who died in 1763 and rose from the menial quality of a domestic servant, made good enamel portraits as well as ordinary miniatures.

CHAPTER XIV

WHEREIN THE GREAT GENIUS OF ENGLAND FINDS UTTERANCE IN THE FIRST OF THE GREAT GEORGIANS SPEAKING THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE AND GOING STRAIGHT TO LIFE AND NATURE

WHEREIN THE GREAT GENIUS OF ENGLAND FINDS UTTERANCE IN THE FIRST OF THE GREAT GEORGIANS SPEAKING THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE AND GOING STRAIGHT TO LIFE AND NATURE

IT is difficult to understand the belittling of the eighteenth century. It shines like a lamp across the years. It is impossible to understand how a German, far less an Englishman, and least of all an American, can set aside the fierce sincerities and humane splendours of the eighteenth century with a shrug of the shoulders as being "artificial." As for France, she arose therein to the supreme height of her splendid career. Maybe 'twas the wig that deceived the superficial—indeed, is it not the superficial who are deceived by wigs? 'Tis true that language wore brocade, and folk walked with dandified strut through the picturesque years, showing a trim leg, and taking snuff with monstrous swaggerings; the right conduct of the clouded cane no doubt took time for schooling that had better been employed on deeper culture; they stepped it with monstrous airiness; nay, did they not even set bejewelled buckles on their very shoes? Therefore the century was not sincere!

The century through which sounds the deep voice of Cromwell, that, with its call of Liberty of the People, sent the revolted colonies to their masterwork, whereby the tea floating wide upon Boston's tide and the sharp rifle-crack of Lexington and Bunker's Hill, bore the message to France that set the Revolution aflame, which was the stern lesson to our age.—Insincere! The century of Washington and Franklin, of the mighty Chatham, of Burke and Samuel Johnson, of Nelson and Clive and Wolfe, of Danton and Mirabeau and of Voltaire, must not be allowed sincere, or perish modern sincerity! Yet, sincere or not sincere, artificial or profound, this is the century

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that is distinguished above all other centuries whatsoever for its fine achievement in the limning upon the painted canvas of the fascination and charm of childhood, and of the gracious and wondrous dignity and mystery of motherhood—the which, surely, in their very essence are a sincerity, if sincerity be in any degree thinkable! This is the century that saw Hogarth utter in masterly paint the denunciation of human folly—the which, if not so pleasant to the taste as the careful and prude insincerities of the nineteenth century, at least were brutally *sincere*. And, for chiefest artistic glory, it bred the mighty genius of Turner, who flung insincerity to the ground, and, standing eye to eye with the sun and heavens, the sea in peace and maddest fury, caught the whip of the gale, and set the sun's splendour across the painted canvas, regardless of the petti-fogging laws of the schoolmasters, and reckless of the Isms.

The year 1723 rang out the old, rang in the new, for art in England. It was the year that Kneller died; and with him passed away the sway of the alien painters who had made their homes in England—Holbein, Zucchero, Van Dyck, Lely, Kneller and the rest. It was the year that Hogarth at twenty-five, shaking the slavery of the 'prentice's graver from his craft of trade-engraving, turned his desire to uttering original designs in the satires that were to lead his feet to his great "dramatic paintings." It was the year that Joshua Reynolds was born, who was to establish the English School in the general esteem, raise it to wide recognition amongst his own people and throughout Europe, and build it a place in the Public State.

George I came to England without a queen—he left Sophia Dorothea imprisoned at the Schloss of Ahlden. When in 1727 George I died, his son George II hung up a portrait of his mother in Leicester House as soon as he heard the news. George II boded ill for Hogarth, for he "hated boetry and bainting."

Though no British artists were as yet painting subjects, the works of Teniers, of Cuyp, and others were being brought to England in large numbers, and stirring the native genius.

Belief in native genius fired Richardson to proclaim the need for the utterance of the native vision; and there was one now about to arise and, with rare gifts, to put it into practice.

WHEREIN THE GREAT GENIUS OF ENGLAND FINDS UTTERANCE IN THE FIRST OF THE GREAT GEORGIANS SPEAKING THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE AND GOING STRAIGHT TO LIFE AND NATURE

HOGARTH
1697 - 1764

It is to Hogarth that we must turn always for the picture of his age. As humourist, as satirist, and as commonsense moralist, his art alone would set him in the front rank of the genius of his century. To him the eye owes the fullest picture of the habits, the surroundings, and the appeal of the age. High and low, his wide art states his century; and if his temperament led him to whip the follies of that century rather than to display the heroic and charming side of it—if his lash has stung bookish men to find in that century the sordid state of his race rather than the sublime and heroic people that bred Chatham and fathered Washington, it is without assail his tribute that whilst he lashed the follies, by that very fact he suggested the nobilities. But insincere!

I have seen it solemnly stated that in "creative force, imagination, and range," Hogarth is the "greatest of the British masters." In face of the sublime achievement of Turner, this is fatuous. But in relation to subject as concerned with the acts and passions of man, Hogarth, 'tis true, is great in creative force, in imagination, and in range, not only in British painting, but the world over. He needs no exaggerative praise to add to his splendour. He is one of the supreme dramatic painters of all times. Beside his achievement in dramatic painting the very Dutch, who came to such triumphs in this high realm of art, seem limited and monotonous. Employing a whip that flays to the bone the follies of mankind, he repulses as torture must ever repulse. But Hogarth flinched from nothing so that he thundered forth God's anger. That he could not, and did not, utter God's praise is his limitation—and drama that only utters the sordidness of vice is a half-stated art. His resolute and fearless will realised that

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the bookish and cultured gabble about the Old Masters was a fatuous thing, a wreath woven about the heads of men because they were dead. He pointed out to his fellows that Van Dyck living was as great as Van Dyck dead, but that if a man as great as Van Dyck lived to-day he would not be recognised as such. To his eternal honour he never showed the ugly as beautiful.

The culture and fashion of the day bought his engravings, but gave the cold shoulder to his paintings! We see to-day that his paintings were superb; that his engravings were of lesser merit. We realise that Hogarth was one of the greatest painters that our race has bred. Whilst others were racking their wits to create style, fashioned upon tradition, Hogarth was giving forth what he felt with passionate eagerness to express his emotions in forms most fitting to their utterance; he thereby created style whilst his fellows were endeavouring to imitate the accents of another tongue. For the instincts of Hogarth made him realise that art is not beauty but the emotional expression of life; yet, like so many artists, when he tried to explain his art in terms of the intellect, he gave forth as fatuous theories of beauty, and laid down as fantastic a jargon, as ever came from the brain of man in his ridiculous *Analysis of Beauty*.

About the year 1690 there came from St. Bees in the north country to London town a man of classical education, a schoolmaster of Westmoreland yeomanry stock, one Richard Hogarth or Hogart, to seek fortune as a literary hack and corrector for the press. These Hogarths were witty and satirical observers of the life in their northern vales. To Richard Hogarth and his wife, who was a Gibbons, was born on the 10th of November 1697 a son, WILLIAM HOGARTH, who was to make the name immortal.

Hogarth came of the homely, honest, unflinching, unservile English middle class of the north; his art is the utterance of the vision of that class. In his portrait of his *Mother*, whom

he painted in the Rothschild *Mrs. Hogarth*, and who died of the fright brought on by the fire of June 11, 1735, in St. Martin's Lane, and in his *Portrait of Himself* and of his *Sister* at the National Gallery, we see the type of John Bull supremely stated. The Fairfax-Murray *Self-Portrait* reveals the pugnacity of the man. The National Gallery has his other *Sister*, a profile.

WHEREIN THE GREAT GENIUS OF ENGLAND FINDS UTTERANCE IN THE FIRST OF THE GREAT GEORGIANS SPEAKING THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE AND GOING STRAIGHT TO LIFE AND NATURE

Of Hogarth's early years we have small record except his own honest words, until his art emerges at thirty. As a boy devoted to the theatre, he suddenly develops the craving to express himself in painting and drawing. Early, about fifteen, apprenticed to a silver-plate engraver, Ellis Gamble, at the sign of *The Golden Angel*, which the young fellow immortalised on a well-engraved shop-card, he soon found his scope too limited; above all, he realised that the copying of old drawings and engravings could never lead him to personal utterance, for which he craved. So that he trained himself to remember forms and to go to Nature. As soon as he was free of his apprenticeship he doggedly set himself to engraving on copper, and was early in wide request as an illustrator of books, for which his rare dramatic gifts, his imagination, and his realistic powers greatly fitted him. Out of his 'prenticeship about 1718, he was twenty-three (1720) when he set up in business on his own account as an engraver of coats-of-arms and shop-bills. His shop-card, *W. Hogarth, Engraver*, is of April 23, 1720. His early essays in illustration were from 1721 to 1732, from his twenty-fourth to his thirty-fifth years, and yielded the earlier and as yet not markedly original plates such as *The Lottery* and the *South Sea Scheme* of 1721, and the *Royalty, Episcopacy, and Law* of 1724, in satirical prints so greatly in favour in that age. In 1725 he strikes the Hogarthian note with his shop-bill for his two sisters Mary and Ann called the *Old Frock Shop*. Yet an early painting of *Two Sides of a Sign for a Paviour* reveal that compelling realism in paint that was to be his great strength in creating an original English utterance. He seems to have been drawn

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to painting by twenty, since, in 1717, Sir James Thornhill's decorations at Greenwich Hospital "ran in his head," and took him to Thornhill's academy when it was opened in 1724, the year in which he satirised the art of Kent in his print of *Masquerades and Operas, Burlington Gate*, also known as *The Taste of the Town*. The following year (1725) he caught the town with his burlesque plate of Kent's altarpiece, sending the town into laughter over his she-angels and cherubs. Sir James Thornhill, the Sergeant-Painter to the King, was delighted; but waxed wroth when Hogarth ran away with his daughter Jane and married her on the 23rd of March 1729. Meanwhile, Hogarth, with John Bullish bluntness, was attacking the employment of foreign opera-singers, as well as artists, in his *Masquerade Ticket* of 1727; and in this same thirtieth year he also appears as an accepted artist with his *Twelve Pictures of Hudibras* and his painting of the *Element of Earth*, for which he had to go to law with the tradesman who ordered it before he could get payment; he is thought to have employed foreign artists to help him in these paintings from his Hudibras prints. His lawsuit over the *Element of Earth* heralds the war which he was soon to wage with the swindling print-sellers, who pirated his works at half price whilst rejecting his originals. He was destined from the start to democratic art and the general public, despising as he did the pseudo-art-culture of the patrons who worshipped the Old Masters, shocking them to hot anger with his contempt for the "black Old Masters" and his bold law that the Painter was concerned with Nature, demanding that "gentlemen" should "but venture to see with their own eyes"—that "Nature should be their only guide" —that Painting should be judged like Poetry—and railing at the native modesty that called in foreign artists. Henceforth Hogarth becomes above all things a painter—engraving his own pictures, or having them engraved—for the illustrating of books was badly paid.

CONVERSATION PIECES

WHEREIN THE GREAT GENIUS OF ENGLAND FINDS UTTERANCE IN THE FIRST OF THE GREAT GEORGIANS SPEAKING THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE AND GOING STRAIGHT TO LIFE AND NATURE

So far, to his thirtieth year, Hogarth had been able to do nothing more than keep himself. After his marriage he set to work on that series of "Small Conversation Pieces" that were to lead him towards his great achievement. He challenged the whole pompous standards of the day. The National Portrait Gallery has his *Club of Artists in* 1735 into which the pompous Kent enters—in which, in spite of its laboured stiffness, is the germ of his development. He had already in 1728, the year before his marriage, painted *The Wanstead Assembly*, in which Richard Child, created Earl of Tylney, the son of a banker, entertains his friends and kin, who are all treated with frank humour by the painter, and *The Rich Family*; whilst the National Portrait Gallery *Committee of the House of Commons Examining Bambridge*, the infamous warden of the Fleet Prison, is of 1729, of which the far finer oil sketch is at the Fitzwilliam Museum, as is the *Wedding of Stephen Beckingham and Mary Cox*, and the *Governor Rogers and Family*; and the National Gallery *Scene from the Beggar's Opera* is of this time. Others of these "Conversation Pieces," in which Hogarth was fretted by the demand of every one to have their likenesses displayed (which he regarded as mere pot-boiling, "still but a less kind of drudgery"), and in which the woodenness of the figures reveals that he often painted from memory, were the *Shelley Family*, the *Walpole Family*, the Harland-Peck *Dudley Woodbridge and Captain Holland* of 1730, the year of his *Wollaston Family*, his character-study of *The Politician*, and the scene from Dryden's *Indian Emperor*—the *Misses Cotton and their Nieces*, and the charming Fitzwilliam Museum *Music Party*. In 1731 he painted for Mr. Conduitt, the Master of the Mint, *The Conquest of Mexico*, being private theatricals played by the royal children. For three or four years he wrought his Conversation Pieces, and he more than once threw off a Conversation Piece on a larger scale in the after years, such as the Cook *Family Party* and the still later National Gallery *Family Group*;

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but he was about to come into his own. The *Conquest of Mexico* was to lead him to the path of his "dramatic paintings," painted from the life of the day as though scenes in a play, which were to develop his great powers. He was soon reconciled to his wife's father, Sir James Thornhill, and the road to success looked brighter.

THE PICTURED MORALS, OR DRAMATIC PAINTINGS

Hogarth was now to give forth to the world his true and original genius in his "pictured morals"—those "dramatic paintings" by which he hoped to keep himself, making the money for them through engravings. But before the lover of art surveys his high achievement, let him be warned not to judge the quick, forceful, and glowing artistry of Hogarth's painting by his second-rate gift of engraving in which he never came to high utterance, never mastered the quality and beauty of the medium, and himself frankly confesses that he had not the patience so to do. Hogarth is a great painter, and as such reaches to immortality. In the second place he realised that all art consisted in uttering the emotional revelation of life with compelling power; that the artist has the right to utter any emotion that he has felt, whether the mood of twilight above a duck-pond or a dramatic passion.

Hogarth's chief master was the theatre. He himself says so, and his aim is the aim of all great artistic endeavour, "provided I could strike the passions." He realised that dramatic art is the supreme art granted to us. He loved the theatre and the children of the theatre. His Conversation Piece of *The Beggar's Opera* holds Miss Fenton, the Duke of Bolton whom she married, Rich the manager, Cock the auctioneer. His honest love of the virtues ran to a rough morality; and he had in common with the genius of the age a fierce didactic aim—he was the fit peer of Fielding and Sterne and Smollett, of Swift and Addison, of Defoe.

OF PAINTING

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Hogarth in 1730 made his first essay in his "dramatic painting" with *Before* and *After*, which led to the six famous designs of the *Harlot's Progress*. In the March of 1732 Hogarth and four friends made a boisterous trip down the Thames to the Isle of Sheppey, which Forrest wrote as the *Five Days' Tour*, and Hogarth illustrated. But he was at work upon his great series—that *Harlot's Progress* which was to bring him world-wide renown; that series of dramatic paintings in which, with a British genius akin to that of Fielding, of Dickens, and of Thackeray, he unveils his age, its character, its habits, its furnishments, its aims, its passions, and its vices. Life was lived much in the street; executions and punishments were carried out in public; the pillory was set up everywhere; punishments was terribly brutal and for the slightest offences; death was meted out pathetically readily. The effect was far from deterrent. Vice openly paraded itself. Hogarth had not to search for it; it assailed him at every corner. So he gave us the young girl arriving in London, pounced upon by the old procuress—and takes us step by step through the pretty wanton's journey. Always his characters are from the life. The young wanton, Kate Hackabout, was well known in Drury Lane; the old temptress was the infamous Mrs. Needham; the old rake at the door of the opening scene was the infamous Colonel Charteris of the "Life," the seducer of country girls.

So entered Hogarth upon that immortal record of his age which sets him amongst the great creative genius, the high dramatists of all time. We see the girl in the lodgings of the famous highwayman, James Dalton, just as the pompous "harlot-hunting justice" and thief-catcher, Sir John Gonson, is coming in to make an arrest (3); we see her weary of the heavy mallet, beating hemp with other prisoners in Bridewell (4)—a finely-arranged composition; we see the poor soul dying (5); and we look upon her coffin amongst the callous and vicious mourners (6). Five of the six paintings were burnt at Fonthill, but Lord Rosebery has the replicas of the girl kicking the table over, and the beating hemp at Bridewell. *The Harlot's*

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Progress made Hogarth famous. He leaped at a stroke into the public favour. The engravings brought him large sums of money. They also brought him, in a year or two, a host of pirates; so that he and his friends appealed to Parliament for redress, and a statute was passed in 1735 that gave the sale of engravings to the creator of the picture.

As a subscription-ticket for this series he engraved the well-known *Boys Peeping at Nature.* The date of 1731 on the coffin-plate of the last of the series points to Hogarth's completing this set of paintings in that year; and he at once had them engraved.

So assured was he now of his success that in 1733 he took the house in Leicester Fields that he was to make famous. The *Harlot's Progress* brought him back into the favour of his wife's father, whose portrait he painted, *Sir James Thornhill,* as well as *Lady Thornhill* and their son, *John Thornhill.*

In 1733 he painted the portrait of *Sarah Malcolm,* the young murderess, in prison, and the unfortunately burnt *Southwark Fair,* athrob with the racket, in which appear the fair drummeress, the flying acrobat, and a falling platform; a study of hilarity in the *Laughing Audience*; the *Midnight Modern Conversation,* a study of fashionable drunkenness—which a bookish critic describes as "characteristically beautiful," the worst condemnation of its art, whilst he takes it for praise. But then, saith our wiseacre, intent on Beauty, "in Hogarth's retching or snoring man there is more beauty than in the . . . high aims and ideal purity of Leighton's *Captive Andromache*"! Yet had this poor soul but put books from him, and realised that Leighton's aim *was* Beauty, and that it wrecked his instinct for Art, how much more truthful and sincere he were! There is no beauty in Hogarth's "retching or snoring man," nor was Hogarth so vile a liar as to desire it.

On May 13, 1734, Sir James Thornhill died.

For over twenty years Hogarth was to know success—not for his paintings, but for the engravings therefrom. Though his paintings remained in his workshop, he was now free of the

patrons, and at once set to work, from 1735, to pour ridicule on the "black Old Masters," on foreign artists of all kinds, and on the "profound blockheads" who were their encouragers. Bookish men have long accepted his contempt of Lely and Kneller—but for generations they also accepted his contempt of Rembrandt! as in his *Paul before Felix*, "designed and etch'd in the ridiculous manner of Rembrant."

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In the June of 1735 were published the eight engravings of *A Rake's Progress*, of which the Soane Museum holds the original paintings. We follow him from the *Young Heir*, Tom Rakewell (1), who is being scolded by the seduced girl's angry mother, as her tongue runs down at the offer of money, on through the *Levée* (2), where the young dandy stands amid his parasites; then to *The Tavern* (3), where all is unseemly debauch, the besotted Rakewell being relieved of his trinkets by the girls; thereafter the *Arrest* (4), which does not quite explain itself without a "book of the words," since the seduced girl in the *Young Heir* now enters, and holds to him in misfortune, to save him from the debtors' prison with her poor savings; then his *Marriage* with the deformed wife for money (5), his haunting the *Gambling House* (6), his descent to the *Prison* (7), and his end in the Madhouse (8). As subscription plate he etched the *Laughing Audience* (1733).

Hogarth in 1736 followed the *Rake's Progress* with his famous *The Distressed Poet*, which is an excellent instance of an incident treated with genius and kept within the frame, unless it be that it perhaps needs its title, the poor distracted poet in his attic put out in his rhymes by the clacking of women's tongues. The Cook *The Sleeping Congregation*, another fine instance of this genius, was of 1736.

In 1736 Hogarth stepped aside from his true path to paint the huge decorations on the grand staircase of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in the "great style of History painting" which he at heart held in no particular honour, and produced the *Pool of Bethesda* and *The Good Samaritan*. These he painted as a gift to the hospital, of which he was at once made a governor.

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To 1737-38 belong the deliciously humorous *Strolling Actresses*, which we only know unfortunately by the miserable engraving; and the four paintings of the *Four Times of Day*—the early wintry *Morning* with the company leaving Tom King's Coffee-house in Covent Garden; the fine *Noon*, a rare arrangement, as rarely handled, of the congregation leaving the French Chapel in Hog Lane, St. Giles's—the relief of the dispersing worshippers, the reek of the Sunday dinner, and the rest of it, all set in an excellently pictured street-scene; the fine *Evening*, in which a citizen and his wife return from Sadler's Wells; and the *Night*—designs to be painted in large by Hayman for Vauxhall Gardens.

In 1739 Captain Coram founded, with Hogarth as his warm ally, the Foundling Hospital, of which Hogarth was made a governor and guardian. For it he wrought unflinchingly and generously, established there a gallery of modern pictures which became the fashionable Sunday lounge of his age, and the germ of the Royal Academy. Of this time is *The Enraged Musician*, plagued by the street cries, engraved by Hogarth later in the November of 1741.

In 1739 Hogarth painted his famous portrait of *Captain Coram* at the Foundling Hospital. In spite of its scattered arrangement, Hogarth here painted a superb character-study in the great-hearted old sea-dog who founded the Hospital for deserted babes that stands out as one of the bright beacons of much that was noble in this greatly maligned century. Painted with astounding directness and force, and with a passionate pleasure in creating the masterpiece, Hogarth's brush swept in the forms and colour with a breadth and power infused with light, that gives forth as by magic the beaming countenance of the generous-souled man.

From the danger of seeking Beauty instead of Life, Hogarth was saved, not only by his innate sense of truth, but by being kept from the Italian journey. He never followed false gods, he never saw with other men's spectacles. He developed the innate English genius for colour. To begin with, it was the

habit to set the sitter against a dark background, and Hogarth did it. But he flooded the figure in light; yet, instead of breaking up his colours into the changed hues created by light, he took the high light as the highest pitch of a particular colour—say for a yellow dress he took a luminous high yellow, and he worked down to the darknesses of its shades by employing dark yellows, orange to deep reds. And in spite of the difficulties that he thereby set himself, he, by employing the very darkness of his background, made his colours glow and sing. His all too rare portraits are amongst the master-work of the age. Perhaps as good an example of Hogarth's portraiture and of this handling as is to be seen, is the glowing oval on a square canvas of his younger sister, Ann Hogarth, called *Hogarth's Sister* at the National Gallery, probably painted a year or two before the *Coram*. Here is no attempt to glorify the woman into a great lady; it is a glowing masterpiece bathed in colour that floats in light, but there is no attempt of insincerity or snobbery to show her outside her middle class. This truth naturally offended conceit, and Hogarth never became a popular portraitist (or "face-painter" as they called it in his day) —sitters went to artists who could make them look "stylish." Walpole put it neatly in his "a satirist was too formidable a confessor for the devotees of self-love." Hogarth realised that his "face-painting" would never be popular. Says he: "I found by mortifying experience that whoever would succeed in this branch must . . . make divinities of all who sit to him."

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The Tennant *Duke of Cumberland as a Boy* is a superb little example of Hogarth's mastery in painting; whilst Dublin possesses his stately *George II and his Family*, the *Lord Boyne*, the *Field Marshal Wade*, and *Dr. Hoadly*. Lord Ilchester, besides the *Lord Holland*, possesses the *Scene from the Indian Emperor*. In America are his *William James* and *Mrs. James*. Fortunately the Fitzwilliam Museum has that great character-study, the *George Arnold*, and the fine *Miss Arnold*, whilst at the National Gallery hangs the luminous *Quin, the Actor*. The Tennant

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Peg Woffington, the *Sir Cæsar Hawkins* at the Royal College of Surgeons, the *Jane Hogarth* of the *Painter's Wife* in a cap near an easel, the famous heads of his *Six Servants* at the National Gallery, all reveal his powers. The British Museum has his drawing of a *Dead Baby*. All show his search into character. The fine *Portrait of a Lady* belonging to Sir Frederick Cook is given to Hogarth, as is the Reid *Ann Hogarth* as a stiff old spinster. York has his sketch for *Queen Charlotte*. The king possesses his fine *David Garrick and his Wife*. There are besides the *Miss Fenton, Duchess of Bolton*, the National Gallery *Lavinia Fenton as Polly Peachum*, the *Mrs. Rich*, the Chesham *Duke of Devonshire*, and the Royal Society's *Martin Folkes*.

The *Taste in High Life* of 1742 runs to caricature.

In 1745 (the year of his portrait of *Mrs. Desaguliers*), the year that he set up nineteen of his portraits at auction, Hogarth, on the edge of fifty, gave forth his world-famed series of six designs, the *Marriage à la Mode*—that everyday social tragedy of the wedding of an innocent girl to a vicious young blood. It opens with the *Marriage Contract* (1) of the gouty old earl contracting for the young Lord Squanderfield, who is taken up with his own reflection in a mirror, to the rich alderman's daughter, to whom the lordling pays scant address, the girl bent with the threat of the coming tragedy of her married life, whilst a young lawyer whispers his admiration to her. In *Shortly after the Marriage* (2) the dissipated young lord, now become earl, and his young wife are clearly foul of each other; the *Visit to the Quack Doctor* (3) of the young blood with his girl-mistress and the angry, scolding procuress, brings further tangle into the drama; the farcical fashions strut in *The Countess's Dressing-room* (4) as the sole sorry comic relief to her empty married life, amidst a bevy of alien entertainers, whilst the companionship of the insinuating young lawyer hints at intrigue; thereafter to this fine work follows the discovery by the earl of his young countess and her lover in an inn bedroom to which they had gone after a masquerade, and the *Death of the Earl* (5) in the duel by firelight, as the lover escapes out of the window; and last of all

III

HOGARTH

1697 – 1764

"PEG WOFFINGTON"

(Sir Edward Tennant's Collection)

IV

HOGARTH

1697 – 1764

"MARRIAGE À LA MODE"

(National Gallery)

It is "Shortly after Marriage." In the peer's breakfast-room, the clock marks twenty minutes after twelve in the morning, the candles beneath the portraits of the four saints in the inner room are guttering, a dog sniffs at a lady's cap protruding from the husband's pocket, and the book peeping from the coat of the old steward is called "Regeneration."

the *Death of the Countess* (6), who takes poison and lies dying in her old home, her lover having just been hanged.

In this same year of 1745, of the *Marriage à la Mode*, Hogarth painted his famous National Gallery portrait of *Hogarth and his Dog Trump*, in which a curving line, the "line of beauty," is seen upon his palette. This line drew the fire of his enemies the critics, to which he later replied in an evil hour with a book called the *Analysis of Beauty*.

The Highland rising of the '45 was to cause consternation and excitement in London; in the August of 1746 the crafty old Jacobite, *Lord Lovat*, was brought in a litter to St. Albans to be tried for treason. Hogarth hurried to St. Albans and made a sketch of him. He found the old Jacobite at the "White Hart" being shaved, and on his entrance Lovat, then seventy, arose and embraced him, kissing him on the cheek, which he left covered with soapsuds.

Hogarth painted from this sketch in 1746 the National Portrait Gallery *Simon, Lord Lovat*, as the burly figure of the crafty old Jacobite sits counting the clans upon his fingers. Lovat was tried and executed on Tower Hill. Hogarth's engraving being so hotly in demand that the press could not supply the rush for it.

To 1746 belongs the Feversham *Garrick as Richard III*, so well known by the engraving of it; and at Windsor is the fine *Garrick and his Wife*, Hogarth's loyal friends throughout.

Hogarth followed this fine series of the *Marriage à la Mode* with *The Stage Coach* in 1747, the year also of his famous series of engravings of the *Industrious and Idle Apprentices*, the original sketches for which are at the British Museum.

It was in 1749 that Hogarth painted one of his masterpieces, the *Gate of Calais*, engraved as *The Roast Beef of Old England*, in which, though he pours out his contempt for all things foreign, he creates a masterly design that is one of the chiefest treasures of the National Gallery, superbly lit, wondrously arranged, and vitally painted, which he wrought that he might pour out his venom on being arrested as a spy for sketching in France and

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being bustled back to England. After painting it—indeed, after it was engraved—the picture fell down and a nail went through the cross, whereon Hogarth painted a black crow in the cross's place, to his own huge amusement.

At the Foundling Hospital is the *March of the Guards to Finchley*, painted in 1749-50, one of his great works in which are displayed all his rare gifts, his satire of the march of the troops for Scotland in the '45 being redolent of the confusion of it all, in which he wins to that success in the treatment of crowds so remarkable in his finely designed *Idle 'Prentice executed at Tyburn* (11), and repeated in the press of the crowd about the Lord Mayor's coach in the twelfth plate of the *Industrious Apprentice*.

To this time belongs his *Four Stages of Cruelty* (1751), engraved to try and check the barbarous treatment of animals in the London streets; and his *Beer Street* and *Gin Lane* (1751). In 1752 Hogarth made his historical painting, his *Moses brought to Pharaoh's Daughter*, at the Foundling Hospital.

It was in 1753 that Hogarth wasted his precious gifts by turning author and publishing his *Analysis of Beauty* to "silence his adversaries." He made the foolish attempt to lay down scientific laws on art, pouring forth a stupid rigmarole on pleasing and displeasing lines, movements, and the rest of it, for the future confounding of the critics down to our own day.

Now, near sixty, in 1755, Hogarth completed his four remarkable pictures of an election at the Soane Museum—the *Election Entertainment*, the *Canvassing for Votes*, the *Polling Day* and the *Chairing of the Member*.

He caught the whole humour, horseplay and passion of political party strife in unforgettable fashion. His powers were at their full. Nor must we pass by the superb, exquisite, unfinished *The Staymaker*, with its delicate and subtle sense of values, the British Museum oil sketch of *Orator Henley christening a Child*, and the chalk drawing of the *Dead Baby* in the same collection.

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However, in 1756, he painted his last historical effort in the triple altarpiece for St. Mary Redcliffe at Bristol—the *Sealing of the Sepulchre*, the *Ascension*, and the *Three Maries*.

In the June of 1757 he was made Sergeant-Painter to the King, which brought him £200 a year, succeeding his brother-in-law, John Thornhill.

To 1758 belong the National Portrait Gallery *Hogarth Painting the Comic Muse*; the very fine Pierpont Morgan *The Lady's Last Stake*, in which a woman of fashion has lost in gambling with a young blood, who offers her back her stakes for the price of her honour—both Mrs. Piozzi and Mrs. Thrale are claimed to have sat for the figure—and *The Bench*.

It was in 1759, at the urging of Lord Grosvenor, that Hogarth began his National Gallery *Sigismunda mourning over the Heart of Guiscardo*. The picture met with violence from every pen, including Walpole's. Hogarth was deeply wounded. The attack brought on an illness that laid him up for close on a year. Lord Grosvenor backed out of his bond. Then Hogarth got still more foul of the writers of larger calibre, by publishing a poor satiric print of *The Times* in favour of the egregious and detested Lord Bute's foreign policy, and aimed at the greatest Englishman of the age, Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, and his colleague Lord Temple. Wilkes, the terrible brain of the *North Briton*, together with Churchill, warned Hogarth that if it appeared he would be attacked, and he was. The ruthless and cutting pen of Wilkes bled him—and attacked even his wife—in that essay that contains the passage, "We all titter the instant he takes up a pen, but we tremble when we see the pencil in his hand." . . . However, on May 16, 1763, Hogarth replied, not this time with his pen, but with his biting etching of *John Wilkes, Esq.*, which caught the public. Churchill's ponderous attack was easily settled with another caricature as *The Bruiser, C. Churchill*. And Hogarth owns that the comfort of these essays, with exercise on horseback, soon made a man of him again.

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As we look upon the *Sigismunda* at the National Gallery to-day, we wonder at the abuse, for it is a remarkably dignified work, and handsomely wrought in the then taste.

In the same year as the *Sigismunda*, he had published *The Cock-Pit*; in 1761 he gave forth his *Time Smoking a Picture*, the witty summary of his lifelong attack on the "black Old Masters," which was his subscription ticket for the print of the *Sigismunda* that was not to be published for thirty years thereafter.

Of 1762 were his mediocre *Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism*, with *The Times*, of which we have already seen something. In 1762 also he made that well-known drawing of *Fielding* from memory, engraved by Basire.

But Hogarth's days were numbered when, in 1763, he drew the *Wilkes* and *Bruiser* that, with horse-exercise, had brought him back to a flash of health.

In the March of 1764 he gave forth his engraving of the *Finis, or the Tailpiece*, called *The Bathos, or "Manner of Sinking in Sublime Painting*, inscribed to the Dealers in Dark Pictures"—the "end of all things," wherein Old Time himself, about to die, his hour-glass and scythe broken, puffs the last smoke from his pipe that breaks in his failing fingers, amidst the chaos of the end—the purse empty, all finished, the palette broken.

This *Tailpiece* to all his works was destined to be the end of Hogarth's achievement, for it was the last work of his hands. He had been carried from Chiswick to his house in Leicester Fields, and was delighted to find a letter from Dr. Franklin from America, but on going to bed he was seized with vomiting, broke his bell-rope with the violence of ringing the bell, and died a couple of hours thereafter on the 25th of October 1764, and lies buried in Chiswick Churchyard, with Garrick's verses on his tomb, to him "whose *pictur'd Morals* charm the Mind, and through the Eye correct the Heart."

Anne Hogarth, his younger sister, lived unmated until 177[illegible]1; Mrs. Hogarth lived on to 1789, her dignity surviving thr[illegible]ough the ever-narrowing means, living in the old house at Ch[illegible]swick where grows Hogarth's mulberry-tree, though the grave [illegible]of his

bullfinch is scattered, and the bones of his dog Pompey are lost.

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Happily married, a childless man, who gave forth his fatherly love in his warm support of Coram in founding the Foundling Hospital; a kind master adored by his servants, the friend of Fielding, of Garrick, and of Richardson; a bright, outspoken, opinionated little man, sturdy, dogged, kind-hearted, hospitable, cheerful, he was very John Bull. Unbaffled by defeats, he held on his way confident in the verdict of posterity. A pugnacious little man, he flew at and badly punished a lout who was ill-treating the beautiful drummeress of *Southwark Fair*; but once settled in a dogged and narrow prejudice he would sacrifice his friends, as he lost Wilkes and Churchill for the sake of his wretched caricature of *The Times*, in which he defamed all that was great and noble in political life. With Respectability for his god, he had the self-made man's belief that his narrowest prejudices were inspired wisdom. His contempt for the Old Masters that were foisted on the gullible was so great that he would not go out of his way to hint that he endured the great ones—"because I hate *them* (the connoisseurs) they think I hate Titian—and let them!" said he.

Even Whistler confessed to the greatness of Hogarth as painter, though it is fantastic to follow his fatuous verdict that Hogarth was "the greatest English artist who ever lived"—the which he was not, even though one of the greatest.

Leicester Fields are haunted by the ghosts of many mighty dead, but of them all no man was more truly an artist than William Hogarth, who was wont to strut it abroad, sword on hip within sight of Sir Joshua's windows, "in a scarlet *roquelaure* or 'rockelo,' with his hat cocked and stuck on one side, much in the manner of the Great Frederick of Prussia."

In the immortal *Shrimp Girl*, that rapid impression flung upon the canvas as by wizardry, Hogarth reveals his greatest powers, his astounding impressionism, and his abounding vitality.

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He hated cant, and above all the cant of the critics and dealers who talked "Old Masters"—he rid English art of the bondage to alien shackles—he fought, his life long, for the emotional communion of life as the foundation of living art. "Such is the effect of prejudice, that though the picture of an antique wrestler is admired as a grand character, we necessarily annex an idea of vulgarity to the portrait of a modern boxer. An old blacksmith in his tattered garb is a coarse and low being; strip him naked, tie his leathern apron round his loins . . . he becomes elevated, and may pass for a philosopher or a Deity." Hogarth saw with unerring instinct how academism meant death to art.

The supreme painter of the Human Comedy, Hogarth is wholly concerned with character—whether of persons or things.

Hogarth was essentially an artist—he *felt* life strongly, he was no great *thinker* as such. The vilenesses, hypocrisies, injustices and cruelties of the age struck him more forcibly than the sublime aim of the great ones, and by consequence he lashed the vices of the age.

CHAPTER XV

OF OTHERS THAT WROUGHT THE PORTRAIT IN HOGARTH'S DAY

R. Bockman, a Dutchman from Amsterdam, settled in London and painted many portraits in the early seventeen-hundreds, of which are several of the naval commanders at Hampton Court and Greenwich.

George Knapton (1698-1778), pupil to Richardson, became portrait-painter to the Dilettanti Society ; the National Portrait Gallery has his *Duke of Leeds.*

John Giles Eccardt or Eckhardt, who died in 1779, another alien painter, came to England in 1740, and was patronised by Horace Walpole. Strawberry Hill had many of his portraits, founded on Van Loo. The National Portrait Gallery has his *Horace Walpole*, *Thomas Gray*, and *Conyers Middleton.*

Hamlet Winstanley (1700-1761), son of Winstanley of Eddystone Lighthouse fame, was pupil to Kneller, and going to Italy copied several masterpieces there for Lord Derby ; returning he painted portraits, of which Knowsley possesses several, and ended as an engraver.

Bartholomew Dandridge, son of a housepainter, had considerable vogue in portraiture ; the National Portrait Gallery has his *Nathaniel Hook.*

John Ellis or Ellys (1701-1757), pupil to Sir James Thornhill, came under the Kneller glamour, and helped Sir Robert Walpole in collecting the Houghton Gallery, for which he won the sinecure of Keeper of the Lions at the Tower. Though hotly opposing Reynolds's school of painting, he won to good portraiture, of which his players' portraits were best known—*Lavinia Fenton*, *Wilks*, *Kitty Clive*, and the like.

HUDSON
1701–1779

THOMAS HUDSON was the fashionable portrait-painter of these years, but is chiefly known to-day as the master of Reynolds and others who outshone his fame. The National Gallery *Samuel Scott* and Bodleian *Handel*, with other works in the National Portrait Gallery, reveal his gifts and his limitations. The Blenheim *Duke of Marlborough and Family* was his chief effort.

JOSEPH FRANCIS NOLLEKENS (1702-1748), better known as father to the sculptor JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, may be seen as portrait-painter at Windsor.

ARTHUR POND (1705-1758), is best known by his *Peg Woffington* when bed-ridden, at the National Portrait Gallery.

WILLIAM HOARE, R.A. (1707 ?-1792), known as "Hoare of Bath," was pupil to Grisoni; went to Rome; came back after nine years to London; thence went and settled at Bath. The National Portrait Gallery has several of his portraits, and Bath has his *Beau Nash* and *Earl of Chatham.*

JAMES LATHAM, from Tipperary, learnt the mysteries at Antwerp, and going back to Ireland about 1725 was known as the "Irish Van Dyck." He died at Dublin about 1750. His portraits, which are very good, are scattered throughout Ireland.

FRANCIS HAYMAN, R.A. (1708-1776), painted portraits so well that some of them to-day are given to Hogarth. Scene-painter to Drury Lane Theatre, he also illustrated books. The National Portrait Gallery has his *Self-Portrait.*

CHARLES PHILIPS (1708-1747), the son of a portrait-painter, CHARLES PHILIPS, had a considerable vogue, painting many celebrities, *Frederick, Prince of Wales*, and *Princess Augusta of Wales*, amongst the number. Windsor, Knole, and Warwick Castle possess some excellent "conversation-pieces" by him.

GILES HUSSEY (1710-1788), pupil to Richardson, went to Rome, and his chalk-drawings of the *Young Pretender* made a

mark; but on the death of a brother he came into money, and relapsed from art.

PENNY
1714–1791

EDWARD PENNY, who was destined to become one of the foundation members of the Royal Academy in old age, was an excellent painter of portraits in oils on a small scale, generally ovals, in which he won to a wide vogue. Pupil, like Reynolds, to Hudson, his works have often been given to Reynolds. His bodies have a tendency to be somewhat small for the heads; but he commanded rich and pearly colour, and ought to win back his repute. He also painted sentiment, and even essayed the historical.

JOHN ROBINSON (1715-1745), born at Bath, pupil to Vanderbank, took Jervas's house in Cleveland Court, and came early to wide favour, which was cut short by his untimely death at thirty.

JOHN SHACKLETON, who died in 1767, became Principal Painter to George II in 1749, at the death of Kent—and portraits at the Foundling Hospital and Fishmongers' Hall remain to show his gifts.

THOMAS LAWRANSON, who died in 1778, was an Irishman who painted portraits in London in the mid-seventeen-hundreds. The National Portrait Gallery has his *John O'Keeffe*, actor and playwright.

MASON CHAMBERLAIN, R.A., who died in 1787, was pupil to Hayman, and his portraits of *Dr. William Hunter* and *Dr. Chandler* prove him a painter.

BENJAMIN WILSON (1711-1788), of Leeds, came to London in youth; went to Ireland from 1748 to 1750; returned to London to Great Queen Street, and became a fashionable portrait-painter, succeeding Hogarth as Sergeant-painter to the King.

RICHARD BROMPTON, who died in 1782, was pupil to Benjamin Wilson, went to Rome, came under Mengs, returned

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to London to a vogue, got into legal trouble in the King's Bench, from which he was freed by the Empress of Russia, when he went to St. Petersburg, where he died as her portrait-painter in ordinary. The Chevening *Earl of Chatham* is by him.

Of the minor Scottish portrait-painters in the early seventeen-hundreds were ANDREW ALLEN, WILLIAM ROBINSON, JEREMIAH DAVIDSON (1695-1745) and WILLIAM COCHRAN (1711-1758); but Scotland brought forth a man of mark in ALLAN RAMSAY.

ALLAN RAMSAY
1713 - 1784

ALLAN RAMSAY, son of "the Gentle Shepherd," was born at Edinburgh. Early encouraged by his poet father, he was sent at twenty to London to work at the academy in St. Martin's Lane under Hogarth. Going back to Edinburgh he worked there for two years, then in 1736 made for Italy with two friends, by way of France and the Riviera. At Rome he worked at the French Academy and with the historical painter Solimena and with Imperiale, making a mark with his portraits, writing verse the while. By 1738 he was back in Edinburgh again, painting in 1740 the full-length of the *Duke of Argyll*, and during the eighteen years thereafter in Scotland he gave forth most of his best portraiture. In the highest society at Edinburgh, he was a mover in the creation of the "Select Society." Going to Italy again, he settled at London in 1756, moving amongst the greatest in the land, and painting the celebrities of the day. He was soon a success at the Court of George III, whose favourite he became, and by whom he was made Principal Painter in 1767, chiefly given up thereafter to painting the royal family, and employing as his assistants PHILIP REINAGLE (1749-1812) (who came to copy his style so closely that his work can easily be mistaken for Ramsay's), DAVID MARTIN, and ALEXANDER NASMYTH. In 1775 he was in Italy again. A few years afterwards, having lost the use of his arm from an

accident, he went back to Italy in broken health and settled at Rome, but home-sickness seized him in 1784, and making for England he but reached Dover, to die there.

OF OTHERS THAT WROUGHT THE PORTRAIT IN HOGARTH'S DAY

The friend of Hume and Rousseau, both of whom he painted, and of Voltaire, he was as much concerned with learned pursuits as with art. He worked with a large body of assistants, and made of art a paying business, so that much that came from his factory had little to do with his graceful genius, which created a charming style all its own. Markedly French in sympathy, his portraiture reveals his love of Watteau and the school of Watteau. His drawings show the same kinship. His finest portraiture includes his young *Wife*, his *Countess of Kildare*, his *Lady Mary Coke* in white satin (1762), his *Earl of Bute* (1760). He caught with rare skill the fascination of women of quality ; and it is a tribute to his art that when he painted a man his brush created as virile a portrait as it was subtle and exquisite in rendering the charm of women.

In 1760 the Trustees' Academy was founded at Edinburgh. It was to have wide results for the native achievement. Under John Graham it was to bring forth Sir William Allan, Sir David Wilkie, Sir J. Watson Gordon, and others, and give a native character to Scottish art.

CHAPTER XVI

OF THE COMING OF LANDSCAPE INTO THE ENGLISH VISION IN THE EARLY SEVENTEEN-HUNDREDS

THE TOPOGRAPHICAL DRAUGHTSMEN

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We are now come to the stirring in the British race of that thrill that was to lead England within a century to an outburst of creative art that is one of those strange and wonderful outpourings of national genius in an utterance that compels the homage of the world.

Water-colour is claimed as an essentially British medium, which to an extent it undoubtedly was—but only to an extent. The use of water-colour on paper or parchment was, of course, older than oil-painting, for it was the essential basis of "illumination." It was again largely the method of miniature portrait-painting. But the seventeen-hundreds were to see it employed in purer fashion. Though it was, and is still, used opaquely, mixed with white, in solid body-colour, the luminous use of the flooded pure colour, transparently over the white paper, rapidly became the English habit.

Now, let us remember that during the seventeen-hundreds there was no outlet for a native painter of native landscape. A Canaletto could win wide patronage, but an English landscape found no buyers. But there began to arise a demand for what are called "Topographical Drawings," largely for use by the engravers—castles, family seats of the nobility and gentry, cathedrals, and the like.

Of the men who wrought these water-colour "drawings," the first artist of genius was Samuel Scott.

PAINTING

SCOTT
1710–1772

SAMUEL SCOTT painted landscape in oils and water-colours. The vogue of Van der Velde had created the sea intention among several of the painters, and Scott came to considerable vogue in marines; but he also concerned himself with cities, and his *London Bridge* and *Quay at the Custom House* called forth the praise of Walpole. The National Gallery *Old Westminster Bridge* and *Old London Bridge* of 1745, show his gifts in oils; the British Museum *Westminster Abbey and Hall from the River* his remarkable gifts in water-colours. Now whilst Scott is chiefly concerned with the accurate *drawing* of his scene, he floods it with the suggestion of colour; and we shall find this "water-colour drawing" producing artistic effects long before it passes into "water-colour painting." A friend of Hogarth, like him he was to be a great forerunner. We may see Hudson's portrait of him in the National Collection to-day. Scott went to Bath at the end of his life, and there stayed until he died of the gout on the 12th of October 1772.

GEORGE LAMBERT (1710-1765) was one of the earliest English landscape-painters. Born in Kent in 1710, he became pupil to HASSELL and thereafter to WOOTTON, and started his career as scene-painter at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, going thence as scene-painter to Covent Garden Theatre. He died on the 30th November 1765.

Meanwhile the movement towards landscape-painting was finding creators in oil-painting.

SMITH OF CHICHESTER
1714 – 1776

GEORGE SMITH, born at Chichester in 1714, came to the front in 1760, his forty-sixth year, with a landscape that won the prize of the Society of Artists, winning it from Richard Wilson amongst others; and from 1761 to 1774 he showed regularly in London. He had two brothers, JOHN SMITH and WILLIAM SMITH, who also painted landscapes. He died on

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September 17, 1776. The National Gallery has a *Classical Landscape* by him.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-1788), of whom we shall, like Wilson, treat more fully later, was really the first great landscape-painter of genius, and that, too, from an early age; and it is well to remember that it was as a landscape-painter that he rated himself. Here, as with Wilson later, we have the pure landscape artist, employing landscape for emotional utterance, not as a "topographical drawing."

CHARLES BROOKING (1723-1759), of whom little is known, came to remarkable skill as a painter of sea-pieces. Holding some small office at Deptford Dockyard, he picked up his craftsmanship from Dutch painters of the sea, and, like them, concerned himself with sea-fights and shipping, though he seems to have gained small profit from the business; by the time he found a wealthy patron he was a doomed man, dying of decline in 1759.

SANDBY
1725 – 1809

PAUL SANDBY was born at Nottingham. We see "water-colour drawing" being rapidly developed from Scott's topographical beginnings towards Gainsborough's more poetic intention; but Sandby's art remains, for all that, "water-colour drawing" rather than "painting." Coming up to London with his elder brother, THOMAS SANDBY, in 1741, the two were appointed to the Military Drawing Department at the Tower, the then headquarters of the Map and Survey. After the '45 Sandby was in the Highlands on the Military Survey, and outside his work was sketching scenery as well as celebrities. He left the Survey in 1751, and joined his brother at Windsor, where that brother was become deputy-ranger of the Great Park; and Sandby now gave forth etchings of Edinburgh and other Scottish scenes. To 1760 belong his twelve etchings of *The Cries of London*; he was busy illustrating books and engraving the work of others. He became a director of the

Society of Artists, and in 1768 was made drawing-master to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. The following year saw him a foundation member of the Royal Academy.

A bright, witty, genial man, he was a favourite of George III and his queen; he taught the royal children; and he was an eager helper of struggling artists of neglected genius. His kindness to Richard Wilson is touching; and Beechey owed much to the generous man.

Sandby's habit of travel took him over England and Wales and Ireland, as well as Scotland, and roused in him that love of topographical scenes on which his art is founded, that was to be the source of a mighty utterance in art in the years near at hand. Wales called him about 1773, and held his affection thereafter. The first set of plates of Wales, published by him in the September of 1775, was the beginning of aquatinting. Thus Sandby opened the gates of Britain to Rooker, Hearne, Girtin, and the splendid genius of Turner. His earlier work shows the wide range of his remarkable and original gifts, above all his Windsor and Welsh scenes from 1775 to 1780, where his luminous art is rich and glowing. And it was on these luminous pure washes that Turner was to found his wondrous art.

1750

CHAPTER XVII

WHEREIN ENGLAND BRINGS FORTH HER FIRST GREAT PAINTER OF LANDSCAPE—AND STARVES HIM FOR IT

RICHARD WILSON
1714 - 1782

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EVEN as Hogarth as a 'prentice of sixteen was fretting under the limits of engraving at honest Gamble's study, there was born on the 1st of August 1714 in a Montgomeryshire rectory, at Penegoes, to the rector of the place, a son whom they christened RICHARD WILSON.

Wilson was to know rebuffs innumerable, but his great genius slowly rises above the neglect of his time, and year by year looms larger. That he should have been subject to the classic ideals of Claude was inevitable; but he not only caught the glamour of Claude's genius, he was gifted with a powerful mastery over technique of which Claude had no hint, and he thrust the art of the landscape forward to modern splendour with a skill and power all too little realised.

The boy Richard was early scrawling designs with a burnt stick over the walls of the rectory, and the father encouraged the Gothic endeavour. What early training he had I have failed to discover; but as he sprang up to manhood his kinsman Sir George Wynne brought him to London in 1729, and placed him under an obscure painter of portraits, one THOMAS WRIGHT. The young fellow was soon painting portraits, probably well backed by his family connections, for he early made his living thereby.

Wilson was thirty-five when in 1749 he made for Italy, and was working hard to better his gifts for portrait-painting, when, waiting one morning for Zuccarelli, he killed time by painting the view from the window. Zuccarelli was so astonished at

the mastery of the thing that Wilson took the advice of Claude Joseph Vernet, who was as enthusiastic. In that morning's work was freed the genius of Richard Wilson—he stepped on to the high road that led to immortal fame and miserable fortune. Vernet was a great-souled, generous man — he exchanged a landscape with Wilson, hung it amongst his own, and having then a prodigious vogue amongst the English who went to Italy, he always called their attention to the genius of their own countryman.

WHEREIN ENGLAND BRINGS FORTH HER FIRST GREAT PAINTER OF LANDSCAPE— AND STARVES HIM FOR IT

After several years of hard work in Rome, Wilson made for London again in 1754, coming with a reputation as a landscape-painter, and began well by selling his *Niobe* to the Duke of Cumberland, and his *View of Rome* to the Marquis of Tavistock. But there was no public for landscapes, as Gainsborough also found, and Wilson soon discovered that in turning his back on portraiture he had turned his back on wealth and rewards, and set foot on the stony thoroughfare to profitless fame that yields but the harsh bread of want. A proud man, socially the superior of most other painters of genius of his day, stiffened by the assurance of his own great gifts, dogged and resolute, with an utter contempt of the efforts of his fellows in the art, and coming as a pioneer of that school that was to give forth the world's supreme achievement in landscape-painting, it was inevitable that he should either fall foul of the reigning authorities or dwarf his powers by submitting to their governance and eat the fat of plenty at the loss of the bays of immortality. Wilson played the sterner part.

In Wilson's day there was a fatuous group of "connoisseurs" who came between the artist and the public. Indeed the more powerful dictators of taste had banded themselves into a *Committee of Taste*. The Committee of Taste sat in solemn judgment upon Wilson several times on his return from Italy, and at last passed an egregious Resolution, "That the manner of Mr. Wilson was not suited to the English taste, and that if he hoped for patronage he must change it for the lighter style of Zuccarelli,"—ye gods!—and they added a vote "in friendli-

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ness to Mr. Wilson, that Mr. Penny (one of the Foundation Academicians) should be deputed to communicate the resolution to Mr. Wilson"; the which was accordingly done. Penny was shown into Wilson's studio, and uttered the godlike decision. Wilson painted on in silence until Penny ran down, then in cold, contemptuous terms uttered his complete indifference concerning the godlike airs of the self-created Committee of Taste. Unfortunately the godlike dispensers of taste had wide influence, and Wilson thereafter knew it throughout the whole of his career. They sapped his credit with his patrons and lowered his repute unceasingly. And, as ill luck would have it, Wilson is said to have met Reynolds's advances with scant courtesy. A ready and witty tongue proved an enemy rather than a friend to his advancement. Zoffany seems to have jumped at the certainty of Wilson losing in the battle of life, and in his picture of the Royal Academy gave Wilson a sorry part, with a pot of porter before him, but took it out again on hearing that Wilson was searching for him with a heavy cane. But Beechey proved a good and loyal friend to him, with a vast admiration for his genius, and a tender spot in his heart for the man. And Garrick, Johnson, Sterne, and Goldsmith liked him well. It was Mrs. Garrick that made the pretty speech to him that he was like an olive—"rough to the taste at first, tolerable by a little longer acquaintance, and delightful at last."

There seems to have been no real enmity between Wilson and Reynolds; but the two men were by nature wholly apart. The cautious and successful Reynolds would be chary of a blunt, straightforward, simple-living man like Wilson; and Reynolds's scrupulous restraint of praise weighed ever more heavily against Wilson as the great portrait-painter rose to higher and higher social and artistic place, for he was soon the dictator of taste. They were both at least foundation members of the Academy, so that Reynolds did him no active spite. At a gathering of the Academicians Reynolds, trying to conciliate Gainsborough, then his great rival, made the unfortunate comment—without intention to offend, to be sure—in proposing

Gainsborough's health, that Gainsborough was the best landscape-painter; to which came answer, sharp as counterstroke from Wilson, "and the best portrait-painter." Reynolds, in fearing the quick tongue of the one man, fell upon the rapier of the other.

WHEREIN ENGLAND BRINGS FORTH HER FIRST GREAT PAINTER OF LANDSCAPE—AND STARVES HIM FOR IT

Wilson struggled on, doggedly creating the masterpiece, amidst ever-increasing neglect, until at last he was wellnigh penniless, simple as was his fare and few his wants, and as old age threatened he became neglectful of his appearance. As he realised that Fortune had passed the door of his fine house in Covent Garden, he packed off to a meaner dwelling. He was reduced to making sketches for half-a-crown. To Paul Sandby he spoke his gratitude when Sandby tactfully bought a number of them at a larger price.

At the death of Hayman, the office of Librarian to the Royal Academy was given to Wilson, and the small pittance came as a godsend to him, for it saved him from starvation. He had drifted to a small room in the Tottenham Court Road, with his easel and brush, a chair, a table, and hard bed for sole furniture; indeed, his scanty wardrobe needed no press, and his frugal meal with a pot of porter no elaborate dishing.

So Wilson wrought his superb art. Employing but few colours, he used but a single brush; having set his palette, he stood to his canvas, painted awhile, then stepping back to the window refreshed his eyes with the light of day, and going back to the canvas wrought a few passages more, again seeking the daylit harmonies without, and so built up his art. He would always take a visitor to the farthest end of the room, holding that a painting should "carry," or, as he put it, be searched with the eyes not with the nose. As he grew older, his sight began to fail, and he employed that broad, forceful, coarse handling which makes such a wonder of his mellowed craftsmanship. The classical arrangement he could not wholly rid from his vision—indeed, literature and art were too steeped in it in his day—but he brought to it a truth of Nature and a vigorous statement bred of communion with Nature—always one

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knows that he was refreshing his eyes with the daylight. The superficial judge him merely classical readily enough, but between him and those who wore alien spectacles was a gulf vast and unbridgeable.

These were the days of the "secrets and mysteries" of colour and painting in the artist's craft. Wilson had his secret, like Reynolds and the rest of them, that he solemnly refused to reveal. But, like Reynolds, his uncommunicable secret was genius, that no books may give.

At last came to him from his brother an estate in Wales, whither the old painter forthwith hied him to end his days in restful ease; and it is good to know that comfort came to his proud, uncomplaining, virile soul—that out of the blue came that which his lifelong industry had failed to win for him.

Wilson was no braggart: no littleness was in him. Of his future fame he spoke seldom; but even his modest eyes saw that his work was good. "Beechey," said he, "you will live to see great prices given for my pictures, when those of Barrett will not fetch a farthing." He foresaw that truth to Nature would at last triumph over the spectacled vision of the classicals. And the day is near at hand when his luminous masterpieces will be eagerly sought by those who understand.

Penegoes forgot its immortal child; but at last, thanks to Judge William Evans and his wife, the church has raised a memorial to him, and Penegoes has awakened to pride in her great son.

CHAPTER XVIII

WHICH PROVES THAT THOUGH THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE BE KICKED OFF HIS MASTER'S DOORSTEP, HE MAY ALIGHT ON HIS FEET—AND THE MASTER IN THE WASTEPAPER BASKET

REYNOLDS
1723 – 1792

WHICH PROVES THAT THOUGH THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE BE KICKED OFF HIS MASTER'S DOORSTEP, HE MAY ALIGHT ON HIS FEET —AND THE MASTER IN THE WASTEPAPER BASKET

Reynolds was a seventh child; and Fortune hovered ever within his reach. He had the sanity and calm judgment to grasp the hem of her garment as she flitted by; indeed, he was possessed of the sanities in full measure—he was a born diplomat, a skilled ambassador in the broadening of his own dominion, and of the dominion of English art, which he loved and served well. Reynolds was born on the 16th of July 1723, and though baptized Joshua, is entered in the register as Joseph. Joshua Reynolds was born of Devon, cradle still of sea-heroes in Joshua's day—indeed, he was to paint more than one. At Plympton it was that he first saw the light; and in the kindly atmosphere of an easy-going parson's house, and under his desk and ferule, he grew to youth—for his father, Parson Samuel Reynolds, was head-master of Plympton Grammar-School, whither he had gone from Oxford, a Fellow of Balliol, to the marrying of sweet but dowerless Theophila Potter, and —as payment for the living of his romance—to the schooling of lads in the Latinities and elements of civilisation. The boy's mother, Theophila—called Offy by her affectionate lord —grandmother of that little winsome Offy who was later to flit on to our Joshua's earliest canvases of children—was a gentlewoman, bred in the atmosphere of the vicarage. The child Joshua was born into a gentleman's home, and the culture of a race of parsons was over it. His father's father had been a parson before him, and his mother was a parson's daughter,

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as well as her mother before her; whilst two brothers of Parson Samuel Reynolds were of the clergy. The schoolmaster-parson was as kindly a father as husband. But there is one little branch of the family tree that we would do well not to pass by, without knocking off some of the buds to put into the posy of Joshua's blossoming—little Joshua had, on his father's side, a Dutch grandmother. His craftsmanship is steeped in the Dutch genius, spite of the dandified threadbare cloak of Italian cut wherein he posed, not a little pompously, in the after years. That drop of Dutch blood maybe it was that stirred the British colour-sense in him, and won him to splendid colour and forthright handling and to superb portraiture. 'Tis true that, in the years to come, he will pour out handsome *Discourses* on Art, the which spiteful folk will whisper that old Dr. Johnson whipped into sonorous shape for him, and that in them he will belittle the Dutch achievement, laud the Italian—but Joshua was a sly fellow, and not above crafty ways; he was, above all, diplomat—"complying and bland" of a surety he was. And the vogue was to glorify Raphael as lord of art; therefore Joshua so glorified him. For Joshua no anarchic truths, lest he shake the temple to its foundations. But his honesty could not wholly brook the domination; he could not wholly crook his back—and Michelangelo's name rings out like trumpet-blast through all, stultifies the Raphael parrot-cry, and becomes his vaunt at last. Yet, even so, 'twas not the whole truth. At the back of his diplomatic soul, behind the tact that was to win him to companionship with the choice spirits of his age—and see him even walking with the king at Hampton Court, George III concealing his detestation of a Whig awhile, the king who bore him no love, but had to honour him—'twas all a shrewd dissimulation. He took from the Dutch all that he could take without open need to declare the pilfering—for he has his sealed "secrets and mysteries," has Joshua, and keeps them to himself—and, whilst he shrewdly put it into no ink that shall be printed, he allows in the confidence of an unguarded moment that Velazquez painted

the "finest portrait in the world"! Oh, Joshua! who talked so glibly and so splendidly of the Grand Manner, but wasted few pots of paint on the Italian idolatries, creating the portrait instead; and who was thus and in wide fashion so wholly Dutch! being content in the significance of motherhood and childhood. His enemies did dub him crafty—indeed, he was crafty enough—and uglier names most unfitting; but crafty he was, and not least in that he kept his source of inspiration close shut within those cautious diplomatic lips.

WHICH PROVES THAT THOUGH THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE BE KICKED OFF HIS MASTER'S DOORSTEP, HE MAY ALIGHT ON HIS FEET —AND THE MASTER IN THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET

The book-read critics were deceived, Joshua, as you deceived many a pupil since. But he who can read the real significance of art cannot be tricked. Joshua forgot that. Nay, it may be said, and at once, that most that was artificial and weak and untrue in his skill of hand and eye was of this Italy of which he raved; and all that was best came from the Holland that was in his blood, in so far as it was not wholly native and forthright English—and Devon English. In the after years when, at the height of fame, he took pupils, it is significant that his tutelage was wholly different from the vast generosity of a Rembrandt. It is a part of a deed of apprenticeship that the master shall teach the apprentice the "mysteries" of his craft; but Joshua's pupils worked in rooms apart, and he so far sullied his bond that from them he kept with jealous care the secrets of his master-craftsmanship. Was such a man likely to blazon forth to a gaping world these mysteries? He filled their ears with magnificent talk of the great Italians, and —straightway flung the godlike folk out of his windows; nor shall you find the art of Michelangelo or Raphael in his great achievement. It was enough to wear the head of Michelangelo upon his seal. But you must look with the seeing eye at the art he wrought upon the painted canvas if you will hold communion with the real Reynolds. Dutch he was, in so far as he was anything but English, from the nursery. As a child, it was from poring over the prints in Jacob Cats' *Book of Emblems* (a Dutch book of his Dutch grandmother's) that he was first fired to become a painter.

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At eleven the boy was stricken with smallpox, which left its marks on him. Little Joshua Reynolds grew to youth in a home wherein affection and genial kindliness reigned. A studious child, early learning to read, he was well steeped in the somewhat heavy literature that was the sole narrow indulgence within reach of an eighteenth-century lad. Well for him that the parsonage thus yielded early converse with such authors as he read, and that he lived under the table-talk of the once Fellow of Balliol; for he was early to go forth a-breadwinning for himself and the children of the Fellow of Balliol; and his unceasing industry in his art and his wide social habits were to leave him scant hours for education in the after years from the day he set out on his wayfaring. Like most artistic children, he showed precocious signs of his bent; and he was not baulked by unwilling parents. Fortunately he was given a copy of Richardson's *Theory of Painting*, which fired him to create. He was essaying oils by twelve—his earliest effort being in portraiture upon an old piece of sailcloth for canvas, and with shipwright's paint and brush, wherewith he struck off, in a boathouse, from a sly sketch made in church, a quite passable portrait of Parson Smart, the tutor to young Dick Edgcumbe, a playfellow of Joshua's, and son of the important house near by the small Joshua's more modest home.

So it came about that worthy Parson Samuel Reynolds cast aside his original intention of making an apothecary of the youth; and the young fellow in his eighteenth year, on an October day of 1740, scrambled on to the coach for distant London town, apprenticed to the fashionable portrait-painter Hudson, a mediocre artist enough, for the somewhat heavy sum of £120, which must have been a severe drain upon the parson's resources, even though the lad's eldest sister Mary, Mrs. Palmer, paid a half of it—a debt that Joshua Reynolds never forgot, and repaid an hundredfold, as his handsome treatment of Mary's daughters and granddaughter was afterwards to prove.

Thus to Hudson's household in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's

Inn Fields, the youth went—one of his fellow-pupils being the down-at-heels youth John Astley. With Hudson the young Reynolds, learning the mysteries of his craft and keenly interested in his art, was happy as the day was long, even though a painter's 'prenticeship meant many menial acts. Hudson set him chiefly to copying Guercino; and it is curious that Reynolds never wholly shook off the peculiar style of Guercino's school; though he developed the fine sense of effect and shade of the late Italians, he kept many of the tricks, particularly in the painting of a mouth when open, and in the modelling of the heads in his "fancy subjects" like the Buckingham Palace *Death of Dido*. Suddenly, two or three years being flown by, the 'prentice seems to have stirred the jealousy of "the most admired portrait-painter of the day" over a too masterly painting of one of the servants of Hudson's household; Hudson, making the young fellow's tardiness in delivering a picture for a few hours owing to a heavy downfall of rain his excuse for unkindness, dismissed the astonished and bewildered Joshua on the spot with his historic "You have not obeyed my orders, and shall not stay in my house." Luckily the young fellow could take refuge with an uncle in town. Back to Devonshire to his dismayed family he went, ruffled in feelings, but eager to be at work. However, he was "much employed in portraits"; and was soon back again in London, and even in the good graces of the egregious Hudson, who perhaps recognised the legal obligations of his bond to be civil, though the youth was no longer under his roof. Not for long was London to know him this second time; he was called back to Plympton in 1746 by the serious illness of his father, who passed away on the Christmas Day of that year, leaving Joshua at twenty-three to make a home for three years at Plymouth Dock with his two unmarried sisters, Elizabeth and Frances, and to begin his career in grim reality. Here he now came under the better artistic influence of GANDY OF EXETER, painting several portraits during the three years, and making his first success with the gallant sailor, *Captain Hamilton*, father of the Marquis of Abercorn. Con-

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cerning Reynolds's speaking of Gandy's portraits as being the equal of Rembrandt's, we shall never know his full sincerity; but whether it were Gandy who led Joshua's Dutch blood to pilfer from Rembrandt's store or not, Rembrandt revealed to him much that was best in his art. And his early National Portrait Gallery portrait of *Himself*, a shadow falling across the upper part of his full face from his uplifted hand, is wholly indebted to Rembrandt. He also painted the Eliots, the Edgcumbes, the notorious Miss Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingston, the Bullers, the Bastards, the Parkers, the Molesworths, and other notabilities during these Plymouth days, and was clearly moving amongst the society of the big houses in the county. To these years belong his *Boy Reading* and his first large family group of *The Eliots*, in which Captain Hamilton carries one of the children pick-a-back.

It was in the spring of 1749, in his twenty-sixth year, that, at the house of Lord Edgcumbe, he met Keppel, who already at twenty-four had begun to make a mark as a sea-commander, and who, raised to the rank of commodore (afterwards Viscount Keppel) was about to take command in the Mediterranean. The two men became close friends; and Keppel's offer of a passage to Italy brought Reynolds at a stroke within reach of his hot ambition to do the Italian tour—his sisters Mary and Elizabeth advancing him the money for the venture. So it came that Reynolds saw Minorca, paying his way with the painting of the portraits of the eminent men he met; and, unfortunately, getting a bad fall from a horse which caused the cutting away of a part of his lip, that disfigured him somewhat for life—though he treated the unpleasant business airily enough, the disfigurement drawing from him the grim jest, "My lips are spoiled for kissing," in a letter to his flame, Miss Weston—so far as he ever had a flame, even in calf-love. Thence to Rome for two years went Joshua, where he caught the chill that made him deaf to the end of his days; but he was eagerly studying the Old Masters, and his serene temper uttered no complaint or whine. In Rome, as always, he sought

for and extended his acquaintance amongst the great. And with astuteness he studied but avoided imitations of the dead Masters, shunning deliberately anything that might lead to mannerism. He had read Richardson to good purpose.

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Of the British artists then studying at Rome was the brilliant out-at-elbows Irishman ASTLEY, his old studio-comrade at Hudson's—of which Astley is told the story that, being with the others at a picnic near Rome, and the day fiercely hot, all shed their coats—Astley only after long hesitation—when it was found that the needy young fellow had sewn as back into his waistcoat one of his canvases on which was painted a mighty waterfall.

Having worked his way to Florence and Venice, turning homewards in 1752, on the edge of his thirtieth year, Reynolds, after staying a month in Paris, came back to England, arriving on an October day in London, rich in experience of the arts, but at a heavy price—the fall from the horse in Minorca had disfigured a face already marred by the small-pox of his childhood; it had seriously damaged not only his lip but his utterance; he also came to the making of his career deaf for life. But his serene temper and sunny disposition shone out; he bore his infirmities with a blithe heart, wholly unsoured. Reynolds, "the most invulnerable of men," was of the heroic mould. A three months' stay in his beloved Devon recruited his shattered health—then, early in 1753, to London to lodgings in St. Martin's Lane, at No. 104, he went; and flung himself with untiring and eager enthusiasm into his career, taking his sister Frances Reynolds to keep house for him.

Reynolds came to London town at thirty, then, eager for distinction, eager for work, full of hope founded on the promises of powerful friends, with lofty aims and high enthusiasm—his style fully formed after careful study in Italy, and with that deliberate calculation to win powerful friends that marked all he did; individual in his art, individual in his personality, and disciplined by a rare sagacity and shrewd common sense, he girded his loins for conquest.

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When Reynolds came to town, Burke was reading for the bar, writing, and seeking employment; Goldsmith had just gone to Edinburgh to study medicine; Johnson was burying grief at the loss of his wife in his prodigious work on the Dictionary; Richardson was the idol of the town with his *Clarissa Harlowe*; Fielding had just published *Amelia*, and was breaking in health; Smollett had published *Peregrine Pickle*; Gray had written his *Elegy* four years.

Taking lodgings at 104 St. Martin's Lane—the lane then beloved of artists, who did there mostly abide—hard by the same was Slaughter's Coffee-House, which drew the literary folk—Reynolds, with his sister Frances for housekeeper, began his great career as painter of portraits. From the first he never lacked sitters; and the world of fashion came eagerly to his famous "painting-chair." Sitters indeed came so fast that, before the year was out, Reynolds had to take a house at No. 5 Great Newport Street, and raised his fees. There he at once made his hit.

His friend Keppel brought him luck, for he painted him in his famous full-length by the sea-shore, the *Admiral Keppel* of 1753, his first "great picture," and it made him famous. Celebrities rushed to his painting-room to be immortalised. And there he lived seven busy and most prosperous years, painting during these years of the seventeen-fifties from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty portraits a twelvemonth. No man painted fewer failures. He was soon making six thousand pounds a year. Early to rise, he broke his fast at nine; was in his painting-room by ten, when the clock brought his first sitter. He painted until four; then dressed in the habit of fashion, and gave the evening to good fellowship.

Beautiful women such as the beautiful Miss Eliot whom he now painted as *Mrs. Bonfoy* (1754); gallant sailors such as *Anson* (1755) and *Boscawen* (the "Old Dreadnought" of his tars) and *Haldane* of West Indian triumphs, and *General Ligonier*; statesmen, soldiers, poets, lawyers, artists—he was soon painting them all; *Townshend* who lost us America, and

Lord Harcourt who tried to train George III as Prince of Wales. In the portrayal of beautiful women, Reynolds had ever an eighteenth-century itch to "idealise"—as Sibyls and Diana and the rest of it; but it was part of the droll comedy of an occasional lack of the sense of humour that he was to paint the Duchess of Manchester and her child as the virgin goddess *Diana disarming Cupid* (1768), whilst he painted the maiden lady Miss Morris as *Hope nursing Love*—two of his five canvases at the first display of the Royal Academy. The actress Miss Morris, who sat for *Hope nursing Love*, was daughter to Gouverneur Morris, and had just begun her stage-career; the following year she had "stage fright," fainted on the boards, was carried out, never again to step before the footlights, and died a year afterwards.

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Reynolds was to immortalise the features of *Samuel Johnson* of *Goldsmith*, of *Burke*, of *Walpole*, of *Sheridan*, of *Colman*, of *Gibbon*, and of *Boswell*. Johnson was to be the first. The two men met the year after Reynolds settled in London, and took to each other. It was to be an intimate friendship between the two men—strangely different as they were in character—a friendship that knew no slightest shadow. Johnson early brought into the painter's life the young Irish barrister Edmund Burke. And Garrick soon afterwards drifted into his studio, and thence into his "painting-chair." The National Gallery has the immortal portrait of *Johnson*, one of the masterpieces of portraiture of all time, painted in 1757. In 1757 he painted Johnson six times; and the *Miss Day*, *Miss Bishop*, *Mrs. Bouverie* and *Lady Albemarle* are of this year, the last of which is one of the treasures of the National Gallery.

And amidst the celebrities of the town he was already beginning that painting of children which was to bring him so much fame. In 1758 he painted *Master Mudge*, son to his old friend in Devon the learned Dr. Mudge; and in the following year he placed upon canvas the Master Cox in fancy character as the *Young Hannibal*. He was soon creating these child-portraits in ever-increasing numbers, of which were the

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Master Hare at the Louvre, and *A Boy* at Glasgow. This was the year of the beautiful *Lady Mary Coke*, of *Mrs. Horneck*, the beautiful Miss Gunnings, now the *Duchess of Hamilton* and *Countess of Coventry*, of the dandy *Boothby*, of the *Duke of Richmond*, of the *Duke of Cumberland*.

The last year of the seventeen-fifties saw seated in Reynolds's painting-chair for the first time Horace Walpole's niece, the lovely *Lady Waldegrave*, whom he was to paint again and again. It has been gossiped that the Countess was Reynolds's only love, the secret of which he kept close-sealed within his cautious lips even from her; but there was found in the pocket of one of his note-books, long years after he had passed away, a carefully treasured lock of golden-brown hair concealed in a piece of paper whereon his hand had written "Lady Waldegrave." He painted later a charming portrait of her clasping her child in her arms as Cupid—later again as a widow—and still later again as *Duchess of Gloucester*. George III as *Prince of Wales* sat to him, and *Kitty Fisher* with the doves—he painted her seven times, and she is said to have sat as model to him. *Garrick*, *Woodward*, and *Barry*, the leading actors, also sat, as did *Malone*, afterwards to be his biographer; also "Old Q" (*Lord Queensberry*).

Reynolds was a sociable fellow; and he found his liking for society of vast usefulness in pushing him on in the world. He dined out much, and himself entertained much. He liked well a game of cards; and though a canny player he enjoyed his little gamble—most of the gaming clubs knew him. He lived the gay bachelor in a temperate way; was much at balls and routs; loved the theatre; but was ever the soul of moderation—except in the taking of snuff.

By 1760, the year that George III came to rule over us, Reynolds found himself prosperous enough to purchase the forty-seven years' lease of, and move into, the house in Leicester Square, then known as 47 Leicester Fields, where the rest of his life was to be spent; where he came to the supreme position he was to occupy in the eyes of his countrymen, and where he forth-

with set up his gaily decorated chariot, its panels painted with "the four seasons of the year in allegorical figures"—his servants liveried and laced with silver. He himself shrank from the splendour of the chariot—his coachman getting much tipping from showing it to the inquisitive—and even sister Frances seems to have flinched from much use of it.

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This year of 1760 that saw Reynolds move into his house in Leicester Square also saw the leading artists of London form into a Society, and open their first display of pictures to the public in England, Reynolds amongst them. Amongst the fine portraits of this year was the National Gallery equestrian *Lord Ligonier*; the *Nelly O'Brien*; another *Lady Waldegrave*; and his superb portrait of *Sterne*, one of his masterpieces, when Sterne was at the height of his success and conceit.

During the seventeen-sixties Reynolds greatly increased his reputation. They were fateful years in his career. He first showed his works to the public in 1760 at the Society of Arts —that Society out of which grew the Incorporated Society of Artists five years later, from which seceded the group of men who became the Royal Academy, the first exhibition of which Royal Academy was to be held in 1769. These seventeen-sixties, then, were to be the last years of Mr. Reynolds; he was to blossom forth in 1769 as Sir Joshua, knighted on the 21st of the April of that year. However, that was not as yet.

In 1760 Reynolds painted one of the most famous of his pictures of mothers-and-babes in his *Honourable Mrs. Bouverie and Child.* To 1761 belongs *Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy.*

It was in 1761 that he met Goldsmith in Johnson's rooms, and the friendship between the two men began which was to be so much to both; and this year he gave forth his fine National Gallery equestrian portrait of *Captain Orme*, a masterpiece; and his portraits of the queen's bridemaids—*Lady Elizabeth Keppel* decorating the statue of Hymen with flowers; *Lady Caroline Keppel*; *Lady Caroline Russell*; and the bridemaid whom the king had loved, *Lady Sarah Lennox*, who appears at a window in a group with *Lady Susan Strangways* and the

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youthful *Charles James Fox*. Of this year also were the *Admiral Rodney*, *George Selwyn*, *Kitty Fisher*, and the *Duke of Cumberland*, and the National Portrait Gallery *Lord Pulteney*.

The year 1762 saw Reynolds take Johnson down to Devonshire with him for six weeks, when Johnson astonished the natives with his huge appetite for clotted cream and honey and cider; and it is told of him how he glittered as runner, "joyously racing with a young lady on the lawn at one of the Devonshire houses, kicking off his tight slippers high into the air as he ran, and, when he had won, leading the lady back in triumphant delight."

In 1763 Reynolds painted the unpopular favourite of the Court, *Lord Bute*, and a fine portrait of *John, Earl of Rothes*; besides the *Duchess of Richmond*, *Lady Sandes*, *Mrs. Fitzroy*, *Lady Pembroke*, *Lady Rockingham* and *Lady Mary Coke*, all of political fame; the *Lesbia weeping over her Sparrow* being Mrs. Collyear whose brother married Goldsmith's "Jessamy Bride"; *Miss Horneck* who was Goldsmith's "Little Comedy" (afterwards Mrs. Bunbury), and the fine *Mrs. Abingdon as the Comic Muse*, the actress, whom he was to paint again often.

Hogarth, who had lived hard by Reynolds in Leicester Fields during Joshua's first four or five years there, died in 1764. There had been little sympathy in taste or pursuits between the two men. Reynolds also very nearly died.

In 1765 the Society of Arts give birth to the Incorporated Society of Arts. Quarrels arose; and the more reputable artists withdrew from the Incorporated Society and formed into a group apart. Out of this secession was to be born the Royal Academy.

To 1765 belongs the *Lady Sarah Lennox sacrificing to the Graces*, of which Mrs. Piozzi said "She never *did* sacrifice to the Graces. Her face was gloriously handsome, but she used to play cricket and eat beefsteaks on the Steyne at Brighton." And this year again sat, amongst many others, *Fox*, *Lady Waldegrave*, *Mrs. Abington*, *Nelly O'Brien* and the *Misses Horneck*.

OF PAINTING

In 1766 amongst a large number of the Rockingham Whigs he painted *Burke*, the year of his great portrait of *Goldsmith* whose *Vicar of Wakefield* had just appeared—*Mrs. Abington* again; and then the pretty flirt and charmingly gifted *Angelica Kauffmann* came into Reynolds's life and painting-chair; she was ever in love with somebody, Reynolds amongst the number; but though he liked her well, and was a loyal friend to her, he loved his art better. Reynolds dreaded marriage for an artist. "You are ruined for an artist!" he cried, upon hearing of Flaxman's wedding. Angelica's flightiness at last led her into the ghastly marriage with a valet who was playing the part of his absent master, Count de Horn; and it was Reynolds who helped her to get the marriage annulled—though he could not rid her of the humiliation of it, which drove her ashamed out of England. Angelica Kauffmann ("Miss Angel" of Reynolds's pocket-books) and MRS. MOSER were foundation members of the Royal Academy—Glasgow has an excellent portrait of *A Lady*, held by some to be one of these two. *Thrale* and *Mrs. Thrale* were also of this year, as were the equestrian *Marquis of Granby*, the *Amherst* in armour, the *Misses Horneck* painted together, the *General Burgoyne*, the *Warren Hastings*, a *Lady Waldegrave*, and a *Kitty Fisher*.

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To 1767 belong a charming *Miss Horneck*, a *Garrick*, a *Burke*, and a *Nelly O'Brien*.

But a great event was pending, for which Reynolds had schemed and planned with dogged persistence and courage—with all the more credit since he knew he was not in favour with the Court. The petty quarrels and squabbles of the Incorporated Society of Artists had roused the contempt of the man, though his last work sent to its display of 1768 was one of those superb portraits of children that is amongst the world's masterpieces—the niece of Peg Woffington, the little *Miss Jessie Cholmondeley carrying a Dog across a Brook*, the dog hugged in her arms and hanging from them in the long-suffering acceptance of discomfort so characteristic of dogs that live with children. The secession from the Incorporated Society of Artists now

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got the ear of the king, through Cotes and West and Sir William Chambers, who, with Moser, were intriguing to found a Royal Academy—from which tangle Reynolds kept warily aloof, though not out of touch. Out of this group the king formally, in 1768, instituted the Royal Academy; the members elected Reynolds their first President, and in the April of 1769 the king dubbed him knight—the occasion of Johnson's breaking his long abstinence from wine in order to drink Reynolds's health.

With his appointment as President began the series of those fifteen *Discourses on Art* delivered by Reynolds, that have passed into our literature in spite of their many falsities.

His call at the general desire of his fellows to the Presidency of the Royal Academy proves the supreme position of Reynolds in English art on the eve of the seventeen-seventies—that unrivalled position was soon to be assailed by two men. The art utterance of Britain was to swell and increase to the end of the century until it burst forth in supreme song in the genius of Turner.

It was as President of the Royal Academy, as Sir Joshua, that, during the seventeen-seventies and seventeen-eighties, Reynolds was to pour forth masterpiece after masterpiece of the portraiture of children—until blindness fell upon him.

Of 1768 were the *Duchess of Manchester and Child* called *Diana disarming Cupid*, the Mrs. Blake as *Juno receiving the Cestus from Venus*; Miss Morris as *Hope nursing Love*, and the *Mrs. Bouverie with Mrs. Crewe.*

Reynolds had been to Devonshire in the September of 1770 for the hunting, of which he was fond; he brought back with him to his home in Leicester Square, to live with him, his little thirteen-year-old niece, "Offy" Palmer, who had lost her father. The child was very dear to the painter; and she sat to him much for the portraiture of children that he was about to paint in ever-increasing numbers. His *Children in the Wood* and *Miss Price as a Little Shepherdess* called forth praise from Horace Walpole; of this year also were *The Beggar Child*, the

National Gallery *Banished Lord* which is said to have been a study for *Ugolino*, one of Reynolds's dire attempts at the "poetic"; and in this year he also painted *The King and Queen*, the *Beggar*, the *Beggar Child*, the *Lady Mayoress*, and the Wallace *Infant St. John the Baptist in the Wilderness*.

In 1771 the rivalry of Romney reduced Reynolds's sitters. He fell back much on "fancy portraits," and then came the *Cupid as Link-Boy*, the *Venus chiding Cupid for casting Accounts*, the *Nymph and Infant Bacchus*, and the *Girl Reading*, in which little Offy reads "*Clarissa Harlowe*"! But it was also the year of his finest *Mrs. Abington* and his *Mrs. Baddeley* and his *Lady Waldegrave*, now secretly the Duchess of Gloucester. To 1772 belong his *Hebe*, besides many portraits, of which were those of *Garrick* and his *Wife*, the *Mrs. Crewe*, the *Duke of Cumberland* and his *Duchess*; and this year he was made Mayor of Plympton.

In 1773 he gave forth the golden canvas of the famed *Strawberry Girl* at the Wallace, of which the elfish little Offy is again the heroine—the colour is rich and glowing, the handling very direct and beautiful, the exquisitely wrought thing being done as at a stroke. Apart from Sir Joshua's love of the child, it is not difficult to understand his choice of this canvas as being of the half-dozen original things which no man ever equals in his life-work. The influence of Rembrandt, both as to glowing golden luminosity and to touch, is most marked—it is indeed worthy to be ranked with the great Dutchman's masterpieces. The turbaned elfish little girl, with her basket or "pottle" of strawberries on her arm, is bathed in a golden atmosphere which leaves a wondrously haunting effect on the memory. The Wallace *Nelly O'Brien* is of this year.

The success of *The Strawberry Girl* set Reynolds to the painting of the portraits of children thinly disguised as "Fancy Subjects," which were to win such wide popularity through engravings, and to which Reynolds brought all his best qualities of brain and heart and hand and eye; thenceforth the children sit to him in ever-increasing numbers—*Robinetta*, that child

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feeding a bird on her shoulder, who, in all the splendour of her golden-red hair, is a possession of the nation—and the rest. And it is significant of Reynolds's limitation in imagination that the nearer the pictured child is to portraiture and the further it is from "fancy," the nobler and truer it is, and the nearer a masterpiece.

The *Lady Melbourne and Child* is of the early seventies. Reynolds was now painting superbly, complete lord of his art. The year of his winsome Offy as *The Strawberry Girl* is memorable as having seen Reynolds at the first night of his friend Goldsmith's comedy *She Stoops to Conquer*, and the July saw him a D.C.L. of Oxford. Amongst other pictures of these months was the very fine *Mrs. Hartley as a Nymph, with her Boy as an Infant Bacchus*, in which the beautiful actress carries her laughing, merry, naked infant boy on her shoulder, as may be seen at the National Gallery. She it was whose beauty in the Georgian seventies was the talk of London town, and the cause of a duel when she was sitting to Reynolds—but Reynolds's sitters were themselves constantly embroiled in duels. Perhaps the most celebrated of all Reynolds's pictures of mother and children is the *Lady Cockburn and her Children* of this year, in which is Sir Joshua's macaw, with which Johnson was on such elephantine good terms—the picture engraved as *Cornelia and her Children*. Reynolds himself looked upon this canvas as one of his masterpieces, since he did the portrait the honour that he afterwards put upon the famous *Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse*—he signed his name on the hem of the lady's draperies. The lovely and amiable *Mrs. Parker* was also painted this year with her two-year-old boy; and the portraits include the *Master Cox as Hannibal*, the *Master Parker*, the *Master Cockburn*, and the beautiful little eight-year-old boy, *Master Edgcumbe*. And to 1773 belongs that glowing and radiant and great design at the National Gallery in which he painted the three Misses Montgomery as the *Three Graces adorning the Terminal God Hermes* with festoons of flowers, one of his supreme masterpieces. Reynolds warmly entered into the design of

VI

REYNOLDS

1723 – 1792

"THE GRACES DECORATING A TERMINAL FIGURE OF HYMEN"

(National Gallery)

Barbara, Elizabeth, and Anne, the three betrothed daughters of Sir William Montgomerie.

Painted in oil on canvas. 7 ft. 8 in. h. × 9 ft. 6 in. w. (2·336 × 2·895).

decorating St. Paul's Cathedral, but was prevented by the Bishop of London, who looked on pictures as Popery!

The following year of 1774 his friend Goldsmith died —whilst Reynolds was painting the once Countess Waldegrave, who had married a royal prince, now the *Duchess of Gloucester*. He painted also her quaint little baby daughter, the *Princess Sophia of Gloucester*, lying on the ground hugging her long-suffering dog. The famous beauty, the Duchess of Devonshire, sat to Reynolds at this time—she who, as a child, stands with her mother's arms about her in the fine portrait belonging to Lord Spencer known as *Georgina, Countess Spencer, and Daughter—the Lady Georgina Spencer, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire*, a portrait of whom as a child, by him also, hangs in the National Portrait Gallery. The little Georgina Spencer, from the day she became Duchess of Devonshire, was the leader of society; her charm and her fascination brought brightness and cheerfulness wherever she went. Generous and noble by nature, she drew from Horace Walpole the superb tribute to her "lively modesty, and modest familiarity"—surely as fine a definition of an aristocratic woman as could well be penned! She was to die at an early age in 1803. The lordly Houses of Spencer and Crewe stand out throughout the seventeen-hundreds for all that was noble and cultured in the national life—they were the worthy leaders of a society that created the mighty and great-souled Chatham, and encouraged the superb artistic and literary masters of a great age. To them Reynolds and Gainsborough owed much, and they repaid it in splendid kind, immortalising the members of these great houses in superb portraiture that is not the least part of the glory of a glorious age.

Of this year also was the *Lady Betty Stanley* decorating an altar of Hymen.

However, firm set as Reynolds seemed as lord of art in 1770, there had been coming to the front an artist whom folk began to whisper as likely to assail his great place. Romney was rapidly coming to the front when, in 1773, he betook himself to

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Italy for a couple of years. But Reynolds was not to know two years' lull as dictator; for scarcely was Romney gone, than there came with bag and baggage to London town from the fashion and repute of Bath, one Gainsborough, to challenge his splendour. On Gainsborough taking a huge house in Pall Mall, Reynolds, with wonted courtesy, went to call upon him—the call was not returned. Yet the vulgarity never drew from Reynolds a vindictive phrase about Gainsborough's art, and he even gave forth praise of it.

Of 1775 was the fine *Lady Charles Spencer* in riding-habit, with her horse. To Reynolds's masterpieces of the middle seventeen-seventies belong the little *Miss Bowles*, hugging her dog, at the Wallace, better known by the engravings as *Love me, Love my Dog*; the little Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick as *Collina* (a child-peasant on a mountain) in the Tennant Collection; the famed *Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia*, with its singing children; and the beggar-lad and his sister, known as *The Boy with the Cabbage-Nets*.

The following year of 1776, the year of his fine *Garrick*, and the *Duchess of Devonshire descending the Steps*, he painted the *Infant Samuel*, one of the best known and most widely reproduced of all his works; and it was at this time that he wrought the now famous *Master Crewe as Henry VIII.* Of the Crewe family Reynolds painted many portraits. John Crewe of Crewe Hall, a Member of Parliament, married in this year the great beauty Frances Anne Greville, only daughter of Fulke Greville, of the noble House of Warwick. This beautiful woman is the *Saint Geneviève reading and attending her Sheep* in Reynolds's masterpiece that is also called *Mrs. Frances Crewe as a Shepherdess reading "Clarissa Harlowe."* She sat many times in Reynolds's painting-chair — she is the Hebe, with her brother, Master Greville, in *Hebe and Cupid*, that picture out of which the boy's figure was afterwards cut and its place taken by a tripod, when the angry father quarrelled with his son in after years. Mrs. Frances Crewe was one of the "women of the time"; the ballooning craze caught her; she was a friend of Fanny Burney,

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REYNOLDS

1723 – 1792

"MISS BOWLES"

(WALLACE COLLECTION)

Little Miss Bowles, hugging her dog; better known from the engraving as *Love Me, Love my Dog.*

afterwards Madame d'Arblay, who wrote of her a full quarter of a century after she burst upon the town as one of the reigning beauties, that "she uglified everything near her." She was the heroine of the toast, at the election of C. J. Fox for Westminster, "True blue, and Mrs. Crewe!" On Mr. Crewe being raised to the peerage in 1806, she became Lady Crewe, dying ten years afterwards. Reynolds had painted little *Miss Crewe*, sister to little "Henry the Eighth" Crewe, in 1770—the well-known canvas in which the child stands in black hood, with basket on arm. The *Master Herbert as Bacchus* was also of this year.

WHICH PROVES THAT THOUGH THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE BE KICKED OFF HIS MASTER'S DOORSTEP, HE MAY ALIGHT ON HIS FEET —AND THE MASTER IN THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET

Reynolds painted in 1777 the bonnie little *Daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch*, in cloak and bonnet and muff, standing in the snow of a wintry landscape with her dog; the *Little Fortune-Teller*, in which the small Lady Charlotte Spencer tells the fortune of a small boy, her brother Lord Henry Spencer, in Van Dyck costume—these children appear again in the large *Marlborough Family*; the little Elizabeth Beauclerk as *Una*, seated by a lion in a wooded landscape; and the *Russell Family*, three boys and a girl. One of the boys, little Lord William Russell, turned restive, and vowed he would not sit to be painted; whereat cried Sir Joshua, "Keep where you are, my little man," and painted him where he stood, sulking in offended dignity, huddled against the wall.

To 1776 belongs his *Self-Portrait* in doctor's gown, for the Uffizi, of which there are several variants. The Tennant *Self-Portrait* shows him in the robes of President of the Royal Academy.

Of 1777 was the large masterpiece of *The Marlborough Family*, one of the most stately and dignified family groups of the English achievement, in which again Reynolds's good temper and knowledge of children led him to make use of a restless, fidgety child to fine purpose by painting her teasing her sister with a mask, to the no small gain of the whole arrangement. *The Boy Reading* called forth Horace Walpole's praise, whatever that was worth; but the year is more mem-

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orable for the delightful and justly famous *Lady Betty Delmé* with her handsome boy leaning against her, whom, with his little sister, her arms hold to her—a dog trying to claim their attention. And the two groups of the *Dilettanti Club* were of 1777, as were the fine *Miss Monkton*; an *Angelica Kauffmann*; *Squire Musters* and *Mrs. Musters*, the unhappy mother of the John Musters who married Byron's Mary Chaworth; the National Portrait Gallery *Sir William Hamilton*, husband of Nelson's Emma; and the double portrait of *George Huddesford and J. C. W. Bampfylde* in the National Gallery.

The death of the great Chatham struck all England to its heart. But the artists had small concern with politics; they looked carelessly enough at the mad war with the revolted colonies that was losing England her richest and most glorious heritage. The defeat of Keppel off Ushant Reynolds felt more keenly.

Reynolds repeated in 1778 an old success in his enchanting *Mrs. Payne-Gallwey* with her child on her back; and scored another with his *Children of Mrs. Parker*, a little girl in mob-cap and her ten-year-old brother in a red dress. He was soon reaching to the very height of his powers. The famous *Mrs. Carnac* is of about this time.

The rivalry of Reynolds and Romney was now the talk of the town; and it may be that Romney took many sitters that had otherwise gone to Reynolds; but as a matter of fact Reynolds seems to have been as busy as he well could be. Keppel's acquittal was not only popular, but a joy to Reynolds.

In 1779 he painted *The Nativity* for New College, Oxford —Mrs. Sheridan sitting for his Madonna—he also painted the *King*, the *Queen*, and the *Prince of Wales* (National Gallery).

Unfortunately the "gaiety of nations" was "eclipsed" this year by the death of his friend Garrick; and, sadly enough, Topham Beauclerk died the following year, an inconsolable loss to great-hearted Johnson, and heavily felt by Reynolds.

In 1779 was painted the fine National Gallery portrait of Reynolds's old friend *Admiral Keppel*, leaning on his sword, one

of five portraits painted for five enthusiastic friends on Keppel's acquittal of the charge of cowardice in not fighting the enemy more closely. And his charming portrait of Lord Ossory's daughter Lady Gertrude as *Silvia the Mountain Maid*; the full-lengths of *Miss Monckton*, of *Lady Louisa Manners*, of *Lady Bute*, and the *Gibbon* half-length, are of this time.

WHICH PROVES THAT THOUGH THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE BE KICKED OFF HIS MASTER'S DOORSTEP, HE MAY ALIGHT ON HIS FEET —AND THE MASTER IN THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET

To 1780 belongs his *Self-Portrait* with the bust of Michel-angelo. Unfortunately fire destroyed several fine Rutland portraits of this year.

The seventeen-eighties saw Reynolds at the full height of his powers. He painted one masterpiece after another. His portrait of the little *Marquis of Granby* clambering over a huge dog was of the earlier part of these years, which also yielded the famous *Waldegrave Sisters*, daughters of that beautiful Countess Waldegrave, now Duchess of Gloucester, who were also grown to beautiful womanhood. He painted them for their uncle, Horace Walpole, who grudged the price! The Countess had been a Walpole. Reynolds also painted her little son, the *Prince William of Gloucester*, in Van Dyck array. Others were the *Lord Richard Cavendish*; several of the Streatham portraits for the Thrales; the *Lord Harcourt*, the *Lady Harcourt*, and the *General Harcourt*; the four "ideal" works of *Thaïs*, the *Death of Dido*, and the *Temperance* and *Fortitude*.

The next year, 1781, he was painting the famous *Master Bunbury* and the charming little *Lady Catherine Pelham-Clinton feeding Chickens*, amongst other works. Sir Joshua's winsome little niece "Offy" Palmer was now grown up, and in this year married Mr. Gwatkin; we shall soon see her the mother of another "Offy," who will sit to her great-uncle in one of the last pictures his skilled hands were to create—for Reynolds was now on the edge of sixty, and though he had no foreboding of it, the shadow was to fall before this decade was run out. It was the year of his *Lady Salisbury*, which he altered.

Reynolds took a holiday to Holland in 1781, and his quick eyes saw the greatness of the Dutchmen; he came back with

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an added sense of luminous colour and richness of design and force of handling. Opie had burst upon the town in Reynolds's absence as the wonderful self-taught "Cornish lad"; Reynolds on his return poured out his generous praise upon the self-taught youth. It was the year that Offy married Mr. Gwatkin, and Reynolds made portraits of them both; and his *Mrs. Nisbett as Circe*, a *Lady Harcourt*, *Lady Lincoln*, and a *Mrs. Abington* were also of this time. The Wallace has the *Lady Lincoln and Lady Elizabeth Seymour Conway*.

On his return from Holland, Reynolds painted the *Sons of Mr. Bromell*, of whom the younger was to become the famous dandy "Beau Brummell" of the Regency, he who, having fallen foul of his friend the Regent in after years, on that modish first gentleman of Europe entering the room where Brummell was lord of the revels and receiving the world of fashion, pretended not to know His Royal Highness, but instead, touching the prince's friend on the arm as they passed, asked with delightful drawl: "Who 's your fat little friend?" . . . Was ever petty insolence more godlike?

The following year of 1782 Sir Joshua painted the four-year-old *Master Brummell*, and the beautiful *Perdita*, Mrs. Robinson, the mistress of the Regent; as well as the *General Tarleton* and *Lord Chancellor Thurlow*. At Gainsborough's wish, Reynolds sat to him in the November for his portrait; he had given but one sitting when he was stricken with the palsy, and had to go to Bath for the cure. On his return to town, restored to health, Reynolds sent word to Gainsborough that he was in town again, to which Gainsborough sent a formal reply that he was glad to hear he was restored to health, but made no further effort to complete the portrait. Reynolds was not again to see the wilful genius whom he so greatly admired for six years, when Gainsborough lay upon his death-bed. Mrs. Siddons was now the rage, and sat to Reynolds, and of 1782 also were a *Burke*, *Fox*, and the fine *Duchess of Rutland*, whilst the stage yielded *Mrs. Abington as Roxalana* and *La Baccelli*.

After another visit to Flanders in 1783 Reynolds painted a portrait of great beauty, now at the Wallace, *Mrs. Richard Hoare and her Infant Son. Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse*, and the *Lady Dashwood and Child* and *Lady Honeywood and Child* are of these days.

WHICH PROVES THAT THOUGH THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE BE KICKED OFF HIS MASTER'S DOORSTEP, HE MAY ALIGHT ON HIS FEET —AND THE MASTER IN THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET

On the death of Allan Ramsay in 1784, Reynolds was made Painter to the King in his stead. But he was now foul of the other members of the Royal Academy, and the king's dislike of him was scarce concealed. Death began to be busy amongst his friends; Johnson was taken. The two men had loved each other like brothers. Johnson made three last dying requests of Reynolds: that Reynolds should forgive him a debt of thirty pounds; read the Scriptures; and cease from painting on Sundays—Reynolds forgave the thirty pounds.

To 1784 belong a *Duchess of Rutland*, a *Duchess of Devonshire*, a *Fox*, *Lord Eglinton*, *Lord Rodney*, the Wallace *Perdita*, the handsome *Boothby*, and "*Mr. Boothby's lady.*"

But Reynolds was painting at his best, as though age but increased his powers. Boys and girls appear often in his painting-chair; Reynolds seems to have found comfort in the study of children. In 1785 he painted the *Venus* at the National Gallery, better known as *The Snake in the Grass*, or *Cupid unloosing the Girdle of Venus*, a glowing example of his art; and about the same time he gave to the world his famous picture of childhood, the master-work of *The Age of Innocence*. That marvellous impression of childhood, set down as at a sitting upon the canvas in that bold impasto that had caught his fancy in Holland, shows Reynolds at the very summit of his powers. Never was little maidenhood stated in more consummate fashion than in this exquisite and masterly impression. It holds, and deserves to hold, the suffrage of the world. Velazquez and Hals and others have surpassed in technical handling the craftsmanship of Reynolds; but all their mastery could not yield, with more exquisite sense, the inspiration that breathed into this canvas the subtle and elusive fragrance that exhales from this flower of childhood.

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Reynolds added several fine portraits of men to the master-work of this year: the *Sharpe*; the *John Hunter*, the surgeon; the *Boswell*; and the famous full-length of the *Duc d'Orléans*, "Égalité Orleans," to come to fame of a kind in the Revolution near at hand, and to die by the guillotine.

Reynolds was soon at work on the *Infant Hercules*, and thereafter upon the child with *Guardian Angels*. But perhaps the best known of all the creations of Reynolds is the little Frances Gordon, the blue-eyed, golden-haired daughter of Lord William Gordon, whose sweet face is seen in five different winged heads amongst clouds in the famous *Angels' Heads*—the child was niece of Lord George Gordon, the crazy leader of the No-Popery Riots that caused a fine to-do in Leicester Square as well as all over London. The two beautiful Spencer portraits of women were of this year—the lovely *Countess Spencer* and her sister, the *Honourable Miss Bingham*.

Many children now sat to Sir Joshua; and into the painting-chair also came that beautiful *Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire*, whom he had painted as a child with her mother, now herself a mother, and seated with her baby daughter, still another Georgina—the infant Lady Georgina Cavendish—on her lap, the mother amusing the mite in that celebrated canvas so often reproduced. Another child of the Spencer blood was also of this year—the *Viscount Althorp*. The *Prince of Wales* for a full-length, and *Mrs. Fitzherbert*, the *Duke of Portland*, *Burke*, *Malone*, and *Mrs. Billington*, all sat to him.

For Reynolds the year 1787 was to be rich in portraits of children—the *Lady Smythe and her Children*, and the *Lady Harrington and her Children*, being of this time. For the "Boydell Shakespeare" he painted the elfish *Puck* amongst his three designs. The charming little *Lord Burghersh* hunting a butterfly, and the *Virgin and Child* at Petworth, were of this year, as was the *Master Yorke*. But the finest achievement of all these many fine things was the superb little eight-year-old *Miss Ward with her Dog*, and to this year belongs his great

VIII

REYNOLDS

1723 – 1792

"DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AND CHILD"

(CHATSWORTH HOUSE, DERBYSHIRE)

portrait of *Lord Heathfield* with the Key of Gibraltar, a masterpiece; his *Duke of York* and *Mrs. Wells.*

Reynolds and Gainsborough were both present at the opening of the trial of Reynolds's friend Warren Hastings. In the following year of 1788 Gainsborough died, Reynolds being reconciled to him as he lay upon his death-bed. As Reynolds stepped out of Gainsborough's rooms, the cloud was gathering on his own horizon, though he little guessed it. He was to be granted but a short twelvemonth more of vision.

He painted that year the *Girl Sleeping*, and that little mouse-hunting child, the weird, uncanny *Muscipula*, her shrewd little cat-like face aglee, and carrying a mouse in a trap, the avenging cat in attendance—a haunting thing. But cruelty in a child is an ugly thing; nor is the little mouse-hunter a pleasant masterpiece. Upon his easel this year was *The Gleaners*, of which the beautiful girl in the midst of the scene, she who carries the sheaf of corn on her head, was to be the mother of Sir Edwin Landseer. Amongst other children who sat for him was *Master Hoare*, better known by the engraving of his portrait as *The Little Gardener*, whom we saw before as the sturdy baby in the *Mrs. Hoare and Infant Son* at the Wallace. In the July he painted the famous pensive child in the mob-cap, *Penelope Boothby*, who was doomed to an early death—the only child of Sir Brooke Boothby, the exquisite and poetaster. The group of boys, *Lord Grantham and Brothers*, followed. And of this year were the *Sheridan*, a *Rodney*, and the *Mrs. Braddyl.*

WHICH PROVES THAT THOUGH THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE BE KICKED OFF HIS MASTER'S DOORSTEP, HE MAY ALIGHT ON HIS FEET —AND THE MASTER IN THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET

The year 1789 brought madness into the palace of the old king, who entered into the long and lingering death in life that was his thirty years' ending. It was the year of Reynolds's *Miss Billington as Saint Cecilia* with her choir of angels; the year that he was to complete his last famous picture of childhood; and as he had begun his consummate achievement in the portrayal of childhood with his little niece Offy Palmer as *The Strawberry Girl*, so he was now to end it with her daughter Offy Gwatkin as *Simplicity.* The *Cymon and Iphigenia* was of this time.

Sir Joshua was sitting before his last canvas, the portrait of a

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child, little Miss Russell, on Monday the thirteenth of the July of 1789, close on a year after Gainsborough had passed away, when darkness fell upon his left eye; and in that tragic hour as he laid down his palette and brushes, and little Miss Russell stepped down from the painting-chair, he knew that his painting was done. With the orderly habit of his life, so typical of the man's fine self-discipline, he opened his pocket-book and wrote against the engagement-entry "Miss ——," the simple words, "Prevented by my eye beginning to be obscured," which meant death to his career. "There is now," he writes to Sheridan, "an end of the pursuit; the race is over whether it is lost or won."

There is something majestic in the calm dignity with which, quietly and without complaint, Reynolds accepted the last of his many afflictions. He was fortunately well-to-do and free from money cares; but his art had been the breath of life to him. Fortunate in the number of his friends, to them he turned, a welcome guest; his large generosity to his kin was now amply repaid—his niece Mary Palmer devoted herself to him, was his constant companion, his solace, wrote for him, read to him, and arranged his home and his hospitalities for him. Blindness came upon him apace, but his calm never forsook him. Squabbles with the Academy, in which he hotly supported an Italian architect against an Englishman for election, alone disfigured the remaining years of his life; but, on his sending in his resignation, they made their peace with him and persuaded him to remain. In Reynolds's last and fifteenth *Discourse* he bade his farewell to them, uttering his great tribute to Michelangelo whose name was the last word spoken by him within its walls. He offered his Old Masters to the Academy, which refused them, so he sold them to benefit his old servant.

He could no longer see to paint pictures; deaf and almost blind, he would wander with hands outstretched in the deepening gloom amongst the pictures that had been his life, and be content with dusting them. But death was at hand. On the evening of Thursday the 23rd of February 1792, his sixty-ninth year, Joshua Reynolds slept into eternity.

OF PAINTING

In that splendid funeral given to his honour, when they bore him to St. Paul's Cathedral at the royal command, the nation paid him but just tribute; and Turner knew the greatness of the man when he willed in his last testament that he should be laid to rest "as close as possible" beside him.

All that Reynolds touched turned to gold. He was a fortunate man in all his enterprises. To Offy's elder sister, his niece Mary Palmer, he left a hundred thousand pounds, who, thus handsomely dowered, became Marchioness of Thomond. She lived until 1820, dying the same year as George the Third. Offy, her sister, lived into the Victorian age, dying an old lady of ninety in 1843.

WHICH PROVES THAT THOUGH THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE BE KICKED OFF HIS MASTER'S DOORSTEP, HE MAY ALIGHT ON HIS FEET —AND THE MASTER IN THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET

Though Reynolds ever warned pupils not to experimentalise with gallipots, he himself was constantly experimenting with the object of getting the most ringing colours. His method of painting was, at the first sitting (for which he had laid white on the light canvas where the head was to come), whilst still wet to model the likeness with white, black, and lake alone on his palette; this ghostly likeness at the second sitting he further developed, using Naples yellow in addition, thereafter, forcing up his colour, he glazed heavily; and he heavily varnished the picture before sending it home. So says an eye-witness. These were not Reynolds's instructions. However, his colour decayed rapidly; and a good story is told of his painting the Marquis of Drogheda when young, who, on coming back to Ireland after twenty or thirty years of dissolute life abroad, found the portrait had aged with him to his bilious and shattered later man. That his work changed rapidly must be very clear. Opie vowed that the faded pictures of Reynolds were finer than those of others at their freshest and best! whilst Northcote held that "the very ghosts of them remain fine!" The truth is that no man to-day has ever seen a Reynolds as it looked to his age. His eager inquisitiveness to discover the secret of Titian led him to mutilate a masterpiece by Titian in the vain search.

Ruskin's estimate of Reynolds as "the greatest of English

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painters," than whom no other nation has created a greater, sounds pathetic to-day. Great as were his gifts, even in portraiture his search into character was not very penetrating, except in rare inspired instances such as the *Dr. Johnson*. His quick eyes caught the decorative splendour and glowing harmonies of Titian, which his astute and secretive habit spoke little about; he sounded the praises of Michelangelo and Raphael, but he left others to debauch their powers by following them, himself creeping from the blind alley; he steeped his practice in the Dutch aim of Rembrandt, and kept the secret. But he took from tradition a splendid heritage and wove it into a consummate new pattern that raised his artistry to the heights. His unerring instinct led him to paint his age instead of pursuing false gods or worshipping dead idols. He confessed that Raphael bitterly disappointed him, but he "affected" to be impressed. So he preached trash, but he did not practise it. He showed by his definition of poetic that he did not know what poetic meant, mistaking it for legend and classic tales. He mistook art for beauty; and, being baffled by masterpieces of the ugly, he contorted the word Beauty to fit anything of which he approved as being a work of art. Like the schoolmasters, he tried to see beauty in the Laocoon. He classed great painting in two great schools, (1) the "grand"—Roman, Florentine, and Bolognese, the three great schools of epic—and (2) the "ornamental," or Venetian, Dutch, and Flemish, which caught "at applause by inferior qualities"! He condemned modern dress for statues, and was largely responsible for such works as the nude General Wolfe and the togas of public men in monuments. But at least he publicly acknowledged that art cannot be taught.

Reynolds remains a great colourist and a noble painter of the portrait, spite of his Italian mannerisms on occasion.

Constable spoke enthusiastically of his masterwork, and he knew masterwork when he saw it; Romney overrated *him*; but Gainsborough knew his power: "Damn *him!*" said he, "how various he is!"

OF PAINTING

Reynolds brought forth in England the British faculty of glowing colour, in which she rivals the splendour of Venice. Of no great power of imagination, he opened the road to the world's supreme imaginative painter, Turner. His quick wit gave him the gift of neat reply and compliment, as when, the nobleman complaining that he could not hear a word of his discourse, Reynolds replied, "That was to my advantage." He arrayed himself in the pomposity of the age, but could condescend; yet he, who was wont to gather about his dinner-table the wits of the age, to his eternal honour gathered there also the dinnerless; and at the stroke of five dinner was served, be they who were late either noble or great or small. A very paradox of a man was Joshua. The unlovely vice of avarice was cast at him who was generous to help with advice or money all such as appealed to him as worthy. For Gainsborough's *Girl and Pigs*, which he rated boldly above a Titian, he was asked sixty guineas, but would not pay less than a hundred.

WHICH PROVES THAT THOUGH THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE BE KICKED OFF HIS MASTER'S DOORSTEP, HE MAY ALIGHT ON HIS FEET —AND THE MASTER IN THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET

A ceaseless worker, he produced so vast a series of the celebrities of his age that even the names that I have here given have wrought his life too much into the suspicion of a catalogue; yet to omit them in this narrow space must have given scant idea of his achievement, which includes such masterpieces as the Buda-Pesth *Admiral Hughes*, the beautiful *Mrs. Hardinge*, the fine Carlisle *Lady Caroline Howard*, and hundreds of works besides, of which even the keen research of Mr. Graves has not been able to catalogue the whole.

To pour out this work he kept assistants employed upon the draperies; his pupils learnt little from him.

Reynolds was the great master of that period in English art that was seeking its inspiration in the tradition of the great dead; he was the genius of that movement that selected from the dead—he was the mightiest of the borrowers. His eyesight failed him the year that the Bastille fell; and there were already born a group of men who were to create a purely English art founded on an English vision.

CHAPTER XIX

WHEREIN GENIUS WEDS A MYSTERIOUS BEAUTY, FINDS A PATRON IN A HOAX, RUNS AWAY FROM A BORE, AND FALLS INTO THE ARMS OF THE KING'S MAJESTY

GAINSBOROUGH
1727 – 1788

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As JOSHUA REYNOLDS, in his thirtieth year, with his sister Frances, took the coach that carried him from Devonshire with his household gods to try his fortune in London town, there was plying the paint-brush in Suffolk, in this same year of 1753, a young fellow of twenty-six who was destined to share the glory of the other, and to stand in close rivalry with him.

Born in the May of 1727, the year that George II came to the throne, therefore four years younger than Reynolds, THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, youngest child of nine, first saw the light in a well-to-do tradesman's home at Sudbury in Suffolk. John Gainsborough, the father, was a thrifty man, who made his way as milliner and clothier, but whose chief source of revenue was from the making of shrouds for the dead, the worthy man not being above a little smuggling also. Sudbury, planted with weavers by Edward III, was famed, when the child Gainsborough came into the world, for its crapes and the making of shrouds for the dead; and the father held wellnigh a monopoly in the shrouds. But he was no ghoul—an upright tradesman of kindly ways, and a good master. The mother, a Burroughs, had "a genteel talent"—a nice taste for the painting of flowers in a ladylike and not too artistic fashion. The easy-going ways of the father, John Gainsborough, who detested to push a client for debt, brought his considerable means to a crash in 1733.

PAINTING

WHEREIN GENIUS WEDS A MYSTERIOUS BEAUTY, FINDS A PATRON IN A HOAX, RUNS AWAY FROM A BORE, AND FALLS INTO THE ARMS OF THE KING'S MAJESTY

The lad Thomas Gainsborough went to the grammar-school of the town, his mother's brother, the Reverend Humphrey Burroughs, being the master; but Gainsborough did not glitter in learning, though of a quick wit and drinking in knowledge as by instinct from childhood until the grave took him, his pen and pencil busy the while wheresoever he could find virgin paper wherewith to create the sketch. By ten he had marked skill with the pencil; at twelve he had set his heart on being a painter, and was using brushes and oil-paints. He left school at fourteen. Displaying a precocious instinct for landscape and pastorals, the lad was happiest when painting from Nature—a holiday ever meant, for the bright, mischievous boy, the woods by Sudbury and his paints and canvas with him. It is tradition that, his father refusing to give him a letter asking for a day from school, the promising lad forged one—and so well that the schoolmaster uncle was deceived. The crime coming to light, the father, aghast, cried out "Tom will be hanged!"—the which, indeed, he was to be—at the Royal Academy—or at least hung. By twelve the boy was a "confirmed painter."

The father saw that art it must be for his son; so after a family council which included the lad's uncle, who had married a daughter of the famous Dr. Busby, the boy of fourteen was packed off on the coach to London to board with a silversmith, Dupont of Wardour Street, who sent him to Gravelot (1699-1773) whose real name was Bourguignon, the book-illustrator and engraver and painter, from whom the lad undoubtedly caught the hint of his French délicatesse and the marked influence of Watteau. The lad now made several decorative borders for Houbraken's "Portraits," and his knowledge of etching led later to his fine landscapes on pewter. Gravelot generously got the boy into the St. Martin's Lane Academy. Thus, a year after Reynolds first stepped into London town as 'prentice to Hudson, the coach set down Gainsborough in her cobbled thoroughfares, and the eager youth and as eager boy must often have rubbed elbows in their walks

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down St. Martin's Lane. Soon Gainsborough went as pupil to HAYMAN, the historical painter, whose fame the rather rests on gossip of his rollicking debaucheries and his disreputable habits.

Gainsborough came to a London studio when art, save for the rising genius of Hogarth, was at a low ebb ; and Nature had already taught the lad more than he was likely to learn from Hayman's studio-built dramas. But English art was being born ; Hogarth was creating it—Wilson had not yet gone to Rome—though Hogarth was given the cold shoulder and Wilson had not begun to paint landscape. By sixteen Gainsborough was already showing the grace and distinction that were to be his in full measure. The woods by Sudbury and the Dutch landscapes in private houses had revealed his genius to him. The loose-living Hayman's only influence upon the youth was to lead the lad to the sowing of much wild oats and to a more than crude taste for the convivial. A letter written in the after years of manhood by Gainsborough to a young actor who had come up to London, proves that he had not been over-wise : " Don't run about London streets. . . . It was my first school, and deeply read in petticoats I am ; therefore you may allow me to caution you."

Three years of apprenticeship saw him, at seventeen, start artist on his own account at lodgings in Hatton Garden, working for dealers, and painting landscapes and portraits at three to five guineas. With the clay also he was busy. However, he found small demand for his work, and after a twelvemonth of defeat he left London in 1745 for his native town in Suffolk, where the handsome, bright, intelligent youth was warmly welcomed and was soon making friends. Modest and charming as he always was, he came to Suffolk with a certain reputation for talent. Up with the lark, he was painting landscapes until set of sun, forming his style on the Dutch painters but with an added delicacy and style all his own, as the brilliant Fairfax-Murray *Self-Portrait* reveals in portraiture as well as landscape. He was trying to state the mood of the thing seen. In his

WHEREIN GENIUS WEDS A MYSTERIOUS BEAUTY, FINDS A PATRON IN A HOAX, RUNS AWAY FROM A BORE, AND FALLS INTO THE ARMS OF THE KING'S MAJESTY

landscapes he painted what was before him, regardless of the laws of Italy. He painted his eldest brother, *John Gainsborough*, known as "Schemer Jack" for his eternal inventions, one of which was the flying-machine that let him drop into a ditch from the roof of the house—he who made for the East Indies, but died in London by the way. The second brother, Humphrey Gainsborough, who also ran to mechanics, became a dissenting minister at Henley-on-Thames—the filching of his invention for a steam-engine by Watt preyed upon his mind. His sister Sarah became Mrs. Dupont, and mother of GAINSBOROUGH DUPONT, an artist of considerable gifts, who helped his uncle later with the draperies of his lesser portraits.

Gainsborough met at nineteen the beautiful girl, sister to a commercial traveller employed by his father, Margaret Burr, whose beauty was the talk of the countryside—indeed, the Finch-Hatton portrait of *Gainsborough's Wife* shows her handsome. She, eager to have a picture of herself, sat to Gainsborough, and ended the sittings as the bride of the young painter. So, at nineteen, Gainsborough was married to the eighteen-year-old beauty, entering thus early on that happy family life that knew few shadows. It was a fortunate affair for the young fellow: the bride brought him £200 a year—a mysterious income, paid regularly through a bank in London, by an unknown father; indeed, so closely was the secret kept that even Gainsborough's children never knew who was their mother's father. Mrs. Gainsborough once said to a niece in later years, to justify a splendid gown she was wearing, that she had some right to it, "for, you know, my love, I am a prince's daughter." Her likeness to the Duke of Bedford was very marked. Gossip wagged between an exiled Stuart and the Duke of Bedford—the fair Margaret evidently favoured the Stuart; her tongue betrayed the Stuart, her beautiful features the Duke of Bedford—the regular income was against the House of Stuart. At any rate, her little dowry rid Gainsborough from all stultifying cares of bread, and freed him from the daily toil for existence. A sweet-natured and level-tempered woman, Mrs. Gainsborough brought a valuable

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thrift into the life of her hasty, hot-tempered, genial, free-handed mate, to whom she was a tender and true comrade; and the artist never knew any but the happiest of homes—for all his convivial habits he was never happier than by his own hearth.

Thus, in 1745, a married man at nineteen, Gainsborough took a small house in Sudbury for a few months, painting woodland pieces; six months thereafter the young couple moved to Ipswich, where were rich merchants, only to find orders slow in coming. But he met and became friendly with Kirby, the writer upon art, whose *Portrait* he painted; a friendship only torn apart by the Kirbys leaving for London in that year of 1753 that saw Joshua Reynolds and his sister Frances take coach and make for London town. Gainsborough's father died in 1748. The National Gallery *Great Cornard Wood* is a fine specimen of Gainsborough's art at this time (1753) that he lived at Ipswich—some thirteen years.

Amongst the earliest friends that Gainsborough made in Ipswich was a strange one who was to have a far wider effect upon his career. Philip Thicknesse, a soldier, had been appointed Governor of Landguard Fort shortly after Gainsborough came to Ipswich. He was a quarrelsome, huffy, busybody of a man, who had fought a duel almost as soon as he got the king's commission—and all his life long was in hot water with his superior officers. But he had a real affection for Gainsborough, and realised the genius of the man. During a walk with a friend in that friend's garden, Thicknesse had grown troubled by a sad-faced country fellow who stood leaning over the wall with folded arms; at last calling his friend's attention to the man, he received the answer that the fellow had been there all day, and that he must be a madman. Thicknesse, on going to the fellow, saw that it was a painting on a board—Gainsborough's portrait of Tom Peartree, that still exists. Now it so chanced that Gainsborough, going into the garden to sketch, had seen a fellow eyeing the orchard, had straightway sketched him, and thereby brought to book the man from a neighbouring

village who had been looting the orchard. Thicknesse was so tickled by the painted hoax that he ferreted out the artist, and thenceforth took him under his tyrannous patronage. Mixing with the gentry of the neighbourhood, Thicknesse brought sitters to Gainsborough's studio, and orders for sketches of country-houses began to pour in. The artist was soon a welcome guest in many of the houses of the great.

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A passionate love of music drew Gainsborough at the same time into a musical club at Ipswich, for which he painted a portrait-group of its members by candlelight. There he lived the convivial life, not without horseplay, for there are traditions of his wig being snatched from his head and thrown about the room.

Of his Ipswich days are the National Portrait Gallery *Admiral Vernon*, the two *Daughters of Gainsborough chasing a Butterfly*, the Tennant *Miss Hippisley*, the South Kensington *Daughters of Gainsborough* which were cut apart, then joined together again, the Fairfax-Murray *Lady and Gentleman* in a landscape, and his style is most markedly French in sympathy.

The year of 1760 that saw Reynolds move into his house in Leicester Square was also an eventful one for Gainsborough in Suffolk; he made his move towards fortune. The fame of Reynolds came to him and stirred him to be up and doing. At Thicknesse's prompting he got a-packing and made for the fashionable town of Bath, espying sitters in plenty amongst the beaux and belles who flocked to the gaieties of the inland watering-place. He seems to have made for Bath about 1758, for the season, as a trial—and the flow of sitters decided him to go and settle there in 1759-60. The fickle great ones at once deserted the pastellist WILLIAM HOARE for Gainsborough, who took a house of considerable importance in the Circus, at Thicknesse's wise urging, but much to his frugal wife's alarm. The news of his coming quickly got about, and his studio was besieged by celebrities of the day. His fee of five guineas for a head he was early able to raise, and to ask forty guineas for a half-length and a hundred for a full-length.

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One of his first portraits painted at Bath was the National Gallery *Edward Orpin*, the old parish clerk. His fifteen happy years at Bath were to thrust forward his art in rapid fashion. Here he fell under the glamour of Van Dyck and the Flemings, his colour developed and his handling became broader. And he made copies of Van Dyck, Velazquez, Rembrandt, Titian, and others—above all, of Dutch landscapes. The house of Linley the singing-master knew him well; he painted all the family, including *Elizabeth*, the fair "Maid of Bath," who afterwards married Sheridan, from her childhood to the Knole portrait with her brother Tom, and rising to the famed Rothschild *Mrs. Sheridan* in a landscape. He painted the musicians, the actors, the Stratford-on-Avon *Garrick*, *Mrs. Siddons*, *Perdita* Robinson, and the galaxy.

It was to the second display of the Society of Artists in London that Gainsborough sent from Bath his first publicly shown portrait in 1761—the *Mr. Nugent*, and in 1762 the *William Poyntz*. In 1763 the small *Georgina Spencer*, at six years of age, sat to him—she was later to sit to him in London as Georgina, the famous Duchess of Devonshire.

In 1763 he showed, for the first time, a *Landscape*, with the portraits of *Mr. Medlicott* and *Quin*. Of 1765 was the fine equestrian portrait of *General Honywood*; and to the display of 1766 belong the Stratford-on-Avon *Garrick* leaning on a pedestal with bust of Shakespeare, and a *Landscape with Figures*. The years 1764 and 1768 brought forth the *Lady Grosvenor*, the *John, Duke of Argyll*, the *Mr. Vernon*, the *Captain Needham* in the uniform of the Guards, and the *Captain Hervey* (afterwards Earl of Bristol) in naval uniform. The idea of the "fancy portrait" of Shakespeare made him realise his incapacity for "fancy subjects" and the "grand style," and he kept from the danger, nor ever floundered thereinto. His fascinating National Gallery *Musidora* is little more than a portrait in a landscape, and with the Windsor *Diana and Actæon* about complete his excursions into the classic realm.

By the time that the Royal Academy was founded in 1768,

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Gainsborough's reputation was so considerable and assured that his was one of the thirty-four names enrolled in its original membership.

To the Academy he was now a regular sender. Of 1771 is the Burton *Lady Sussex and her Daughter*, *Lady Barbara Yelverton*; the fine *Lady Ligonier in Fancy Dress*; the equestrian *Lord Ligonier*; the *Captain Wade*, successor to Beau Nash at Bath; and Pitt's friend *Mr. Nuthall*. His landscape was being still more broadly and sketchily handled. To these, his Bath days, belongs the *Boy at the Stile*.

In that year of 1770 that Reynolds brought his little niece "Offy" to live with him, and made so fine a stir with portraits of children, Gainsborough also made his mark with child-portraits. At Bath Gainsborough was gaining ever-increasing power; and in 1770 he painted and sent to London to the Royal Academy one of the most famous pictures of boyhood known to us, the *Master Buttall*, known the wide world over as *The Blue Boy*. Around this famous canvas has grown a legend that Gainsborough painted it to cast contempt upon Reynolds's dogma that the light parts of a picture should be warm in colour; that blue and such cold colours could not be employed with true artistry; but it so happens that Reynolds did not write nor deliver this pedantry for several years afterwards in his famous Address; nor is *The Blue Boy* the only canvas by which Gainsborough utterly disproved Sir Joshua's narrow contention. It remains, however, that it does upset the dogma, though the blues are somewhat warmly hued, absolutely. In fact, so far from Gainsborough having attacked Reynolds, it is strange that Reynolds, with so triumphant an achievement before him, should have written the dire fatuity. The boy who stands in blue Van Dyck dress in a landscape, aristocratic and calmly looking down upon us, was said to be Jonathan Buttall, son to a wholesale ironmonger of Greek Street, Soho, a generous patron of the artist; but then again it is said not to be, but *Sefton Molyneux*, whose sister *Lady Molyneux* was painted this year when the youth was sixteen.

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In 1772 Gainsborough sent four portraits and eight landscapes to the Academy, his last exhibits for four years, for in 1773 he had his first tiff with that body. It was in 1772 that young *Henderson* took the stage by storm at Bath, and won into Gainsborough's friendship and painting-chair; and it was to him that he addressed the letter of warning against petticoats for youth in London town. Of Gainsborough's Bath period were *Lord Camden*; *Richardson* the novelist; *Sterne*; several portraits of the *Linley* family; and the superb *Lady Mary Carr*, in which he shows his subtle gift for catching the distinction and breeding of the sitter. Of 1766 were the boy *John Plampin* in white Van Dyck dress; the beautiful *Duchess of Grafton*; the *Lord Chesterfield*; the *Duke of Bedford*; the *Duchess of Montagu*; *Mrs. Macaulay*; *Miss Tyler*; *Lord Kilmorey*, and other fine works. Of his superb landscapes is the Westminster *At the Cottage Door*.

But we are now come to a patron who was to take part in Gainsborough's great move in life. For his humble friend Wiltshire, the carrier, who refused payment for taking his pictures to London, Gainsborough painted several of his great works, giving him not only *The Parish Clerk*, but portraits of *Quin* and *Foote*, the actors, and *The Harvest Wagon*. The National Gallery *White Horse* was from Wiltshire's shafts.

Gainsborough had spent some fourteen years at Bath, prosperous, happy, with reputation ever increasing, when, in 1774, the thought of coming up to London seems to have dawned upon him. But he was easy-going, and mere money-making had small part in his ambition; the practice of his art filled his life; it gave him all the money he needed; and he was content with his life, when there came to him an unpleasantness that suddenly decided him to leave Bath.

The truth was that Thicknesse had become to him an intolerable bore. On his arrival at Bath, Thicknesse, strutting it as discoverer of Gainsborough, had suggested a portrait of himself to lure sitters. Gainsborough had begun it, then put it face to the wall, finding that sitters poured into his study

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without lure, and not knowing Thicknesse. Meantime, he had painted a portrait of *Mrs. Thicknesse*, which he gave to the fussing husband; she eagerly desired one of her consequential lord as pendant to it. Happening to possess a very fine old viol for which Gainsborough offered her a hundred guineas—he was always buying instruments he could not play—she (whether for a hundred guineas or not we shall never discover) gave it to him on the promise that he was to give her in exchange a portrait of her husband. The Wertheimer *Miss Ford*, who became the second wife of Thicknesse, shows the viol. Gainsborough carried off the viol, and started upon a new portrait of Thicknesse. A tale seems to have been carried to the painter by some tattler that Thicknesse had been heard to vow that he remembered Gainsborough when his two children were running about the streets of Ipswich without shoes or stockings, and Gainsborough again cooled off from his portrait and put it with its face to the wall. The lady grew furious, and at last persuaded Thicknesse to write, or herself wrote, a bitter epistle demanding the completing of the portrait or its delivery as it stood. Gainsborough, weary of the man and his wife, sent off both the viol and the portrait by return. The reply came hot-foot from the offended lady, with the sketch returned, to "take his brush, and first rub out the countenance of the truest and warmest friend he ever had, and so done, then blot him out for ever from his memory." The unpleasantness decided Gainsborough to be done with Bath and his trying benefactors. With a full recognition of Thicknesse's great services to him, but fretted, he decided to run away, to leave Bath and be done with it all; so with a sigh of relief he packed his belongings and straightway made for London in the summer of 1774, being moved thereto by the faithful Wiltshire.

Gossip had reached Gainsborough, in that year that he first made for Bath, how Reynolds had moved into his large house in Leicester Fields, and had set up a gilded coach and liveried servants; nor, we may be sure, was the story of the fortune he was making unduly underestimated. Gainsborough had realised

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the value of making a good appearance on arrival at Bath; he saw the even greater necessity for it on settling in London. Looking round for a large house in the best part of the town, he took the western wing of Schomberg House in Pall Mall, better known to us nowadays as the War Office, paying the high rent of £300 a year for it—having for neighbour, in the other wing, that John Astley of the Roman picnic and waistcoat fame, who had married a rich widow. Gainsborough had small reason to regret the risks of the big house or his move to London. His success was immediate and great. The central part of Schomberg House was the residence of the famous quack, Dr. Graham, to whom Society flocked, to be ushered by liveried servants into a room where a beautiful girl lay up to the neck in the earth or mud-bath that brought health. By paying extra, the bloods could see her after the bath had made her beautiful. That girl was Emma Lyon, afterwards to become Lady Hamilton and Nelson's charmer. The quack is said to have taken the rooms in 1781; if so, Greville must have taken her thence as his mistress, for she came into Romney's life in 1782. The *Musidora* at the National Gallery is said to have been painted from her by Gainsborough during these days.

Reynolds, whether he felt the danger of rivalry or not, concealed it if he felt it, and with his habitual courtesy called upon Gainsborough. The call was not returned; and Gainsborough showed the same lack of tact and good-feeling in absenting himself from the Academy meetings and dinners, and, for several years after coming to London, sent no pictures to the annual display. Yet the admiration of each of the rivals for the art of the other was prodigious; and neither was backward in his acknowledgment of it. The simple fact was that the two men differed so widely in tastes, in the choice of their companions, in their habits and ways of life, that there was little bond between them; and Gainsborough was not above a vulgarity.

Of about 1775 were the fine Hudson *Landscape with Cattle*, and the National Gallery *Watering Place*.

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Gainsborough's triumphs leaped to him on his coming to town. A few months in Pall Mall, and the king commanded him to Buckingham Palace, where he was soon painting the king and royal family. The stream of fashion at once poured into Gainsborough's painting-room. He became a welcome visitor at the king's palace, and a great favourite with the royal family. It is strange to think that this man, whose fame rests upon the refinement of his art, preferred the fellowship of rollicking clowns and jesters, repelled by the brilliant wits and the literary society that were so much to Reynolds. He was soon in such prosperous state that he, too, set up a coach—but as soon put it down again. Gainsborough was never a man at his ease in his own carriage—he preferred to call a passing hackney-coach when he wanted to be driven.

A happy-hearted man, lovable, generous, and free of hand, his impulsive nature was his only enemy—the which is a handsome defect in any man. His quick angers were a part of his irresponsibility—his capricious and uncertain temper had in it no love of wounding, and he was ever eager to make up a quarrel. His hasty spleeen made him descend to resentments which the bland and calculating worldliness of Reynolds blotted out far more masterfully by calm ignorings. These were but summer storms in a genial and gracious spirit, housed in a tall, fair, and handsome body. In love with life, bright, gay, uncritical of his fellows, humorous and quick of wit, he lived a life free of ugly adventures. It is Gainsborough of whom the story is told that, on an old fellow called Fowler, who was sitting to him, becoming fascinated by the skull of a child that lay upon the mantelpiece, and asking what it was, Gainsborough with waggish promptness replied, "The skull of Julius Cæsar when he was a boy."

In 1776 Gainsborough lost his brother Humphrey.

Whatever had been the cause of Gainsborough's coolness to the Academy, he returned in 1777; the breach, be it what it was, had been healed. To the Academy of 1777 he sent the Windsor *Duke of Cumberland* and his notorious *Duchess of*

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Cumberland, the *Lord Gage*, and *Abel* the musician; and the king possesses the *Duke and Duchess in a Group with Lady Elizabeth Luttrell* in a landscape. In 1778 he painted *Christie*, the auctioneer, and the *Duchess of Devonshire*, which baffled him, and he destroyed it by drawing the paint-brush across the mouth with his famous "Her Grace is too hard for me." The notorious stolen canvas, now possessed by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, is not the Duchess, and is not a masterpiece in any case.

The Spencer *Duchess of Devonshire* is a great portrait, as is the fine *Margaret, Countess Spencer*, and the *Countess of Sussex and Daughter*. To 1779 belong the *Duchess of Gloucester*, Walpole's niece; a *Duchess of Cumberland*; a *Duke of Argyll*; and to 1780 his *General Conway*; the singer *Madame Le Brun*; the *George Coyte*; the beautiful and famous full-length of *Mrs. Beaufoy*; the National Gallery *Rev. Henry Bate* (Sir Henry Bate Dudley), of whom he painted a fine full-length with a dog in 1785, which called forth the witticism about the notorious subject, that "the man wanted execution and the dog hanging"; and as pendant for which he painted the fine Burton full-length of Bate's *Wife*.

The year 1780 was to bring into the house of Gainsborough one of the few jars that marred his family life. He had made much of a hautboy-player, one *Johann Christian Fischer*—Windsor has his portrait—who became attached to his younger daughter Mary; and though the painter disliked the match, he felt it but right to condone the marriage with the irritable and eccentric man of no social position. It turned out the miserable business that he had feared; and a few years saw the pair separated. The girl was one of the two sisters painted by Gainsborough with such skill, wherein the elder girl is seen with her hand on the younger one's head—that dainty child whose marriage unhinged her mind. She survived the elder unmarried sister Margaret (Gainsborough's "Peggy"), dying in 1825. Both girls indeed were far from sane; and their mother betrayed madness before she died.

Gainsborough painted the *King* and the *Queen* in 1781,

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"THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE"

(Collection of Earl Spencer)

Bishop Hurd, and a picture of a *Shepherd*, as well as several *Sea-pieces*; to 1782 belong his *Madame Baccelli* dancing; *Colonel Tarleton*; the *Miss Dalrymple* who became the notorious Lady Elliott; his well-known Windsor equestrian portrait of the Prince of Wales's boon-companion *Colonel St. Leger*; the *Prince of Wales*; the *Girl with the Pigs* that Reynolds bought and prized, and several landscapes.

To the Royal Academy of 1783 Gainsborough sent, amongst twenty-six canvases, fifteen portraits of the royal family. Amongst the others were the *Duchess of Devonshire* and the *Two Shepherd Boys with Fighting Dogs*; the *Lord Cornwallis*; *Sir Charles Gould*; *Lord Sandwich*; the *Duke of Northumberland*; *Sir Harbord Harbord*; *Mr. Ramus*, and the superb Rothschild *Mrs. Sheridan* seated in a landscape. The Royal Academy was never again to display a picture by Gainsborough whilst he lived. The following year of 1784 he sent his great group of *George the Third's Daughters*, and, knowing that much of its charm depended upon its delicacy and subtleties of tone and of handling, he begged that it should be made an exception to the rule whereby no full-length portrait is allowed upon the line, agreeing to have his other pictures placed in inferior places. The Council refused the request; and Gainsborough, in hot anger, withdrew the whole of his works, and no power on earth would again prevail upon him to send another canvas to the displays. From this breach until his death was to be but a short span of four years—years in which he reached to the height of his achievement, of which were *The Cottage Girl with Dog and Pitcher*, and the celebrated *Mrs. Siddons* at the National Gallery. It was during several efforts to get the features of this great portrait to his liking that he made the famous witty remark of impatience: "Damn your nose, madame, there's no end to it!"

Spending his summers at Richmond, he gave himself with joy to landscape. Here he painted many of his "rustic scenes," *The Mushroom Girl* and the like; and here it was, beloved by the folk of the district, that he found the handsome wild

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lad, Jack Hill, whom he took from his parents to bring up and provide for; but Jack Hill hated the town and ran away, was taken back, ran away again. The lad is to be seen in many of Gainsborough's works of this time.

The finely wrought *The Mall, St. James's*, was of 1786; its airy sense of the movement of women and flutter of fans is close akin to the art of Watteau. To 1787 belonged *The Woodman in a Storm*, destroyed by fire in 1788.

A strange story is told of Gainsborough about 1787. At dinner with Sir George Beaumont and Sheridan, he sat silent and in gloom; after a while, taking Sheridan by the hand and leading him from the room, he said: "Now, don't laugh, but listen: I have less time to live than my looks infer; but for this I care not. What oppresses my mind is this: I have many acquaintances and few friends, and as I wish to have one worthy man to accompany me to the grave, I am desirous of bespeaking you. Will you come? Ay or no?" Sheridan laughed as he promised to do so, whereupon Gainsborough's face cleared of all care, and during the rest of the evening he was the most gay and witty and humorous of the party. But the breath of death had been *felt by him.* Reynolds and Gainsborough were both present at the opening of the trial of Reynolds's friend Warren Hastings in Westminster Hall in 1788. Seated near an open window, Gainsborough suddenly felt the touch of an icy hand upon his neck; and on his reaching his home he complained of pain to his wife and niece. On looking at his neck they saw a mark of "about the size of a shilling." The doctor, John Hunter, put it down to a chill; but the swelling so increased that Hunter had to admit it to be malignant. "If this is cancer, I am a dead man," said Gainsborough; and straightway and calmly set his affairs in order for the end. By the middle of summer the disease had made rapid advance; and surveying his career as he lay dying, he decided that he had not acted generously towards his great rival. He wrote to Sir Joshua begging him to come to him and bid good-bye. It is pleasant to read of

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"MRS SIDDONS"

(National Gallery)

The famous actress is seen in her twenty-ninth year.

Painted in oil on canvas. 4 ft. 1½ in. h. × 3 ft. 3 in. w. (1·256 × 0·99).

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the reconciliation of the two men; all past envies and humiliations and misunderstandings blotted out. By Gainsborough the sense of the coming end to his art was far more keenly felt than the ending of his life; but as Reynolds rose to leave him, Gainsborough added smiling: "We are all going to heaven, and Van Dyck is of the company."

Reynolds delivered his great and sane estimate of the other in his *Discourse* of the year, the fourteenth, summing up his merits and his weaknesses with rare skill and balance and justice, wherein he tells how, as Gainsborough lay dying, he wrote to Reynolds "to express his acknowledgments for the good opinion I entertained of his abilities, and the manner in which, he had been informed, I always spoke of him; and desired he might see me once more before he died."

Gainsborough died on the 2nd of August 1788, a few days after Sir Joshua left him. Reynolds was one of the pall-bearers as they bore the dead man to the churchyard at Kew, and Sheridan followed his dead friend's body to the grave, where Gainsborough's wife was laid ten years afterwards, and where his nephew, DUPONT GAINSBOROUGH (1767-1797), was to be laid the year before her—he who finished the dead man's unfinished portraits, and to whom it is certain that several portraits given to Gainsborough are due.

Gainsborough painted fewer children than Reynolds; but with what exquisite skill he rendered the subtle charm of girlhood may be seen in his masterpiece of *Miss Haverfield* at the Wallace, and in the wondrous spirituality with which he caught the fascination of the little ones in *The Baillie Family*.

Gainsborough from lack of the Italian journey uttered a more purely native song. Steeped as he was in admiration of Van Dyck, he owed even more of his training to the love of Nature as voiced by the Flemish landscape-painters; and in his portraiture his debt to the genius of France was as heavy almost as to Van Dyck.

Generous, quick to anger, as eager to make it up again, spendthrift, careless, pouring out money to his poor relations, with a ready hand in his pocket at every tale of distress, he stands out a lovable man. His love of music was an obsession; when he heard a finely rendered work, he would pour out money to buy the instrument, which he never mastered. He would give away a masterpiece for a good song.

Of the many whimsical stories told of his extravagant and dogged insistence in buying the musical instrument from a player on hearing it well played, one of the drollest is that of his affair with Bach. The two men had much in common—dry humour, affectionate disposition, a free tongue, and the genial readiness to take chaff as well as to sow it. Bach, who would ironically pretend to be overwhelmed with Gainsborough's musical genius, to Gainsborough's huge amusement, one day found him rending the air, his cheeks blown out, with bloodcurdling efforts upon the bassoon. "Pote it avay, man," cried the suffering Bach, "pote it avay; do you want to burst yourself? De defil! . . . Py all the powers above, as I hope to be saved, it is just for all the vorld as the veritable praying of a jackass." "Damn it!" said Gainsborough—"why, you have no ear—no more than an adder!"

It is curious that portraiture fretted him; and his impatient temper easily put him off a sitter, as when the noble lord demanded that he should "not overlook the dimple in my chin," Gainsborough, flinging down palette and brushes, retorted, "I shall neither paint the one nor the other," and would not.

He saw his pictures, which he painted to be seen "breast-high," stuck up out of reach of the eye in the stupid fashion of then and now. Painting landscape in an age when landscape would have meant starvation, he gave to his beloved art his spare time, and would do so without thought of the public taste. He came thereby to rare achievement. "People won't buy 'em, you know," he said to Lord Lansdowne. "I'm a landscape-painter, and yet they will come to me for portraits. Look at that

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"MISS HAVERFIELD"

(WALLACE COLLECTION)

damned arm! I've been at it all the morning, and I can't get it right."

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Beginning by minute observations in landscape, he gradually grew to utter the general impression swiftly, with broad, deft balance, until, as at a wizard stroke, he caught the mood of a still evening or the like, and wrought it in romantic fashion upon the canvas. His sense of colour was exquisite. He was the first English painter to discover England. His judgment in placing figures in landscape was astoundingly right. To portraiture he brought an exquisite subtlety difficult to define, as his touch is difficult to describe. He paints at times with the paint as though he drew in colour; and that he secured thereby the marvellous range of pearly greys, tender lilacs, and wondrous bloom is a marvel. He was the painter of feminine loveliness, but for all the loveliness he states the character of the sitter first of all. His superb *Lady Mendip* in the Normanton Collection is a masterpiece of character, as are his *Mrs. Graham* in the Scottish National Gallery—that masterpiece that was walled up by her bereaved husband at her death, and not found again for many years—the exquisite child-portrait of *Miss Haverfield* at the Wallace, the great National Gallery *Dr. Ralph Schomberg*; the fine *Anne Duncombe*; the famous *Mrs. Sheridan and her sister Mrs. Tickell* at Dulwich; the airy grace of the *Mrs. Mears*, the *Mrs. Lowndes-Stone*, the *Lady Sheffield*, the Wallace *Perdita* with her dog; the naughty beauty *Grace Dalrymple* (Lady Elliott); the wizardry of the *Mrs. Mulgrave*; the benign *Queen Charlotte*. He loved Van Dyck, and some of his chief successes with boys' portraits were when he set them in Van Dyck dress, as in the fine *Duke of Hamilton* and *Lord Archibald Hamilton*, and the *Hon. Edward Bouverie*. He was as happy with a group as with a single figure or bust—as we see in the famous *The Morning Walk* of Squire William Hallett and his wife; the National Gallery *Baillie Family*; and the young *Earl of Romney and his Sisters* known as *The Marsham Family*.

His art was personal; it grew out of his own intention. It is strange that, when painted, his portraits looked coarsely

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handled, "rough enough to serve as an inn-sign." Moody and impressionable, his art depended greatly on his interest in his sitter. His method was to set his canvas and himself at right angles to his sitter; then he would stand as far from his canvas as he was from his sitter, and would so paint it, standing still, even if he had to use sticks six feet long on which to tie his brushes. He worked with great rapidity. The music that he so greatly loved, he wrought by the alchemy of his genius into terms of colour; and in his employment of it he is without rival in his own realm. He painted his portraits throughout, treating the draperies as an essential part of the harmony; it was only in the tedious portraits that he employed Gainsborough Dupont. He infused his own vitality into all he did—his figures pulse, breathe with life.

With scant care for the literary and philosophic discussions of the age, he boasted that his sole reading had been in the Book of Nature. He was a pure impressionist in painting; he saw the pictured thing in mass, colour, and tone—not in line. And he caught by his exquisite handling the allure, the femininity of women in their portraits with a genius that has never been surpassed.

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GAINSBOROUGH
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"THE HON. MRS GRAHAM"

(National Gallery of Scotland)

The Hon. Mary Graham (second daughter of Charles, ninth Lord Cathcart). Her husband afterwards became Lord Lynedoch. Painted in 1775-1776.

CHAPTER XX

WHEREIN GENIUS LEARNS THE ART OF SHOOTING THE MOON TO BE A PART OF APPRENTICESHIP; GETS TO HORSE, AND SALLIES FORTH TO SEEK ITS DESTINY

ROMNEY

1734 – 1802

WHEREIN GENIUS LEARNS THE ART OF SHOOTING THE MOON TO BE A PART OF APPRENTICESHIP; GETS TO HORSE, AND SALLIES FORTH TO SEEK ITS DESTINY

ONE evening of the year 1753 that Joshua Reynolds, at thirty, settled in London, there sat two men chatting in friendly fashion, far away north—a cabinetmaker of Lancaster, one Wright by name, and a carpenter and small farmer, with a passable gift for small architecture, who hailed from Dalton-in-Furness, of the name of Rumney. Cabinetmaker Wright told Rumney that his nineteen-year-old 'prentice, George Rumney, was for ever making sketches of his fellow-workmen, and was likely to become a better painter than cabinetmaker, and urged the father to apprentice the young fellow to an artist. It was all said in good part, for John Rumney was well liked by the neighbours.

Old John Rumney came of gypsy blood of the Border, and was of yeoman stock; and his wife, Anne Simpson, of the Cumberland yeoman folk. The young man George, under discussion, was the second child of eleven; born in the December of 1734, he had ended his schooling at ten years, and from ten to the edge of manhood had worked in his kindly old father's workshop, winning the friendship of a music-loving watchmaker of the little town, one Williams, who had taught him the fiddle, and perhaps some loose ideas of marriage—for the man was a bit of a scamp, had left his wife, and was living with a woman in Dalton; however, he encouraged the youth in his drawing, as also, it would seem, did the farmer-carpenter father, since he gave his son Leonardo da Vinci's *Treatise on Painting*

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(over which the young fellow pored, and the engravings of which he copied), as well as a volume that held instructions on oil-painting, entitled *Art's Masterpieces.*

Now, there was living at Kendal—"living" as far as he was able to live anywhere, for he was a spendthrift rogue, ever flitting from place to place, hunted by creditors—a wandering portrait-painter, one CHRISTOPHER STEELE, who had learnt his art from Carle van Loo in Paris, and thereafter theatrically affected the part of a would-be fop, whence the folk of Lancashire and Cumberland nicknamed him "the Count." To this amusing rogue, two years after Reynolds came to settle in London town, old Rumney, in far-away Lancashire, apprenticed his son George Rumney; and thus started upon his art's career, at the age of twenty-one, the shy, handsome young fellow, who was afterwards to change his name to Romney, and reach to world-wide fame. The lad whose first act of apprenticeship was to paint a hand holding a letter for the post-office window at Kendal, was to reach to heights little dreamt of by his dandified master.

It was whilst 'prentice to this amusing rogue, Steele, that George Rumney fell ill, and, in being nursed back to life by his landlady's daughter, came to love the girl—the "Count" being away at Gretna Green marrying a young lady-pupil with whom he had made a "romantic" bolt, the lady having a dowry. The gallant Steele, shy of returning to Kendal, summoned his 'prentice to York; and George Rumney, not liking to leave the girl with his pledge unfulfilled, forthwith married Mary Abbot on the 14th of October 1756; and the ambitious young fellow of lean purse, bidding farewell to his bride, departed for York. But soon thereafter the "Count" made another of his sudden flights, leaving George Rumney to finish his portraits for him, to settle with his angry creditors, and to collect his payments before following him to Lancaster. The young fellow, now about weary of the humiliating business, and himself a creditor of the "Count" to the tune of some ten pounds out of his and his young wife's meagre earnings—for the girl

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used to send her absent young genius a rare guinea in the wax of the seal of her letters—persuaded the gorgeous Steele to release him from his apprenticeship on condition of his cancelling his debt, after his year of thrilling service under him. To Kendal George Rumney then went in 1757, and set up a studio; and to the eternal credit of the folk of quality in the county round about, the Stricklands of Sizergh in particular, who allowed him to copy the family portraits by Lely and Rigaud, he was soon earning his bread by painting portraits of the local "quality." But his path was not all strewn with roses, he now and again struck up against such folk as the mean-spirited Dr. Bateman, the schoolmaster of Sedbergh, who made as much fuss about paying two guineas for his portrait as though he flung away a fortune, but who is chiefly remembered to-day for his ill-conditioned treatment of the young fellow, and his abusive letter in which he speaks of his "tergiversating behaviour." There, during these five years at Kendal, were born to the young artist a son and daughter. To him came in 1759 his brother Peter, a lad of high promise, and for three years was taught painting by him—that poor Peter who was to take to drink, and become such a curse to warm-hearted George Rumney.

The gossip of Reynolds's great doings was wafted even to far Kendal in the north; and as Reynolds took his fine house in Leicester Fields, the young George Rumney had been turning longing eyes to London. Gathering together some twenty little canvases of "subjects," some his own, some painted after engravings, he offered these in a lottery of half-guinea tickets. With the proceeds of their sale, and with what little savings he and his young wife had scraped together—about a hundred pounds in all—not daring to take his wife and children to share in his venture, but leaving them amongst friends with a half of his little fortune, the young fellow of twenty-eight, carrying fifty pounds with him, mounted a horse on a day in March 1762, the fourteenth, and, in company with two fellow-travellers, rode out of Kendal, setting his face southwards

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towards London town. During a day's halt at Manchester, the young fellow happened upon the egregious Steele, who rode with the party to Stockport—it was the last time that Rumney was to see him. Steele vanished a little later over seas to the West Indies, decamping with wonted suddenness from his creditors. At the end of eight days' journeying, George Rumney came ambling on horseback over the cobbles of London's streets, and took lodgings at the Castle Inn, where he now spelt his name Romney, and thence, after a fortnight, welcomed and aided by his old schoolfellow Greene, an attorney in Gray's Inn, he found lodgings wherein to practise his art —Daniel Braithwaite of Kendal, in the Post Office, introducing sitters, and other old friends proving generous and true. Flitting thence to lodgings in Dove Court, he started a large "historical painting"; and flitting again in the August to other lodgings in Bearbinder's Lane, he painted a *Death of General Wolfe*, which being sent to the trials for prizes of the Society of Arts in the following year of 1763, won the young artist a consolation prize of twenty-five guineas.

Anxious to see the art of the great masters of the past, Romney and his friend Greene were in Paris in the September of 1764, glorying for six weeks in the art-treasures of the city, the collection by Rubens at the Luxembourg, it is said, being his chief delight. He came back to London to take lodgings in Gray's Inn by his friend Greene; and a considerable vogue for his portraits followed amongst the legal brotherhood.

But it is significant of Romney's lack of position in the art-world at the end of the seventeen-sixties that, though in London, his name was not of sufficient importance in 1768 even to have been considered for the list of the foundation members of the Royal Academy, that holds so many of the mediocrities who stepped side by side with Reynolds and Gainsborough and Wilson into the seats of "Immortality."

In 1767, Romney had been in London five years. He had, strangely enough, given no hint that he was married, and was looked upon by all who knew him as a bachelor. Yet in this

year, being thirty-three, he travelled north to his father's home, whither, on the death of his little girl, his wife had gone to live a year after George Romney had ridden out of the dales towards London. He brought back with him to his new lodgings in that same Great Newport Street, where Reynolds had lived, his gifted brother Peter; but a few months' sufferance of the idle drunken habits of this younger brother made it clear to Romney that good would come neither to his brother nor to his own career by keeping him, so back he packed the young man to the north—that Peter who was to be until his early death so constant a drain upon Romney's resources. To 1767 belongs his fine National Portrait Gallery *Richard Cumberland*, a sound and good friend to him.

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Stories are told of Reynolds's spites against Romney at this time; as a matter of fact Romney had as yet made no great mark, and his name to Reynolds could have meant little, far less rivalry. It was in 1767, when he met the poet Cumberland, that he first began, thanks to Cumberland, to make a noise in the London world, and to get public recognition. He rapidly emerged. To 1769 belongs his famous *Warren Family*. And both he and Gainsborough were soon to be assailing Reynolds's supreme position in the British achievement.

Romney, with that ill-judgment that dogged the handsome shy fellow his life long, sent his pictures to second-rate exhibitions. The year 1772 saw him display his work in public for the last time. Yet his vogue during these early seventies enormously increased. He was making a hundred pounds a month.

It may be said that however much he is to be excused for leaving his loyal wife in the North in his earlier days, he at least is blameworthy in not sending for her now. And, indeed, it had been well for him had he done so, in many ways; but this is to judge exceptional men by ordinary men. Of the strange, brooding, secretive soul that lurked in Romney's handsome outer man, what boots it to inquire? Genius is, in much, just exactly that which differs from the ordinary—the

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man of genius sacrifices everything to the pursuit of his aim, often himself most of all, his happiness, his ease. It is a part of the tragedy of genius. The very Christ demanded the sacrifice—in religion. Art demands it often enough, as all creative work only too often demands it. Romney's eyes were fixed already on a visit to Rome; he saw himself becoming the peer of Sir Joshua Reynolds—and he had no lack of injudicious friends who were constantly nudging his elbow to the fact. He determined to come to the trial of strength with Reynolds's advantages of communion with the great dead, armed with Reynolds's weapons. And 'tis likely enough he foresaw that his wife's provincial ways, for all her goodness and for all his fondness for her, would be a bar to his struggle for supremacy with the bachelor in Leicester Fields. So Shakespeare had done before him. He realised that his own shyness was heavy enough weight against him already. And by the time he had welded the weapon for the fight, and it was in his hand, another factor came into his life that was not only to overwhelm Romney, but was to conquer completely the soul and body of England's greatest Admiral. However, though on the edge of forty, with the lifelong aim of supreme achievement in his art rather than mere worldly success, that was his guiding star, to which he sacrificed all else, himself included, and though he was already beginning to divide the town with Reynolds—to Rome by way of France, he went with Ozias Humphrey the miniaturist in 1773 for two years, to become a student of art again.

But the lull in the rivalry was not to be so complete for Reynolds as it might have been; during Romney's absence there came up to London one who was to rival both men in the struggle for the bays. Gainsborough his name.

From Rome Romney went to Florence and to Venice to fall under the spell of Titian.

Within a twelvemonth of Gainsborough's coming to town, there arrived in London in the July of 1775 that other, the third genius of this age in art, fresh from Italy—he who had

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gone to school again at forty, in the midst of a great and successful career, and, leaving Rome in the January of 1775, after close upon a couple of years of hard self-discipline, and with a hand increasingly skilled to utter his will by incessant practice, and a mind enthralled by Titian and the men of the great years of Venice. George Romney was now to win to fame. It gives some idea of the rude state of travelling at the time, to read that Romney travelled to Paris with a fiery fencing-master and his pretty wife, and had to share the same bedroom with them, the pretty lady's lord, being an early riser, leaving the two to dress together.

Romney stepped into his old quarters at Gray's Inn greatly fortified, as well as forty, with trained gifts for the achievement of his artistic career—keen and eager to try his strength. He had gone to Italy with introductions from the great; he returned the friend of many more that were great and powerful. He arrived in London at the end of his wanderings with scarce a penny in his pocket—indeed, what little he had was borrowed money. He had now to draw out from the bank the whole of his savings therein deposited before leaving England, in order to clear his ne'er-do-weel brother Peter from a debtor's prison. He began his new career with debt upon him for this brother's sake all in vain—Peter drank himself out of the world two years later in his thirty-fourth year.

So Romney, his connection in town two years dead, in debt, and past forty, saw that he must either go and bury himself in the country or take a big house in town, for his success depended on the whims of the folk of fashion, little concerned with a man's powers, wholly influenced by the figure he cuts. He boldly took the large house and studio in Cavendish Square left empty by the death of Cotes. To No. 32 Cavendish Square then, at the Christmas of 1775, he went; and sitting for weeks of a dreary London winter before his empty easel, he gazed at the prospect of arrest and ruin with sad eyes upon the two hundred pounds squandered upon his brother Peter, of whom the only news from the North was of his eternal drink-

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ing, when—one fine day the Duke of Richmond walked in and sat to him. Nay more, this noble-hearted man took the measure of this artist and straightway ordered the portraits of several of his friends. Thenceforth sitters poured into the painting-room of "the man in Cavendish Square." His industry was prodigious—he painted a hundred portraits in the year, and, unlike Reynolds, he allowed no pupil to touch an inch of his canvases. His love of the movement of the dance he revealed in his famous *Gower Children.*

From this time the town was divided between the two camps of the "Reynolds faction" and the "Romney faction"—yet, strange to say, Romney had, and showed, little of that sensitive jealousy towards Reynolds that Gainsborough took no pains to hide, as Romney bluntly showed when a flatterer, thinking to please him, disparaged the art of Reynolds. "No, no," cried Romney—"he is the greatest painter that ever lived; for I see in his pictures an exquisite charm which I see in Nature, but in no other pictures."

Unfortunately Romney's peculiar infirmity of mind—a constant dread of enemies, and an over-cautious and secretive temper, combined with the fear of the constant interruption and distraction of social life upon his working time, to which he had sacrificed wife and child—was little likely to shrink from sacrificing the benefits of social intercourse.

It was in 1776, after this Christmastide when Romney entered into possession of his great house in Cavendish Square, that the well-meaning but blundering and conceited busy-body, the ill-advising poetaster Hayley, came into Romney's friendship, and began that domination over the artist's mind that was in so many ways mischievous to his sensitive soul and disastrous to his career. Hayley it was who put into Romney's head the idea of the jealousy of Reynolds, and turned aside Romney's intention to send to the Royal Academy. Romney needed small encouragement of that suspicion which was the curse and bane of his life. It was a sad day for Romney's career and mind that he allowed Hayley to take the sane Cumberland's

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place in his close friendship. In the winter of this year Romney's son, John, came to town to see his father, to find him, after a long day's toil, the light gone, at work upon a "fancy subject"—one of those many fancy subjects upon which the egregious prig Hayley was for ever urging the man's genius to waste itself, rather than to create masterpieces in portraiture.

Painting thirteen hours a day, and, like Reynolds, a heavy Sunday worker, Romney rarely went out when the light failed, working instead upon schemes for fancy subjects that were never finished. Painting with great rapidity, with direct touch and full brush, he disdained all glazes and retouchings.

Why Romney's wife did not now join him in town we shall perhaps never know. Whether the country-bred woman shrank from the position, or whether by Romney's ruling, no man can tell—and we have no right to judge. Even now, badly treated as he had been by his brother Peter, and well-nigh ruined by him, he again drew his all from the bank—some six hundred pounds—to send his brother John to India and set him up in that honourable career which ended in the rank of Colonel. To friends and struggling students his purse was ever open.

The rivalry of Reynolds and Romney was now the talk of the town. Neither man lacked the services of tittle-tattlers to put them foul of each other—yet neither had personal cause for it. The egregious Hayley published his unsigned *Epistle on Painting*, which was at once put upon Cumberland; being addressed to Romney, it openly slighted the President of the Royal Academy. It brought Romney greatly to the front. Lord Chancellor Thurlow thundered out his "All the town is divided between two factions—the Reynolds and the Romney, and I am of the Romney." And Thurlow was an aggressive man, given to shouting down opposition.

The habits of the two men were antagonistic—Reynolds the man of the world; Romney, shy, suspicious, retiring, dreamy, of strained nerves. Romney rushed at his portraits until the finishing touch on skirt or the like needed his hand's last embellishment, then he dawdled, until, as Cumberland

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neatly puts it, "so many favourite ladies were dismissed, so many fond wives divorced, before he would bestow half-an-hour's pains upon their petticoats, that his unsaleable stock was immense."

However, Romney was soon in far greater demand for portraits than was Reynolds. Northcote leaves us in no doubt: "Sir Joshua was not much employed in portraits after Romney grew into fashion." Reynolds felt the rivalry and showed the wound by that act that drew censure upon him in his painting of *Thaïs*. Emilie Bertie, one of the frail sisterhood who sat to Reynolds, was under the protection of Mr. Pott. She paid Reynolds seventy-five guineas in advance for her portrait, but owing to money difficulties could not pay for its completion. She went later to Romney, who painted her. Reynolds, galled by this act, finished her as the courtesan Thaïs setting fire to Persepolis, the temple of Chastity. The spite did Reynolds little good when he showed it at the Academy of 1781.

And now was to come a mighty source of inspiration to Romney. It was in 1782 that there stepped into his painting-room and into his life the beautiful strange being who was to have so profound an effect upon his art and his career, to raise his art to its highest achievement, and to set his heart afire. This girl of nineteen, Amy Lyon, a maidservant from Cheshire, passing as Emma Hart, had come early in this year of grace, 1782, under the protection of the Honourable Charles Greville, brother of the second Earl of Warwick of that name, who had set up a house for her in the Edgware Road, with her mother as cook and housekeeper under the pen-name of Mrs. Cadogan. Greville, desiring a portrait of the beautiful girl, brought his mistress to be painted by Romney. Here was the ideal beauty of which the brooding man had all his life been dreaming. He painted her time and time again—loving her each time the more. The jealous Greville seems to have had no suspicion. He had wide social and parliamenatry duties and calls upon his time. Emma spent these times at Cavendish Square. To this lonely man of eight-and-forty she came as a

vision and a revelation. For three years he was in a seventh heaven. You may look upon him as he was in these years when he was pouring forth masterpieces of his divinity—in that superb self-portrait, unfinished, that hangs in the National Portrait Gallery. Of her he wrought that full-face bust known as *Lady Hamilton in Early Life*, which is one of the supreme portraits of a beautiful woman.

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Daughter of a blacksmith, Amy Lyon, born of Cheshire peasants about 1763, had become nursery-maid to Mr. Thomas of Hawarden, thence going as such to Dr. Budd of Blackfriars in London, thence, drifting to a shop in St. James's Market, she caught the eye of a lady of fashion to whom she became companion; but whilst with her, hearing that an old playmate had been pressed for the American War, she went to Captain Payne of the Royal Navy, who let off the youth at the price of her honour, but when she became a mother Payne had gone to sea; thence the girl passed into the keeping of Sir Henry Featherstonehaugh, the girl living amongst the wildest riot at Up Hall, his family seat, until in a fit of jealousy he sent the girl packing in the December of 1781, as she was again about to become a mother. Leaving her home penniless, she became the mother of a child that did not live. She seems to have drifted into the employ of the quack at Schomberg House, whence she was taken by the Honourable Charles Greville, whose amour with her had caused her dismissal by Featherstonehaugh. He took her under his protection early in 1782.

So Romney painted her as *Joan of Arc*, as *St. Cecilia*, as *Cassandra*, as *Iphigenia*, as *Magdalene*, as a *Bacchante*, as *Sensibility*, as *Calypso*, as a *Spinning-Girl*; she filled his dramatic vision, and he gave her forth in heads, in half-lengths, in full-lengths.

To these busy years, from 1776 to 1787, belong the fine *Duchess of Gordon and her son the Marquis of Huntly*, the *Perdita* Robinson, the *Countess of Warwick*, the *Lady Elizabeth Compton*, the *Gibbon*, the *William Pitt*, the *Viscountess Clifden and Lady Elizabeth Spencer* (1786), and other celebrities, with the *Mrs.*

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Jordan as the "Country-Girl," and the *Mrs. Billington.* He was now making £3000 a year.

The year that *The Age of Innocence* was born in Reynolds's painting-room was a cruel one for the "man in Cavendish Square." For three years his ideal, the beautiful Emma Hart, had sat incessantly to Romney. But on £500 a year Greville was finding a mistress an added burden to his scant credit, and he decided to part with his Emma in the vile and cynical traffic whereby he handed the girl over to his uncle, Sir William Hamilton, English Ambassador at Naples, then at home on leave. In the March of 1786 Emma Hart passed out of Romney's ken, going to Naples with her mother, fretting at leaving Greville, who sent her on the pretext of getting her lessons in singing. By November she was the English Ambassador's acknowledged mistress; five years later he married her.

Emma Hart's departure increased Romney's distaste for portraiture, and he spent and wasted more than ever of his fine genius upon "fancy subjects," brooding upon her beauty.

In the November of 1787 (?), at the dinner-table of Boydell's nephew at Hampstead, Romney being present, was planned the "Shakespeare Gallery," to be painted by the great artists of the day and engraved by the great engravers for a sumptuous volume. Romney unfortunately wasted enormous time and labour on his two designs, *The Tempest* and *The Infant Shakespeare attended by the Passions.* To 1788 belong the *Duke of Cumberland*, the *John Wesley*; to 1789 the two portraits of *Mrs. Fitzherbert.*

Romney went for a visit to Paris the year before Reynolds died; he came back to London to waste his strength on the "Boydell Shakespeares." These "fancy subjects" tore his body and soul and will and brain into pieces. He came back with a mind distressed—restless—a slave to depression. Truly did the seeing Lord Chancellor Thurlow say of Romney's descent into "fancy subjects": "By God! he'll make a balder-

XIII

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"MRS ROBINSON—'PERDITA'"

(WALLACE COLLECTION)

dash business of it." A good friend to Romney, Thurlow tried hard to dissuade him from them, in vain.

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The summer brought respite. One fine morning a beautiful vision lit his painting-room—the radiant Emma, with news that she was about to become my Lady Hamilton; she flung her arms round her beloved artist's neck and kissed him in the presence of her lord, standing by. Life came back to Romney. All the earth was gladness once more. He was soon painting her as *Bacchante*. He is torn with the dread that she was cold to him at parting awhile. Suddenly she appears again—the old Emma, joyous, laughing, talking, radiant, divine. Romney is at once himself again. "Thou more than father" indeed!

Emma, the pet of society, honoured by royalty, a welcome guest to the houses of the nobility, was married on the 6th of September, and left with her lord for Naples. Welcomed by the queen at Naples, and idolised by the court, she yet found time to write to Romney affectionately and in appalling grammar and worse spelling—*h*'s dropped, plurals agreeing with the nominatives singular. But the light had gone out—Romney fell into despair again, and restlessness grew upon him. He began to form fantastic plans. His health broke down. He vexed himself with schemes for "fancy pictures." The "Boydell Shakespeare" was his ruin. The twilight was deepening. The great studio in Cavendish Square was stocked and littered with unfinished convases. He suddenly took a dislike to the place. He began to build a great gallery to his Kilburn studio, Pine Apple Place—ordered copies of the great classical statues from young Flaxman in Rome whom he had befriended and started on his sculptor's career. To 1792 belongs the famous *Pamela*.

Romney, be it remembered, was now at the head of his profession, without rival—it bored him. London, for which he had hungered but thirty years ago, was now hideous; success was barren; riches an emptiness. He could settle nowhere.

In 1795, during a gleam of his old wizardry, he painted the

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Earl of Westmoreland and *Lord Egremont's Family*. In 1796 his intellect was shadowed by the coming madness; he broke his engagements with sitters, brooding the livelong day upon his "palace of art." His son just prevented him from signing a deed to purchase four acres of land in the Edgware Road for the building of the palace; he was tactfully persuaded to buy instead a house at Hampstead. In the midst of wild buildings and schemings and extravagance thereat, encouraged by the egregious Hayley, he suddenly left and went north to his home with his son; returned again, his mind more unhinged. He sold his house in Cavendish Square to Shee, afterwards President of the Academy. His pictures and casts were taken to his gallery and flung about the place, many of the canvases being ruined by being left in the rain. In the last year of the seventeen-hundreds a voice called within him. Alone, without a word to a living soul, Romney crept out of that fantastic home that he had built upon Hampstead Hill and made his way north to Kendal, to the grey-headed wife who had waited for him all these thirty-seven years since the young fellow took horse for London town—she who had helped him with carefully hoarded guineas sent to him in the sealing-wax upon his letters, the once pretty Mary. She took him in and comforted his wild wits, and brought peace to him in his darkness. She who had withdrawn herself from his ambitions, and knew no year of the brightness of his great triumphs, now watched over the clouded evening of his days.

Romney died, hopelessly insane, on the 15th of November 1802, and was buried in the God's-acre of that Dalton-in-Furness that had bred him. He died a miserable, broken man, who had achieved his ambition to be great. He had sacrificed all else to that; and he ate of the bitter fruit of ambition that is centred in Self. Success was but the ashes of Dead Sea apples in his mouth. Happiness goes to them that give themselves to their fellows; not to them that take. Romney came to a London where on every hand were splendid friendships for the asking; he lived alone; could find in her splendours but a

desert, suspicious of every friendly advance, unable to see in honest criticism aught but an enmity—the tool and victim by consequence of any flattering tongue. But he shares with Reynolds and Gainsborough the honour of painting his age with sincerity and consummate skill.

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Detesting the stays and artificial aids to the form of woman, he would paint the figure from a model without these aids. Romney's aim was ever towards simplicity, and to bring out the natural figure. His craft in painting was to paint direct, at first stroke of the brush, broadly, and without glazes or melting the brush-strokes. His forceful art was native and national and original. The man who could paint the *Miss Vernon as "Hebe,"* the *Mrs. Lee Acton*, the two sisters *Miss Ramus* and *Miss Benedetta Ramus*, the National Gallery *Lady and Child*, the *Mrs. Raikes* at the harpsichord, the National Gallery *Parson's Daughter*, and the world-famous *Mrs. Mark Currie* who sat for the *Parson's Daughter*, stands out for all time as one of the masters of his age.

CHAPTER XXI

OF SOME LESSER PAINTERS OF THE PORTRAIT IN THE DAYS OF REYNOLDS AND GAINSBOROUGH AND ROMNEY

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REYNOLDS was in the habit of employing poor, needy PETER TOMS, a foundation R.A., to paint his draperies and hands. Toms was a good painter, but knew the life tragic. Galled by second-hand art (he worked for Gainsborough and Cotes besides) at a pitiful wage, he went to Ireland in the suite of the Duke of Northumberland, but finding no sitters, dragged back to London, and drowned his ambition in drink, taking his own life in 1776.

FRANCIS COTES

1725-28 – 1770

FRANCIS COTES, R.A., was a pastellist and portrait-painter of fine gifts. Old country houses could yield many a masterpiece of his exquisite skill. The National Gallery has his *Mrs. Brocas.* Cotes in his charm, and in his employment of the gamut of silvery greys, foretells the coming of Gainsborough, with whose art his is in many ways akin ; most, perhaps, in its French note. Cotes was pupil to Knapton, who had been taught to see with English eyes by Richardson, and soon bettered his instruction. Hogarth vowed him a far better painter than Reynolds. His colour sense is very exquisite. He caught, too, the charm of women, and stated their breeding with consummate gifts.

PETER VANDYKE, born in 1729 at Antwerp, was called to England by Reynolds to paint draperies ; but afterwards went to Bristol where he settled as a painter of portraits, of which the National Portrait Gallery holds his *Southey* and *Coleridge.*

XIV

ROMNEY
1734–1802

"MRS MARK CURRIE"

(National Gallery)

The likeness of Mrs Mark Currie to the "Parson's Daughter" is very striking.

Painted in oil on canvas. 4 ft. 11½ in. h. × 3 ft. 11½ in. w. (1·51 × 1·205).

Of the Scotsmen, GAVIN HAMILTON (1730-1797), affected classical painting, living chiefly at Rome, where he died, but was more famous as a picture-dealer. His best-known portraits are of the two Gunning beauties—the Duchess of Hamilton and Lady Coventry.

JOHN ASTLEY (1730?-1787), was fellow-pupil to Reynolds under Hudson. A conceited, reckless, amusing dog, he married a rich widow and lived in state at Schomberg House.

ROBERT EDGE PINE (1730-1788), son of Pine the engraver, painted historical subjects and portraits, of which portraits his actors and actresses are best known — the National Portrait Gallery has his *Garrick*. Going to Bath in 1772, he went thence to Philadelphia in 1783, and there died.

ZOFFANY
1733 – 1810

In JOHANN ZOFFANY, R.A., the town of Ratisbon, after an early training at Rome, sent to England, in 1758, one of the most thorough artists who ever made his career amongst us. His masterly head of *Gainsborough* reveals his remarkable powers of direct, forceful paint. He was a fine colourist. His "conversation groups" in the open are particularly fine, in colour, handling and arrangement; and the day will come when his repute will greatly increase. He won wide success as portrait-painter, which he richly deserved: and had a vogue amongst the theatrical folk for his excellent groups. He painted *George III*, *Queen Charlotte*, *John Wilkes and his Daughter*, the *Royal Academy in* 1778, and other celebrated folk. He went to India for seven years; returning with a considerable fortune about 1796, he continued to paint, retiring to Kew, where he died in 1810.

J. S. C. SCHAAK showed portraits from 1765 to 1769; and is known to have lived in Westminster. The National Portrait Gallery has his *General Wolfe* and *Charles Churchill*.

WRIGHT OF DERBY
1734 – 1797

JOSEPH WRIGHT, called WRIGHT OF DERBY, was born on the 3rd of September 1734 to an attorney, the town-clerk of Derby. In 1751, at seventeen, he came to London to be apprenticed to the portrait-painter Hudson, the master of Reynolds. Taking up historical painting, he was soon creating those "conversation pieces" that made his fame. Going back to Derby as a portrait-painter, he early displayed his liking for those paintings of groups of portraits seen by firelight or candlelight which are so typical of him. From 1765 to 1791 his contributions to the Society of Artists were amongst the most remarkable works there shown. He married in 1773; and he and his wife went to Italy with Downman. Coming back to England, he settled at Bath in 1775, hoping to get the sitters for portraiture on whom Gainsborough had turned his back the year before; but failing to do so, he moved to Derby in 1777 to a wide success. Made A.R.A. in 1781, he became R.A. in 1784, but a landscape-painter GARVEY being made R.A. before him, he declined the honour, and his name was struck from the roll of Associates as well; yet he showed portraits thereat from 1778 to 1794. He died at Derby on August 29, 1797. The National Gallery holds his *Experiment with the Air Pump*; and at the National Portrait Gallery are his portraits of *Arkwright* and *Erasmus Darwin*.

DOUGLAS HAMILTON
1734 – 1806

HUGH DOUGLAS HAMILTON, R.H.A., born at Dublin, early came to repute thereat for his portraiture. Moving to London he added to his vogue, but left for Rome in 1771, and there painted the English and Irish notabilities, a part of whose education was to make the grand tour. In or about 1791 he went back to Dublin, and his crayon portraits became a fashion until his death in 1806.

DANCE
1734 – 1811

Sir Nathaniel Dance, R.A., pupil to Hayman, and afterwards a foundation member of the Royal Academy, was a painter of the portrait, as his *Lord Clive* bears witness; but his marriage to a rich widow, Mrs. Dummer, with her £18,000 a year, drew him from painting to Parliament; he added Holland to his name, and became a baronet in 1800. He painted several landscapes in his day. Some of his portraits are given to Reynolds. Several are at the National Portrait Gallery.

Thomas Beach (1738-1806) was pupil to Reynolds. He showed at the Academy from 1785 to 1790, and in 1797. His best-known portraits are *Mrs. Siddons*, *John Kemble in "Macbeth,"* his *Tattershall*, and the National Portrait Gallery *Woodfall.*

F. Rigaud, R.A., who translated Leonardo's *Treatise on Painting*, made some good portraits, though he hankered after the grand style of subject picture.

Tilly Kettle (1740-1786) at times showed considerable gifts, so that his pictures often pass as being painted by Reynolds. Going to India in 1770, he there made a fortune, coming back to England in 1779; but failing to catch the vogue in London, he made for the East again, only to die at Aleppo. The National Portrait Gallery has his *Warren Hastings*; Greenwich his *Admiral Kempenfelt*, who went down in the "*Royal George*," and Oxford his *Blackstone.*

RUSSELL
1744–1806

John Russell, R.A., came to chief fame as pastellist, his portraits being the most sought after amongst the English painters in this medium. Many country-houses hold his fine works. Trained by Francis Cotes, he won to his master's repute. He became portrait-painter in ordinary to George III and the Prince of Wales. The National Portrait Gallery holds his *Dr. Dodd*, his *Sheridan*, and his *Wilberforce.*

Falconet (1741-1791) came from Paris to London about

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1766, and painted portraits for awhile, of which those of twelve famous artists are best known, and that of *Granger* of Grangerising or "extra-illustrating" fame.

WILLIAM LANE (1746-1819) came to wide vogue as a pastellist and draughtsman in crayons, his *Mrs. Siddons* being of 1785.

THE SCOTTISH PAINTERS OF THE PORTRAIT IN THE MIDDLE SEVENTEEN-HUNDREDS

Of Ramsay's pupils was DAVID MARTIN (1737-1798), who, trained in the London factory, came north to Edinburgh in 1775, won to the leading position there, and made more than one good portrait. He is best remembered in relation to Raeburn, who ousted him from his position about 1790. Martin married a lady of fortune, went back to London, but, on her death, returned to Edinburgh. Ramsay's most famous pupil, however, was

ALEXANDER NASMYTH (1758-1840), who was to come to fame in landscape; but he, too, did much fine work in portraiture, though we shall come to him again in landscape.

SIR GEORGE CHALMERS, Baronet, of Cults (17 ?-1791) was another pupil to Allan Ramsay; he went to Italy, and took to portraiture.

GEORGE WILLISON (1741-1797) was a graceful portrait-painter, who, trained in Italy, came to London for some ten years, thence went to India, and, returning therefrom with a fortune, he worked in Edinburgh.

There were two lady-artists who came to considerable repute in these days—CATHERINE READ (1723-1778), of good county stock, went to London and made many portraits and miniatures of the aristocracy there, including the royal family. She went to India in 1770, and died at sea, off Madras, in 1778, on her way home.

ANNE FORBES (1745-1834), also of good social rank, went to Rome for her training, to come back to a wide vogue in portraiture in Scotland in oil and coloured chalks.

CHAPTER XXII

WHEREIN TWO AMERICAN COLONISTS COME TO SPLENDOUR IN HISTORY, WHILST AN IRISHMAN SINKS IN MICHELANGELESE

THE HISTORICAL PAINTERS

BENJAMIN WEST
1738 – 1820

WHEREIN TWO AMERICAN COLONISTS COME TO SPLENDOUR IN HISTORY, WHILST AN IRISHMAN SINKS IN MICHELANGELESE

THERE had emigrated to Springfield in Pennsylvania in 1699, from Long Crandon in Buckinghamshire, the Quaker family of West, of whom a younger member went out in 1714, to whom was born in his colonial home in 1738 a boy, BENJAMIN WEST, destined to come to considerable fame as an artist, still more strangely destined to create the Royal Academy of England.

Being sent to school, he employed his playtime at home in drawing. Some Indians coming to Springfield became interested in the child's drawings of birds and flowers, taught him how to make red and yellow paints, and his mother added indigo to his boyish scheme. As the boy grew up, the neighbours became interested, and explained to him how to make a brush ; for lack of camels, the boy cut the hair off the family cat. Thereafter came a Quaker cousin, a Mr. Pennington, on a visit, who sent the delighted boy a box of oil-colours and brushes, with several engravings from Philadelphia ; it was the first time the lad had ever seen a picture of any kind, and he flung himself at the task of creation from that date. A visit to Philadelphia with the kindly Pennington revealed real paintings to him, and he read the works of Fresnoy and of Richardson on the art. The precocious lad, after working at portraiture in Philadelphia, went to New York, where he wrought many portraits.

In his twenty-second year he made for Italy in a vessel that was taking corn thereto, reaching Rome in the July of

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1760. It coming to the ear of Mr. Robinson, afterwards Lord Grantham, that a young American was at the hotel who was come to study art—and that he was also a Quaker, he sought out the young fellow, introduced him to the great ones, including Mengs, then at the height of his vogue.

Reaching London in 1763, refusing £700 a year from Lord Rockingham to paint historical pictures for his Yorkshire house, West went back to America, brought back his bride, and married her in 1765 at St. Martin's in the Fields.

Archbishop Drummond now became his keen patron, and introduced him to the king. For the archbishop he painted his *Agrippina landing with the Ashes of Germanicus*. Taking it to show it to the king and queen, the king suggested the *Departure of Regulus from Rome* as a subject, and ordered it for himself. Whilst at work upon the canvas he was repeatedly asked to Buckingham House of an evening; and became very intimate with the king, grew into his confidence, and came to discussing the best ways to encourage the fine arts. Now the king was patron of the Incorporated Artists, from which both West and Reynolds retired with the leading members owing to the bitter strife with the younger members. It so happened that when West was showing his *Departure of Regulus* to the king, he was asked what all the turmoil was concerning the Society; and West explained. The king forthwith vowed to support any society that could be formed to better the state of affairs. West hurried off to Chambers, Cotes, and Moser, who made themselves into a committee of four to draw up an Academy. The king showed keen approval, even drawing up some of the laws with his own hand, and demanding secrecy. It so happened that Kirby, the President of the Incorporated Artists, had, by virtue of his office, free access to the king. Whilst West was showing the finished painting of the *Departure of Regulus* to the king and queen, Kirby was announced. On Kirby's asking that it should be exhibited at "my exhibition," his lack of tact, and his aggressive attitude throughout the interview, galled the king, who promptly replied: "No—it

must go to my exhibition—to the Royal Academy." Kirby left the room stunned and bewildered—and the blow is said to have hastened his death. The following day the artists who had withdrawn from the Society met to appoint the officers of the Academy; Penny and Moser set up a panic that Reynolds, whom they desired to make their President, would not come, and West immediately sought him out, took him to the meeting, at which they only arrived as it was breaking up, and they elected Reynolds President. Reynolds asked that he might first consult his friend Johnson; accepted the honour; and on the 10th of December 1768 the Royal Academy was created by the king.

WHEREIN TWO AMERICAN COLONISTS COME TO SPLENDOUR IN HISTORY, WHILST AN IRISHMAN SINKS IN MICHELANGELESE

In these strange beginnings, by and through this strange personality, a Quaker from the far American colonies, was born the Royal Academy.

It was about this time that West painted his famous *Death of Wolfe*. The art of Benjamin West held dignity, if it lacked passion; and to-day we are too prone to forget that as Hogarth had set to the English achievement a true and sincere intention of painting the life of the age, so it was two colonial-born Britishers who essayed to express the mighty acts of a great age in the realm of history, rid of all alien clap-trap—Benjamin West and Singleton Copley. They both boldly set aside Reynolds's law-making as to the ludicrous and impossible use of modern dress; and it was largely due to Benjamin West that the blow was struck against the fatuous fashion, so highly praised by Reynolds, of putting heroes into classic togas and the like fantasticalities. Reynolds had strongly urged West to employ classic costumes in the *Death of Wolfe*, in view of "the public taste." West undertook that if Reynolds disapproved of his picture after he had seen it, he would shut it away. Reynolds came, seated himself before it, brooded upon it for half-an-hour, then arose and said: "Mr. West has conquered. He has treated his subject as it ought to be treated. I retract my objections against the introduction of any other circumstances into historical pictures than those which are requisite and

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appropriate ; and I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but occasion a revolution in art."

Reynolds died in 1792, and, an act of poetic justice, the man whose brain had created the Royal Academy was made President in his stead. His fine state-portrait of *Queen Charlotte*, with the royal family in the distance, caught the queenly simplicity of the woman, and was wrought with rare dignity. West is often spoken of as "Sir Benjamin West," but he was never knighted, having lost the honour in trying to get a baronetcy instead.

COPLEY

1737 – 1815

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY, R.A., was born in America at Boston in 1737, to an Irish father—or rather to an Englishman who, long living in Ireland, had gone thence to the American colonies with his Irish bride shortly before the birth of their son. In his Boston home the child revealed at seven or eight the artistic instinct by drawing military figures upon the bare walls of a room in the house on which he worked for long hours. So, the boy taught himself from Nature, until a nameless canvas of a *Boy and a Tame Squirrel*, being sent from Boston, was hung at the Royal Academy in 1760—it was Copley's portrait of his half-brother Henry Pelham. By 1767, at thirty, he was making £300 a year in his native place, but he despised portrait-painting, and was becoming restless to go to London, where his fellow-countryman, Benjamin West, was now in high favour at Court ; to whom he wrote, and West seems to have encouraged him, generously offering him lodgings, and even election to the Society of Arts, which was about to become the Royal Academy. It was only seven years later, however, in 1774, that he had the courage to make the venture, arriving in the August, on his way to Italy with the ill-conditioned and spiteful Carter for companion. At the end of 1775 Copley reached London, and settled at 25 George Street, Hanover Square. Benjamin West proved a good friend. Copley now made his mark with those

large subjects, of which was the *Death of Chatham*, for which he had fine gifts of dignified arrangement, if he, like West, lacked passion and thrill. His *Death of Major Peirson*, into which he brought his wife and his small son, who afterwards became Lord Lyndhurst, and the Buckingham Palace *The Three Youngest Princesses* are perhaps the next best known of his works. West introduced him to the Academicians; he was elected Associate in 1777, and R.A. in 1783.

WHEREIN TWO AMERICAN COLONISTS COME TO SPLENDOUR IN HISTORY, WHILST AN IRISHMAN SINKS IN MICHELANGELESE

The famous *Death of Chatham* was to bring more than one unpleasantness upon the fine nature of Copley, which would wound the sensitive and thoroughly gentlemanly character of the man. He was to feel the harsh intrigues of the Academy. He set a high price upon the work. As an American he would be deeply moved by the death of the great statesman who was so true a friend of the revolting colonies. He offended many Academicians by the high price of 1500 guineas that he asked for it. He decided to exhibit the work, and chose naturally the height of the season. He as naturally chose the time when the Academy display was to be seen, without realising that it would offend that body. Sir William Chambers wrote an insulting and tasteless letter, with references to "raree-shows," and the like, and sneered at the "sale of prints," or "raffle for the picture," and the rest of it. Copley treated the letter with silent contempt. He had the picture engraved by Bartolozzi, who got £2000 for the work, and the prints rapidly sold. George Washington remarked of it, that it was not only "highly valuable in itself," but "is rendered more estimable in my eye, when I remember that America gave birth to the celebrated artist who produced it."

FUSELI
1738–1825

Though Henry Fuseli was a Swiss—the son of an artist, John Gaspard Fuessli—he wrought his fantastic art chiefly in London, and he brought into England a style and an atmosphere and a vision that had wide influence, and not too good a one, on the years that followed.

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Even at school an enthusiastic lover of the classics, he also pored over the reproductions of works by Michelangelo and Raphael, stealing candles from the kitchen to copy the prints in his father's collection at night. At the Humanity College of Zürich to which he thence went, and where he had Lavater for close comrade, he steeped himself still deeper in literature and art, and became passionately enamoured of Shakespeare and Milton, translating *Macbeth* into German. Going to Vienna and then to Berlin with Lavater, the English Ambassador to Prussia, Sir Robert Smith, advised him to go to England; so, for London he made, Lavater giving him as parting gift his card to hang up at his bedhead, with "Do but the tenth part of what you can do, and fame and fortune will result," written upon it. So, at twenty-five, Fuseli reached London in 1763, unknown, without a friend. But letters of credit to the banker Coutts, and introductions to the booksellers, saw him received with kindness. He soon reached the painting-room of Reynolds, to whom his drawings seem to have appealed, for he hotly advised him to become an artist. He gave up literature, and flung himself at art. Ten years thereafter, in 1770, he made for Rome, where he would lie on his back gazing upwards at the masterwork of Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel. He aped the dress of Michelangelo, and in every way tried to imitate him for nine long years of heated idolatry, then made for England again in 1779, and burst upon London as a painter of the poetic. *The Nightmare* of 1782 caught the town, and was mezzotinted by Raphael Smith. The conversation at the home of Boydell's nephew that drew Romney into the toils was largely the outcome of Fuseli's scheme for a Shakespeare Gallery. The extravagant *Titania and Bottom the Weaver* is typical of his powers. Fame came to him. He was elected Associate in 1788, and full R.A. in 1790; and, be it remembered, he won to honours without intrigue or the diplomacies. His fortieth year (1788) which saw him made Associate, also saw him marry his model, Sophia Rawlins, who made him a good and true wife. She knew a happy life,

except for the platonic love affair of her ridiculous lord with Mary Wollstonecraft.

From 1790 to 1800 he poured forth his forty-seven paintings for the *Milton Gallery*, and it was amid these efforts that he uttered his famous "Damn Nature!—she always puts me out." He designed the sketches for the Bible, published in sixpenny numbers, and with Westall he illustrated an elaborate edition of the New Testament, on which masterpiece he spoke the comment: "There was only one good one among them all, and I suspect I painted it; but Westall may have the merit if he likes it, for it was not much."

WHEREIN TWO AMERICAN COLONISTS COME TO SPLENDOUR IN HISTORY, WHILST AN IRISHMAN SINKS IN MICHELANGELESE

Many stories are told of him as keeper of the Royal Academy. He was much liked by the students, spite of his ready tongue. Hearing a riot in the painting-room one day, he asked one of the porters what it was, and to the man's reply that it was "only those fellows the students, sir," Fuseli roundly snubbed him with his "I would have you to know, sir, that those *fellows* may one day be Academicians," and flinging open the door he burst upon the din with "You're a den of damned wild beasts, and I am your blasted keeper."

Nor did his waggish tongue spare the Olympians. Opie and Northcote, whom he had been largely instrumental in getting into the Academy, voted against him as keeper, and felt bound to go to him next day and explain. They found the door opened by Fuseli himself before they knocked, who tried to hurry them into the house, saying anxiously, "Come in, come in; for the love of Heaven come in, or you will ruin me." "How?" asked the bewildered Opie. "My neighbours over the way will see you," said Fuseli, "and say, 'Fuseli's *done*—for there's a bum-bailiff going to seize his person (he looked at Opie, and turning to Northcote added) and a little Jew-broker going to take his furniture'—so come in, I tell you—come in!"

He despised the homely and the realities of life as beneath his genius, mistaking wild and extravagant things for imagination. He mistook painting for literature.

A HISTORY

THE BRITISH GENIUS FINDS VOICE

BARRY

1741 – 1806

At an exhibition of paintings by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, held in Dublin in 1760, there was a picture of the *Conversion of the King of Cashel by St. Patrick* which caused a sensation. On the name of the painter being demanded, there modestly stepped forward a youth of nineteen from Cork, coarsely clad, poor, unfriended, unknown. They would not believe him. The heavy-browed, handsome, ragged youth burst into tears and walked out of the room. There was standing in that room Edmund Burke who witnessed this thing, and the great-souled man straightway sought out the youth, and poured his noble praise upon him, took pains to try and guide him to mastery, and held before him high and pure poetic aims. Both men were gifted adventurers in the great wayfaring of life. At their first interview Barry quoted the *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, then without author's name, against Burke in argument; and Burke answering that so "slight and unsubstantial" an authority carried little weight, Barry overwhelmed him with contempt for slighting a work which was so true that, being too poor to buy it, he had copied every word of it with his own hand. To Burke's laughing confession that he was the man who had written it, Barry replied, "Are you, by God!" and embraced him.

Unfortunately Barry flung himself into debauchery in Dublin, instead of following his great friend's example. But, at last, he saw the inevitable end to his drunken outbursts, and, standing by the Liffey, vowed to be done with it, flung his purse into the river, and got him back to work.

At twenty-three he went to London to Reynolds, thrilled with the high ideals of the grand manner that Reynolds taught in and out of season, but did not practise. At Reynolds's urging and Burke's expense he went to Rome, working hard there for five years, but his fiery nature and hot and resolute temper soon put him foul of the picture-dealers and the dispensers of

taste. Burke warned him that this constant conflict must be his ruin here as in Rome, and with great sympathy pointed out the danger of mere strife.

WHEREIN TWO AMERICAN COLONISTS COME TO SPLENDOUR IN HISTORY, WHILST AN IRISHMAN SINKS IN MICHELANGELESE

Reaching England in 1773, at thirty-two, to be warmly welcomed by Burke, Barry showed his first displayed work, the *Venus rising from the Sea.* He had been elected Associate of the Academy the year before (1772), he was now in 1773 elected R.A. The work was coldly received; and other classical efforts as coldly. He turned to the *Death of Wolfe*; he painted it in secret, carrying out the dogma of Reynolds as to the vulgarity of modern dress in works of great history-painting. When it was shown, the battle of naked men astonished the world of London, and baffled all those who knew the dress in which the battle had been fought. His brethren rightly condemned it; Barry was deeply hurt, and never again sent to the Academy.

Ungainly of manner, sharp and trenchant of tongue, quick to resentment, Barry was soon foul even of his friends. Reynolds, from being his idol, was soon deep in his hate, which he returned with interest. Even to Burke he began to show impatience. Detesting portrait-painting, but remaining poor, it was arranged for his good that Dr. Brocklesby should ask him to paint a portrait of Burke. After evasions untold, he at last painted him. It but increased his distaste for vulgar costume. He set to work on the *Mercury inventing the Lyre* and the *Narcissus admiring Himself in the Water*, which grew out of Burke's remark, on Barry telling him that he, Narcissus, had found a tortoise-shell at break of day on the seashore and made it into a musical instrument, to which Burke neatly replied, "Such were the fruits of early rising," and added that he would give him a companion subject, "Narcissus wasting Time looking at Himself in the Fountain."

Barry was now thoroughly and hopelessly mistaking the whole significance of art. By 1777 he was negligent in his dress and living alone a sullen and vindictive life, brooding on his wrongs and fighting the dealers, the collectors, and his

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brother artists. He next decorated the great room of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi with historical paintings in the grand manner; and he made the offer when he could jingle but sixteen shillings in his breeches' pocket. To live the while, he had to work at night for bread. The six works created much laughter; Barry at once took to the pen and wrote his book of vindication. To the pen he took again in 1797, writing the famous letter to the Dilettanti Society in which he gave forth his quarrel with man, attacked the Academy for misappropriating moneys from the students to themselves, denounced the intrigues and jealousies of that body, and solemnly pronounced that the members, when voting, should do so only after taking the oath. The Academy, except Nollekens, at once declared war against him—attacked him for misconduct against the Academy in his lectures, for creating insubordination amongst the students, and for unhandsome treatment of Benjamin West, the President. He was degraded from his office of Professor and expelled from the Academy.

Barry thenceforth drifted to utter poverty. He lived at 36 Castle Street, alone, without servant or any aid. Here Burke went to dine with him—and in the carpenter's shop with its broken panes, that Barry used as painting-room, Barry handed him the tongs to turn the steaks as they broiled, while he went to fetch the porter; and at the old deal table with its two old chairs they spent a happy evening. We have the pen-picture of Barry at this time by Southey, in his coat of green baize from which the colour was departed, covered with paint; his wig which looked as if "borrowed from a scarecrow," a fringe of his own grey hair peeping out beneath, living in his untended home, with its bedstead that had a blanket nailed to one side of it. He was then full of delusions about not going out at night lest the Academicians might murder him.

In 1806 death came to him in this miserable state. The Academy sullenly refused to make its peace even with his dead body; but the Society of Arts gave him decent burial, and Sir Robert Peel paid for his funeral and a tablet in St. Paul's.

OF PAINTING

THE BEGINNINGS OF HISTORICAL PAINTING IN SCOTLAND

WHEREIN TWO AMERICAN COLONISTS COME TO SPLENDOUR IN HISTORY, WHILST AN IRISHMAN SINKS IN MICHELANGELESE

RUNCIMAN
1736 – 1785

ALEXANDER RUNCIMAN, having been apprentice to the house-painters NORIE, where he had taken part also in their habit of landscape-painting with which they decorated their panels, soon turned to historical subjects. In Sir James Clerk of Penicuik he found a valuable patron. Sent to Italy in 1766, he there met Fuseli, and the two men became firm friends. Coming back to Edinburgh in 1771, with a style markedly affected by the Roman ideals, he fell under the grandiose glamour of *Ossian*, then being fiercely wrangled over, and he leaped at the offer to decorate the Penicuik ceiling with scenes from the poems. Runciman thus initiates the subject-picture in Scotland, which was to bring forth the Scottish genius in the realm of the imagination. The Ossian was lately destroyed by fire. Runciman's enthusiastic and fiery energy, and the language that goes with it, which earned him the name of "Sir Brimstone," explains his art. Worn out with his feverish temperament, he dropped dead on a night of 1785, but forty-nine years of age.

JOHN RUNCIMAN (1744-1768), a younger brother, who went with him to Italy in 1766 and there died, showed marked promise of a poetic style and feeling; he unfortunately laid down his burden at twenty-four.

CHAPTER XXIII

WHEREIN WE SEE THE GEORGIAN BUCOLICS STRUTTING IT AS CLASSIC HUSBANDMEN AND THE LIKE, YET THEREBY STRANGELY LEADING THE PAINTERS TOWARDS THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE

THE DECORATIVE PAINTERS AND ILLUSTRATORS

THE BRITISH GENIUS FINDS VOICE

THE decoration of rooms and the illustration of books now brought forth classicalities on a smaller scale.

G. B. CIPRIANI (1727-1785) came to England in 1755 and brought a decorative intention, employing water-colours largely, which soon found imitators. Illustration grew apace.

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK (1734-1808) was a brilliant and gifted artist, quite above all amateur rank.

ANGELICA KAUFFMANN
1741 – 1807

ANGELICA KAUFFMANN, R.A., was born at Chur in Switzerland, but came in 1766 as a beautiful, sentimental, and flighty young woman of remarkable gifts to London at twenty-five. She was always in love with this, that, or the other one; and Reynolds is said to have felt tenderly towards her; he helped her most generously. She came to quite a vogue both for portraits and for decorative subjects which she painted with great charm and uncommon taste. She greatly added to the beauty of the fine furniture of the day by embellishing pieces with her graceful artistry. Her art was exquisitely fitted for the adornment of the designs by the Adam brothers, who largely employed her for the decoration of their ceilings, and the like. Of her portraits some were wonderfully good. Hampton Court has the *Princess of Brunswick and Infant.*

PAINTING

WHEATLEY
1747 – 1801

FRANCIS WHEATLEY followed the decorative illustrators who were now rapidly securing work; and his water-colours in particular, of landscapes with rustic figures, were widely engraved. His *Cries of London* are famous. His art was to have a considerable influence upon the young Morland. Wheatley leads art towards the home-life of the people—if in dandified fashion.

WHEREIN WE SEE THE GEORGIAN BUCOLICS STRUTTING IT AS CLASSIC HUSBANDMEN AND THE LIKE, YET THEREBY STRANGELY LEADING THE PAINTERS TOWARDS THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE

WILLIAM HAMILTON
1750 – 1801

WILLIAM HAMILTON, R.A., first appeared at the Academy of 1774; he was a painter of historical subjects and of occasional portraits, but is perhaps best remembered for his water-colour illustrations for the engravers, whom his theatrical art kept very busy, this work being in wide demand.

STOTHARD
1755 – 1834

THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A., was the son of a Yorkshire innkeeper, being born to that worthy and his wife Mary Reynolds at the Black Horse Inn in Long Acre on the 17th of August 1755. The child, being sickly, was sent at fourteen, on the death of his father, to an old lady at Acomb near York, thence to school at Stutton near Tadcaster, whence his father had come. Apprenticed to a designer of patterns for brocaded silks, he was early illustrating books, for which he had marked decorative gifts; and was soon in wide demand. Joining the Academy Schools in 1777, he showed *A Holy Family* at the next annual display, and thereafter became a regular exhibitor. His illustrations for the *Town and Country Magazine* from 1780 to 1785 made a mark, and he did much work for the *Universal Magazine*, for the *Lady's Magazine*, and for Bell's *British Poets*. In 1791 he was elected A.R.A., and in 1794 full R.A. Then came heavy commissions; from 1799 to 1802 he decorated the staircase at Burghley, near Stamford, for Lord Exeter, of which the original

sketch for *Intemperance* is at the National Gallery. Made librarian to the Royal Academy in 1814, he afterwards in 1822 painted the ceiling of the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. But it is to his original work in decorative illustration that we must go for the fascinating touch and the life that he brought into a dainty decorative art founded on the classical intention. Stothard died in his house at Newman Street on the 27th of April 1834.

WESTALL
1765 – 1836

RICHARD WESTALL, R.A., born at Hertford, was early apprenticed to an heraldic engraver; and, before he had completed his 'prenticeship, became a student at the Academy Schools, where he caught the favour of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who for awhile took him into his house. He had wide employment as an illustrator of books, and his vignettes are well known. Westall became A.R.A. in 1792, R.A. in 1794; and of his many works sent to the Academy from 1784 to 1836 were four incidents in the life of *Nelson* sent to the display of 1807, and in 1830 the *Princess Victoria* (afterwards queen). In the Church of All Souls, Langham Place, is his *Christ Crowned with Thorns.* The Wallace has his *Venus and Sporting Cupids.* The National Gallery has his portrait of a child in a landscape, *Philip Sanson.*

HENRY SINGLETON (1766-1839) had repute in his day as historical painter; but also painted portraits, of which were his *James Boswell, with Wife and Three Children*, his *Sandby*, and his *General Assembly of the Royal Academy with West in the Chair*; at the National Portrait Gallery is his *Earl Howe.*

THE SCOTTISH HOME-LIFE OF THE PEOPLE

DAVID ALLAN
1744 – 1796

In DAVID ALLAN was born that Scottish utterance of the life of the people that was to bring forth such a fine native art.

OF PAINTING

WHEREIN WE SEE THE GEORGIAN BUCOLICS STRUTTING IT AS CLASSIC HUSBANDMEN AND THE LIKE, YET THEREBY STRANGELY LEADING THE PAINTERS TOWARDS THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE

Expelled from school as a boy of eleven for caricaturing his master, he went a year later to the academy in Glasgow that the Foulis brothers had established there. At the end of his apprenticeship there, catching the favour of wealthy folk in his native Alloa, he was sent to Italy, and there wrought for eleven years. Of course he wasted himself on mythology and the grand manner. He also made portraits. From 1777 to 1780 he was in London; leaving for Scotland in 1780 he painted several well-known portraits, but was soon at work on the life of the people, illustrating Burns and others to their huge delight, generally in water-colours. He found this, his real vocation, only at forty; and whilst his gifts were not of a high order, at least he paved the way for greater men. Succeeding Runciman as master at the Trustees' Academy in 1786, his influence became very great. Scotland was now rapidly becoming prosperous, and artists sprang up on every side. There was a sudden outburst of song; Burns and others sang, racy of the soil. Scotland was finding herself. Compare the national intensity and vitality of that song with the poets of eighteenth-century England. And in 1762 Macpherson's *Ossian* thrilled the land. Walter Scott was collecting and giving forth the old balladry of the land. The air was full of romance.

In 1798 JOHN GRAHAM (1754-1817) was made master to the Trustees' Academy.

CHAPTER XXIV

WHEREIN GLITTERS A GALAXY OF GENIUS IN THE PAINTING OF THE PORTRAIT IN LITTLE

THE MINIATURE IN THE SEVENTEEN-HUNDREDS

THE BRITISH GENIUS FINDS VOICE

THE founding of the Royal Academy in 1769 reveals a fine group of miniature painters. JOHN SMART and ENGLEHEART essayed to carry on somewhat the old solid tradition, and came to remarkable achievement. COSWAY was the supreme genius of the aerial, dainty endeavour, marked by refinement, grace, and exquisite pearly tones, which express the age so consummately; Downman being a master of the portrait in little.

JOHN SMART
1740 – 18 ?

JOHN SMART, born at Norwich in 1740, brought a rare gift of draughtsmanship to the art, and mastered the realm of the miniature. His colour-faculty does not approach the fairy touch and vision of Cosway. The two men were personal friends, and both notoriously small of stature, being but five feet high. Smart looked to solid and precise draughtsmanship as the base of his art, where Cosway, with truer painter's instinct, felt the thrill of colour. The Joseph *Lady*, the Pierpont Morgan *Sir Charles Oakeley* and *Lady Unknown*, and Lord Hothfield's *Hon. Edward Percival* and *Hon. Mrs. Edward Percival* give his style. Smart was as fond of a greenish-grey background as Cosway of a blue-and-white cloudy background. "Honest John Smart" is as poles apart from romantic Cosway, who so called him, and admired him. Smart was four years in India.

PAINTING

COSWAY
1742–1821

WHEREIN GLITTERS A GALAXY OF GENIUS IN THE PAINTING OF THE PORTRAIT IN LITTLE

Born in the West Country, like Reynolds, than whom he was some twenty years younger, came Richard Cosway to bring splendour to the art of the portrait in small—Cosway's sensitive and radiant genius wafting the limned portrait on to the ivory as by magic. He caught the subtle and dainty allure of the women of quality of his age and recorded them with rare tenderness.

The most masterly portrait of a man by him that I have ever seen was that of the young *General Bellenden Ker* (his red hair set into the back behind the reverse glass) in the scarlet uniform of the Guards, that was sold at Christie's about a decade gone by, together with the miniature of his beautiful wife *Mrs. Bellenden Ker*, and another of the famous *Countess of Derby*. Except for some exquisite drawings on paper, as well as one on silk and a few miniatures thereon, and an essay in enamel, Cosway's art was wrought on ivory. The Pierpont Morgan *Madame du Barry* (1791) is one of his most far-famed masterpieces, painted when she was in England seeking to recover her jewels, and, as is suspected, being employed in secret service. In the same collection are the fine *Lady Augusta Murray* (wife of George III's sixth son, the Duke of Sussex), and *Henrietta, Lady Duncannon* (Countess of Bessborough), sister to Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire. Lord Hothfield has the *Lucy, Wife of William H. Nassau, Fourth Earl of Rochford*; the *Princess Charlotte of Wales*; and the *Henry Tufton, last Earl of Thanet*. The Joseph Collection has the *Duke of Wellington*, the *Lady Anne Fane*, and a *Man Unknown*. The great collection at Windsor has a famous head of *Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire*, (of whom are two other miniatures by Cosway) and a fine *Princess Sophia, Daughter of George III.*

But Cosway, extravagant and eccentric, as was his wife, the favourite and butt of society, painted everybody who was anybody. Of imitators he had shoals.

There was born to Richard and Mary Cosway, at Okeford

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by Bampton in Devon in the November of 1742, and baptized on the fifth of that month, their only son, RICHARD COSWAY, who was destined to wide renown. The father was a schoolmaster, master of Blundell's School at Tiverton, and at Tiverton the boy was educated from very tender years. His cousin, William Cosway, was private secretary to Collingwood at Trafalgar, and was knighted, whose daughter still lives, possessing five oil-paintings by Cosway, as well as many miniatures. The Church of St. Peter at Tiverton has his *Angel delivering St. Peter from Prison*, and Bampton Church his *Christ bearing the Cross*.

Cosway came of Flemish stock that had settled at Tiverton, a wool-merchant having migrated from Flanders in Elizabeth's days to escape the Duke of Alva, grown rich, and bought the estate of Coombe-Willis hard by. He had brought pictures with him, and possessed a Rubens which the boy used to copy in chalks. The lad's uncle was Mayor of Tiverton, who, with a Tiverton friend, one Oliver Peard, persuaded the schoolmaster to send his son to London at twelve.

In Cosway's twelfth year, 1754, was founded the Society of Arts, and the offer of a prize for a drawing by boys or girls under fourteen was won as to a share of it by the lad with a *Head of Compassion* in chalk ; and thereafter he won a share of a prize in 1757, in 1758, and in 1759. In 1760 the prize for a drawing from the nude for men under twenty-four fell to Cosway.

Cosway went to Thomas Hudson, Reynolds's master, for training, a Devonshire man, but left after a few months, owing to lack of teaching and being menially employed. Thereafter he went into lodgings and attended Shipley's drawing school, rapidly forging ahead, working hard, and stinting himself even sleep and food, doggedly set on becoming " the greatest painter in London." He was early at work on portraits for the shops and on miniatures for snuff-boxes for the jewellers, and was soon in gay company and the dandy. At eighteen he began to exhibit at the Society of Arts with his oil portrait of *Shipley*, and the next year turned to the miniature, leaving the Society of Arts

for the Free Society, where he showed in 1762. To the Royal Academy he first sent in 1770. The *Countess of Carrick and Daughters* is of 1771; the *Lady Duncannon* miniature of 1780; the Lawley *Duchess of Cumberland* of 1781.

Cosway had lived in the Strand; he moved to Orchard Street, Portman Square. In 1768 he moved to 4 Berkeley Street; his days of trial were at an end; he was at twenty-six in full career, gaily living the fashionable life, popular and spendthrift, and creating his long series of masterpieces. In 1770 he was made Associate, and in 1771 a full Academician.

Here he took him a wife. Whilst his home was being decorated for his bride, Cosway went to live with his friend Cipriani, but fell foul of Bartolozzi who was also staying there, whose careless habits of dress offended the dandified Cosway. Cosway took himself off, after a quarrel with Bartolozzi, to stay with another friend, Paul Benfield, the Member of Parliament, of Woodhall Park, Herts. But, Bartolozzi departing, Cosway went back to Cipriani in Hedge Lane, and from there was married on the 18th of January 1781 at St. George's, Hanover Square, settling £2800 on his wife.

MARIA LOUISA CATHERINE CECILIA HADFIELD, better known as MARIA COSWAY, was the daughter of a Manchester man who settled in Florence and kept a boarding-house on the Arno, in which the child Maria was born in 1759. The hotel seems to have been the resort of people of condition who visited Florence. Brought up as a Catholic, the child went to a convent at four, and was early learning music. At eight she was learning to draw. On returning to her home, she learnt under masters. Zoffany going to Florence, the girl was placed under his charge, and copied many of the pictures in the great galleries there. Her father began to think of returning to England, and Maria was sent with Mrs. Gore, mother to Lady Cowper, to Rome before they left Italy; there she spent a year and a *half* studying the masters, and met Battoni, Battoni's great enemy Mengs, Fuseli, and others. Her father dying, Maria was called back to Florence. The girl wanted to be

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a nun, but her mother's distress decided her to give it up. She was elected to the Academy of Florence in 1778; then the family made for England—the mother, son, and three girls lured thereto by Angelica Kauffmann, who, herself a Catholic, had come to England in 1765 to a wide success. She met the family on their arrival, put them up for awhile, but could not entice fortune to them. Their money was soon gone. Maria was wont to aver that she came to London with introductions from Lady Rivers to "all the first people of fashion," but Angelica seems to have done all the introducing to Reynolds, Cipriani, and, amongst others, Cosway. Maria accepted Cosway, and, though under age, she married him. There is a well-known mezzotint of Mrs. Cosway by Valentine Green from a portrait by herself.

To Berkeley Street, then, went Maria as Mrs. Cosway. A year she spent quietly, getting the lie of the land, for she was ambitious, proud, energetic, and meant to win success and be of the fashion—she afterwards boasted of the Great Ones whom she knew. In this year of her marriage, 1781, she sent three pictures to the Academy; the following year she sent four, of which was the reigning beauty *The Duchess of Devonshire as Cynthia*.

Maria soon mastered the lie of the land. Cosway had made his hit in miniature by painting *Mrs. Fitzherbert*; the Prince of Wales's delight meant fortune and fame. The visit of the Prince and his brothers to Berkeley Street set Cosway's vogue upon the town. Cosway suddenly became one of the chief artists of the day. He fretted at the narrow thoroughfare with the blank and forbidding wall of Devonshire House blotting his windows, at the mean passage entrance of this house wherein was no hall to receive his august visitors, and at the mean rooms of his dwelling. Maria's eyes were upon the grand style also. So, in 1784, they moved to Pall Mall, to the huge Schomberg House (it became the War Office in 1850), where they lived forthwith in great splendour, and "the golden-haired languishing" Mrs. Cosway, "graceful to affectation,"

drew fashion to her evening concerts, luring the great ones thereto, even "Prince Charming" himself, whilst the dapper little dandy Cosway, dressed in the extreme fashion, flitted about, playing the master of the house. At Schomberg House had lived the artist Astley, who had married Lady Duckenfield; after whom had come Nathaniel Hone with his negress model; thereafter the quack Graham, the "Celestial Doctor," had taken a part of the house. To a part of Schomberg House now came Cosway, Angelica Kauffmann decorating two of the ceilings for him. Gainsborough was settled in the west wing of the house, which was his home from 1774 to 1788.

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Here, from the breakfast-room window, with Mrs. Cosway painted seated thereat by Cosway, Hedges painted his "View" of Pall Mall.

At Schomberg House Cosway's facile and exquisite art, and his prodigious industry, were not only reaping rich reward, but he did a thriving traffic in pictures and the nick-nacks of the day, and in old furniture—he would pick up old pictures, repair, touch up, and varnish them, and sell them to his many rich patrons. And he handled precious gems.

Of untiring industry, up with the lark of a morning however late he revelled the night before, and he revelled much, Cosway was early at work. He wrought rapidly. He shirked no social duty, indeed searched for such. He went to all the Academy meetings and dinners, and was well liked by his fellows thereat, even if they jested of him behind his back. Nor was he a safe man to offend, for he had the ear of the Prince of Wales and knew everybody. For long a favourite and trusted with the confidence of the Prince, he not only painted *Mrs. Robinson* (Perdita), and Mrs. Abington of Lady Teazle fame in the *School for Scandal*, but was their close friend.

Cosway's foppery drew DARTON's caricature of *The Macaroni Miniature Painter*, followed by DIGHTON's *Macaroni Painter*, which is so rare owing to Cosway's buying up every copy he could find and destroying it. He procured a black servant, and dressed him as extravagantly as himself. The rougher-

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tongued artists, such as Wilson and Hayman, took every opportunity to gall the little dandy.

In 1789 their only child, Louisa Paolina Angelica, was born to the Cosways, the little mite known as Angelica, to whom stood as godfather General Pasquale de Paoli, and as godmother the Princess D'Albany. Soon thereafter, owing to ill-health from the climate, Maria went abroad, by way of Paris and Flanders, to Italy for several years, leaving the little Angelica to be brought up by Cosway, who forced the mite's brain in mad fashion, having her taught Hebrew at six.

Cosway always wore his sword; it more than once cut his own dignity, as when, profoundly bowing the Prince of Wales away from a great Academy reception, walking backwards in the street in the doing, the sword got between his legs and sent him down into the mud amidst the loud laughter of the people. Another day, a member of the Whig Club, in St. James's Street, having had a quarrel in the Club, ran out into the street, plucked the sword out of the strutting "Tiny Cosmetic's" scabbard without "by your leave," and, dashing into the Club again, fought his man in the hall there.

It was whilst at Pall Mall that Cosway wrought some of his finest miniatures, and painted in oils some of his chief portraits, such as the series of the *Earl of Radnor* and his *Children*.

The Royal Academy possesses an excellent drawing of Cosway by George Dance.

For what reason Cosway left Pall Mall is not known; he himself grumbles at having to go nearer in to the City that he scorned, but in 1791 he moved to the corner-house of Stratford Place off Oxford Street, whereon a lion still keeps guard over the street. This lion drew the satire of Peter Pindar's squibs, which fretted Cosway, who threw up the lease after three months, and moved to a couple of doors farther up Stratford Place, in which the greater part of his life was passed, and the large and stately rooms of which he elaborately adorned and filled with treasure—pictures, furniture, and the like. But

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the move up the street did not free the sensitive Cosway and his Maria from Peter Pindar's biting attacks; they were now freely lampooned.

Hearing that Cosway was seriously ill Maria hurried home, to find her little girl springing up; but little Angelica fell ill and died soon after, to the grief of the strange pair. Cosway had the child's body embalmed and placed in a marble sarcophagus in the drawing-room; it was later sent by Mrs. Cosway to Bunhill Fields. Maria soon thereafter went back to Paris, set to work on an illustrated book upon the Louvre, and met and moved amongst the great.

Maria's health suffered again at Stratford Place, whether from the lampoons or that ugly rumours got about concerning the Prince of Wales's relations with Mrs. Cosway, which her social pursuit of him naturally did not mitigate. It was all probably slander; at the same time there is no denying that she went to France with Marchesi, the singer; and she got her name coupled with Lunardi, the secretary to the Neapolitan ambassador, and with the pianist Dussek. At any rate, the slanders got afoot.

Cosway took his wife to France, travelling in great state, and they lived a holiday in Paris in the midst of gaiety. Returning to London, Mrs. Cosway after a while fell into melancholy and nerves again. Her brother had won the Academy gold medal; and with him she left for Rome, and was away for three years.

Cosway, in 1797, finding himself alone again, fell into an intrigue with Mary Moser, who had been made an Academician, and they set out on a jaunt through England. Cosway's art he kept free from questionable subjects, except that he is known to have painted some of those "secret snuff-boxes," which had a naughty vogue. This so-called sketching tour saw Cosway and Mary Moser living together their autumnal romance in their fifties for some six months; and to deny the intrigue is to ignore Cosway's diary during the jaunt, which is little more than an unprintable record about Mary

Moser's charms as compared with those of Maria. During the journey, Mary Moser met Captain Hugh Lloyd, whom at the end of the year she married! However, the scandal of it does not seem to have reached to Rome, for Maria and Mary and Richard remained intimate friends to the end.

In his craftsmanship Cosway pumice-stoned his ivories to a fine painting surface. A fine draughtsman, with consummate sense of style, he made his ivory ground of enormous value to his aerial art, employing a limited palette of blue, greys, black, sepia, and carnation, with a tender pale yellow. In trying to copy a family miniature, I found that vermilion, Venetian-red, and, above all, Indian-red, yielded the carnation tones very closely, and fancy that he largely employed these colours. Old Newman of Soho was his colourman, as he was the colour-maker to Turner and Reynolds and Gainsborough, and most of the great ones of his day. Cosway's favourite blue often yields a sharp Antwerp-blue tone, but the blue is matched best with the expensive ultramarine, and old Mr. Mills of the firm used to tell us youngsters that Cosway had this colour specially prepared for him, whilst Antwerp-blue tends to harshness and is not very safe, especially with the pearly greys that are so distinctive of Cosway's art, and in which he freely employed broken blacks.

The business card of Drane, the ivory-maker, or of Gregory, the frame-maker, is often to be found behind the miniature; and Cosway often scribbled notes on a piece of a playing-card and set it there also.

The Windsor, Pierpont Morgan, Wharncliffe, Rutland, Joseph, Holland House, and Drake collections are rich in Cosways, to give a list of whose works would be impossible. The Beauchamp *Mrs. Swinnerton*; the *Henry Bankes of Kingston Lacey* and the *Thomas Towneley* belonging to Mr. Hodgkins; the famous full-length of *Master Horace Beckford*; the five sisters of Major Peirson who fell at Jersey—*Mrs. Tinling*, *Mrs. Francillon*, *Mrs. Webber*, *Mrs. Anstey Calvert*, and *Mrs. Metcalfe Maurroch*; the fine *Lord Rivers*; the Dysart *Ensign*

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Tollemache; the *Mrs. James Stuart Wortley Mackenzie*; the *Lady Anne Lindsay* (authoress of "Auld Robin Gray"), and the superb *Mrs. Harcourt*, are typical of his exquisite art.

Hearing Wesley preach on death, Cosway was deeply impressed. He had wished to be buried in St. Paul's, or with Rubens or Titian. He now decided on Marylebone Church. He came under the mysticism of Swedenborg, and it largely obsessed him thenceforth—he came to claim second-sight and communion with the great dead. He took up his friend LOUTHERBOURG's fanaticism about magnetism curing disease, and came to believe he could raise the dead.

Cosway's eccentricities now grew apace. He had always been conceited to madness, and his boastful and snobbish nature made his romancing the jest of the town. George III had always disliked him for a fop. Cosway's enthusiastic belief in the promise to mankind held in the French Revolution seems to have somewhat chilled off the Prince of Wales, who, whilst he had admired and patronised Cosway's art, had always had contempt for the man. The Court gradually dropped him; and the Prince, becoming Regent in 1811, promptly turned his back on him, to Cosway's bitter humiliation and constant complaint, for he had known the Prince somewhat intimately.

But from 1790 to 1815 his skill was at its very highest, and his work superb. He was making many of his fine pencil drawings, and it was the period of some of his most exquisite so-called "stained drawings." And though his later style changed somewhat, his miniatures to 1818 are of his best achievement.

He now needed all Maria's care. His bodily infirmities increased, and he became a prey to hallucinations. Since about 1800, from Maria's return from Italy, these hallucinations of the great dead coming to him and flattering him had been growing; they yearly increased. He became childishly superstitious, adoring his relics, whether "the crucifix of Abelard, the dagger of Felton, the manuscript of *The Rape of the Lock* . . . a fragment of Noah's ark, the feather of a phœnix," or the like.

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Maria tended him with tender affection and watched over him.

But he was much liked; he was a generous friend to all in want of help or money. And, the while, he created masterpieces as though no trouble of mind or body assailed. Always gay, always bright, so he walked to the end. Even when his subtle right hand was stricken at last with palsy, he would hold it up and smile—that hand had painted the celebrities and great ones of his age. He was a rare encourager of youth. By his pupils he was loved. Andrew Plimer called him "beloved master"; Ozias Humphrey, "kindliest of friends." His pomposities he kept for the world at large; his vanities were his very breath; but he had a generous and kindly heart, and a free hand. A good talker, he was ever a cheerful friend.

Then fell two strokes of paralysis on Cosway, and stole the skill from his deft right hand. He realised that his art was dead. So, in 1821, feeble and with poverty threatening him, but with cheerful heart, he bade farewell to the scene of his triumphs; sold his beloved treasures; and took a small house in the Edgware Road. So Rubens's *Cupids Reaping* and his *Escorial*, painted when with Velazquez, passed to Lord Radnor at Longford Castle.

In the April of 1821, Richard and Maria Cosway moved to 31 Edgware Road. A friend, Miss Udney, was in the habit of taking the old pair for a drive in the park. On the 4th of June he went out for a drive without Maria, gay and kindly to his servants, to meet death in the carriage as he drove with his young companion, dropping back without a moan, in his eightieth year.

They buried him in Marylebone Church.

His superb collection of drawings by the Old Masters, stamped with his initials, was sold in the February following by Maria Cosway, who was now eager to leave England and take up the education of girls, on which her heart had always been set, at the convent at Lodi. In 1802, whilst on a visit to France, she had taken up the idea of this convent-school; and

in 1803 Cardinal Fesch drew her to Lyons to essay the scheme. She was back again a year or two later, but in the troublous times she had twice to flee Lyons. In 1811 the Lyons school was closed, and Maria made for Milan. In 1812 her old friend the Duke of Lodi bought and handed over to her the Convent of Lodi for a college. Cosway helped her with considerable moneys. But about 1815 Cosway fell ill; and she had to return to him, giving all her time now to him, leaving the college to her assistants. At Cosway's death she sold his belongings, carried away some of his works and private papers, and went back to Lodi, where, in 1830, buying the convent, she changed it into a religious house of the order of which the Hammersmith and York houses are a part; and in 1834 the Emperor Francis made Maria into the Baroness Cosway. Stricken by apoplexy at the Christmas of 1837, she lingered until the evening of the 5th of January 1838.

Maria's sister, Charlotte Hadfield, married the poetaster William Combe, who wrote the famous *Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*. She was forty and he seventy-six and a prisoner in the Fleet. Needless to say the marriage was a sorry affair.

Of other limners of Cosway's time were Ozias Humphrey, the Plimers, Engleheart, Shelley, Laurence Cross, and Horace Hone.

OZIAS HUMPHREY
1742 – 1810

Born the same year as Cosway, and coming from the same county, and living to become an Academician also, Ozias Humphrey or Humphry wrought miniatures which are rare as they are good. The Hothfield *Countess of Thanet* recalls the portrait-painter Cotes, and is a fine thing, free from affectation, and proves an original vision and style, as does the child-portrait of the little *Duchess of Albany*, whom Humphrey painted when at Rome with Romney in 1773—the wife of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the young Pretender. His *Warren Hastings* is famous. It was probably due to his going to India for some

years that he missed the wide fame that came to Cosway; but his repute must have been high, for he painted several of the royal family as Windsor bears witness, where may be seen his miniature of that *Duchess of Gloucester* who, born a Walpole, became the Countess Waldegrave.

Humphrey became an R.A. Falling from his horse in 1772, Humphrey took to oils, as his nerves thereafter unfitted him for delicate work. In 1773 he went to Rome with his friend Romney, and stayed there for four years. Returning to London, he went to India in 1785, and took to miniatures again, making a large fortune there.

Several Scotsmen had a vogue in miniatures at this time.

JOHN BROWN (1752-1789), a charming character, who wrought portraits in pencil; JOHN DONALDSON (1737-1801), and JOHN BOGLE (1769-1792, who is also said to have died in 1804), were all remarkably good miniature-painters. Donaldson and Bogle both made for London and came to repute. Donaldson, an eccentric man, whose eccentricities unfortunately put him foul of his fine patrons owing to his hot opinions on social reform, and landed him in dire penury, often painted on a black ground, and had a mania for symbols. He also painted Worcester china. The little, lame, proud, out-at-heels Bogle of Glasgow went to London in 1772, and though he showed at the Academy for twenty years, died in extreme poverty. The deaf and dumb CHARLES SHERIFF migrated to Bath and there came to wide vogue among the folk of fashion.

Of the minor Scottish portrait-painters were the miniaturist ALEXANDER REID (1747-1823) and JAMES WALES (1747-1795).

ARCHIBALD SKIRVING (1749-1819), an eccentric Scot, painted miniatures and in pastels, and came to wide vogue in the north, as his fine work deserved. He also painted portraits in oils on occasion.

DOWNMAN

1750 – 1824

JOHN DOWNMAN was one of the finest artists of his age in

the fascinating medium of "stained drawings" so peculiarly fitted to his skill of hand. He stands out amongst the supreme masters of the portrait in little, and, as the years go by, his consummate draughtsmanship, his sensitive art, and his rare restraint will be more and more acknowledged.

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Out of the mystery that surrounds his history is gradually looming the fact that there had come out of Devonshire one Hugh Downman (1672-1728-9), of Quaker stock, who became Master of the House of Ordnance at Sheerness, to whom were born two sons and two daughters—the elder son, Charles, became Clerk of the Survey of Sheerness, and married Anne Player of Town Malling in Kent; the second son, Francis Downman, became an attorney-at-law at St. Neot's in Huntingdonshire, married Charlotte Goodsend, the eldest daughter of the private secretary to George I, and went to Wales, where, at Ruabon, was born to him his fifth son, John Downman, in 1750.

The parent attorney-at-law seems to have had but a poor practice, yet intended the small John for the same career; but the child early displayed artistic gifts. He is said, when at a dame's school at Ruabon, to have been put in the corner with a dunce's cap upon his head, upon the two paper streamers of which he drew portraits of the two dames so well that they were cut off and framed. In the local grammar school thereafter, his record is of sketching portraits. The lad was sent to Chester, then to Liverpool, to learn drawing, but the geometry and perspective and carefully shaded drawings from plaster casts fretted him; and in 1767, at seventeen, the youth made for London for the Academy Schools, to which he was admitted the following year. A couple of years thereafter he went to Benjamin West, and exhibited in 1770 a kitcat portrait of a *Lady at Work*. The affection of master and pupil was very sincere, and both coming of Quaker parents had that tie. In 1773 Downman showed his first historical picture, the *Death of Lucretia*, with two small oil portraits on copper. He married in this year, and was the young father of twins the year following.

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Being on a visit soon thereafter to his uncle Charles Downman at Rochester in 1775, and the American war having broken out, the press-gang seized him and took him to sea, and the young fellow knew that several years must pass by before his family heard of him again. He won the friendship of his comrades by making their portraits for them; and at last one of them at a port of call persuaded his brother to take Downman's place, Downman escaping by night, leaving West's gift of a handsome gold watch and seals for his generous ally. As it was, he had been lost for two years; and came back to find his wife and children in a garret in Cambridge. Here one day, whilst he was out, one of the children dabbed some colour on the back of the thin paper on which he had drawn a portrait, the dainty effect of which so pleased him on examining what he feared to be a ruined portrait, that he afterwards much employed the effect. But he had to get his family out of want; and straightway set to work to do cheap portraits of the undergraduates, to save enough money to take his small brood back to London. The *University portraits* are of this time. He soon became quite a craze; and had a brilliant group of clients. Fortunately, from the start, he jotted down on the portraits details about his sitters. He, as fortunately, made sketches in elaborate Note-Books, which are really Albums, of his portraits, with details of the sitters—the four series of note-books are to-day rich treasure; the volumes of the first series are scattered amongst several owners; but the second series of five volumes, the third series of four volumes, and the fourth series of six volumes belong to-day to Mrs. Maitland, who, it is hoped, may one day publish them.

In 1777, while still at Cambridge, he sent several portraits to the Academy; in 1778 he made for London, finding a home in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, where he lived and wrought until 1779, when he moved to 79 St. James's Street, living there until in 1785 he settled in Leicester Fields. In 1795 he was made A.R.A., when he at once moved to the fashionable Fitzroy Street, and there lived until 1802, when he

WHEREIN GLITTERS A GALAXY OF GENIUS IN THE PAINTING OF THE PORTRAIT IN LITTLE

moved to 116 New Bond Street, going on to 41 Jermyn Street the following year of 1803, and thence to 188 Piccadilly in 1804, pouring forth masterpieces of portraiture the while. It was at Piccadilly that he made the portrait of *Nelson*.

Soon afterwards Downman went to live in the country. Besides painting and drawing portraits, in which he had a wide vogue amongst the celebrities of the age, he also occasionally brought forth an historical painting. Prosperous and much sought after, it is difficult, and pity 'tis that 'tis difficult, to fill in his life. His children died early; and his wife also probably did not live to know this prosperity. About 1778, being at Exeter, he married a second time—Elizabeth Jackson, daughter of the musical composer, William Jackson of Exeter, organist to the cathedral, famous for his setting to the *Te Deum*. Jackson was a personal friend of the Sheridans, of Samuel Rogers, and of Gainsborough.

In 1804 Downman went to live at West Malling in Kent —a village then known as Town Malling, keeping on a room in Piccadilly. Here, in Kent, his elder brother, Colonel Francis Downman, was settled after a brilliant career in the army; and the place was full of Downmans. The artist took Went House, and in the garden he exercised his extraordinary gifts of taming wild birds; and there he used to cure a cold by walking about in the wet grass in bare feet.

In 1806 Downman went to the west of England for a couple of years, settling first at Plymouth, going west to Exeter to stay with a cousin, the physician Dr. Hugh Downman, and made portraits of many local celebrities.

In 1807 he was back in London, taking chambers at 20 John Street, Adelphi. Of his three children by his second marriage were a girl Isabella Chloe, and two sons, Charles J. Downman, who was lost at sea, and Damon Downman, who died young.

Downman was now doing a vast amount of work. With his headquarters at 41 Leicester Square, he moved about to various country houses over the land. At Alnwick he drew

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the Percys; and so on. In 1817 his London home was at 16 Henrietta Street; in 1818 he was settled at Chester; in 1819 he sent his last picture to the Academy. At Chester, Downman's daughter Isabella married a wild spendthrift fellow, Richard Mellor Benjamin, a solicitor of that city, on the 29th of May 1817—his two sons were dead—the old artist was alone. Never careful of his money, the old man was glad to live in his daughter's house. His son-in-law died in a drunken bout at Wrexham on November 24th, 1823; and the old artist lived but a year after, dying on the Christmas Eve of 1824. To save his works from his daughter's husband, he had given nearly all away to his nieces, forgetting that his loved daughter might be left in want for lack of what they would bring.

To survey Downman's superb achievement in detail were impossible here. The famous colour-engravings after his masterpieces have left us memories of *Miss Farren*, of *Mrs. Siddons*, of the *Duchess of Devonshire*, and others, but for all their charm it is to the originals that we must go—to the fine *Princess Royal*, the *Queen Charlotte*, the beautiful *Mrs. Arbuthnot*, the *Miss Mills*, the *Hon. Mrs. Harcourt*, the exquisite *Mrs. Trevanion*, the *Miss Mary Cruikshank*, the exquisite pearly and tender blue harmony of *Miss Abbot*, the *Miss Bulteel*, and the like masterpieces.

Downman did not make many portraits in oil, but some of the finest are the small ovals, often on copper, and generally of men.

ENGLEHEART
1752 – 1829

GEORGE ENGLEHEART copied the works of Reynolds so often, that his art came to hold much of his master's quality, being handled soberly and broadly. His grip of character was displayed in the vitality of the face which is so marked in all his work, as may be seen in Lady Maria Ponsonby's *Earl Beauchamp*; the Hothfield *Mrs. Sainthill* and *Mr. Brundish*, two of his best efforts in colour; and the remarkably fine Pierpont Morgan *Miss Mary Barry*.

Other good limners of this time were RICHARD CROSSE (1740 ?-1810); JAMES NIXON (1741-1812); SAMUEL SHELLEY (1750 ?-1808); and HORACE HONE (1756-1825), the eldest son of old Nathaniel Hone, by whom is Lady Maria Ponsonby's miniature of *William Pitt*, which shows Horace Hone a far finer artist than his father; but Horace Hone is more famous for his portraits in enamel—however, the Hothfield *Lady Mary Elizabeth Nugent* is a fine miniature which hints at practice in enamelling. Of L. VASLET OF BATH little is known, except as a pastellist and miniature painter at Bath and York; the Hothfield *Miss Vincent* shows him to be somewhat weak, and fluffy and pastel-like in handling, if charming in colour, though it is by his pastel portraits in the Warden's Lodge at Merton College, Oxford, that he is best known. A fine enameller of this time was

HENRY BONE
1755 - 1834

HENRY BONE came from Cornwall; he had begun life as a decorator of porcelain at Plymouth; but taking to enamel he made excellent enamel copies of pictures of the day, of which is his *Gawlor Brothers* after Reynolds; and his Elizabethan portraits are famous. He became an Academician in 1811, dying in 1834. His sons, HENRY PIERCE BONE (1779-1855), and ROBERT TREWICK BONE (1790-1840), never reached to his powers.

PLIMER
1763 - 1837

ANDREW PLIMER, founding his art on that of Cosway, was a fine limner of the second rank, though his affectations, particularly in his eyes, and his poorer draughtsmanship never allowed him to approach Cosway. His style is monotonous. He had a wirelike way of treating the hair. He is said to have employed his daughters for the neck and figures to his sitters, and it may be that their fine slender necks and lustrous large eyes came at last to overwhelm the likenesses of all his limning. Indeed, if in the Pierpont Morgan collection we look at the *Rebecca*,

Lady Northwick, and her three daughters, the *Hon. Harriet Rushout*, the *Hon. Anne Rushout*, and the *Hon. Elisabeth Rushout*, we cannot but be struck by the sisterlike likenesses of all these, from eyes and nose and mouth to chin and neck; that must have made them difficult to discover apart, the more so when we compare them with the triple *Rushout Sisters* in Lord Hothfield's collection of a later date, where character is more sought after. The three Hothfield miniatures of the *Ellis Sisters*, and in the same collection the *Mrs. Bailey*; Lady Maria Ponsonby's *Sir Charles Kent as a Child* beating a drum, are all types of Plimer's work. Dr. Williamson possesses Plimer's portrait of his little girl, *Selina Plimer*, as an angel.

Andrew Plimer had an elder brother NATHANIEL PLIMER (1757-1822), who also came to repute as a painter of miniatures, by whose hand is the Hothfield *Mrs. Dawes*—his masterpieces are the two miniatures in the Salting Collection.

Of the large number of lesser men were LUKE SULLIVAN, who died in 1771, WILLIAM GRIMALDI (1751-1830), RICHARD COLLINS (1755-1831), THOMAS HAZLEHURST (1760-1818), WILLIAM WOOD (1768-1809), HENRY EDRIDGE (1769-1821), and ANDREW ROBERTSON (1777-1845).

CHAPTER XXV

WHEREIN WE SEE THE DESIRE FOR PICTURES OF PLACES RAPIDLY LEADING TOWARDS THE FOUNDATION OF THE GREAT BRITISH SCHOOL OF LANDSCAPE

LANDSCAPE AND THE LATER TOPOGRAPHICAL DRAUGHTSMEN

WHEREIN WE SEE THE DESIRE FOR PICTURES OF PLACES RAPIDLY LEADING TOWARDS THE FOUNDATION OF THE GREAT BRITISH SCHOOL OF LANDSCAPE

The illustration of books not only brought forth the lesser classicalities, but was to give an impetus to landscape that had otherwise failed. The "topographical water-colour drawing" in landscape was carried on from Sandby, and probably increased by his success, in the work of William Marlow (1740-1813); by William Pars (1742-1782), who wrought designs in Greece and Asia Minor, engraved by Sandby; by Pars' pupil, Francis Towne (1740-1816), who made coloured drawings of Rome; by Rooker (1743-1801); by Cleveley; by Thomas Hearne (1744-1817), who followed Sandby and developed towards a fuller artistic utterance, as seen in his *Durham Cathedral* (1783), his *Isle of Wight*, his *Near Witham, Essex*, and his *St. Mary's Abbey, York*, being also influenced by Gainsborough to more poetic impression; by Thomas Malton, the Younger (1748-1804); Edward Dayes (1763-1804); and Henry Edridge (1769-1821), who all followed the topographical intention with marked tendency towards the more painterlike development.

But it was in the art of the Cozens that water-colour drawing passed into the poetic utterance of water-colour painting, and the craft stepped forward towards that high emotional expression that was to be the glory of English Art.

COZENS

1752 - 1799

Alexander Cozens, the natural son of Peter the Great by an English mother, was sent by the Czar to Italy to study

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painting. Coming to England in 1746, with a marked style bred by the Italian training, he must early have made a mark, for he became a member of the Society of Artists, and later sent to the Academy from 1772 to 1781. He was a teacher of distinction, being master to the Prince of Wales and drawing-master at Eton from 1763 to 1768. His bold, pictorial manner was clearly offensive to the "topographical" men, since Dayes called him "Blotmaster-General to the Town." Yet, in the absence of his paintings, and judging by his drawings, he uses the outline pen line for his washes in true "topographical drawing" tradition. The drawings at the British Museum are chiefly views in Italy in pen and ink, a few being tinted, with some pencil and Indian-ink drawings.

To Alexander Cozens was born a son, JOHN ROBERT COZENS, in 1752—"Silvery Cozens"—who, under his father's training, rapidly displayed artistic powers of a rare order. In 1767, at fifteen, Cozens was showing at the Incorporated Society of Artists. By twenty-five (1776) he was taken by Payne Knight on a Swiss and Italian tour—the year he sent a lost *Landscape with Hannibal and his Army* to the Academy, which, painted in oils in Turner's first year, was held by that genius in the years to come as having taught him more than any other picture. Cozens went to Italy again with Beckford, being in England again in 1783. In 1794 madness took him and stilled his art. Before the genius of Turner had dawned, Constable spoke of Cozens as "the greatest genius that ever touched landscape."

To him Constable owed and owned a heavy debt. And when we look upon the solemn grandeur of the *Mount Elba*, the *Mount Vesuvius*, the stillness of the *Valley with Winding Streams*, and the dramatic *Isle of Elba*, we realise what a revelation of poetic utterance these things must have been to his age.

With Cozens water-colour gave forth artistic impression; the art is complete in itself, far removed from water-colour drawing—the gamut of the emotions have free play, and he arouses the sense of dignity. From him Girtin and Turner

received the torch; they both copied his works for training. His intention is free from all topographical map-making; he steps back into the poetic realm of Claude and Ruysdael; he is own kin to Gainsborough and Morland.

WHEREIN WE SEE THE DESIRE FOR PICTURES OF PLACES RAPIDLY LEADING TOWARDS THE FOUNDATION OF THE GREAT BRITISH SCHOOL OF LANDSCAPE

Francis Nicholson (1753-1844), born at Pickering in Yorkshire, practised his landscape art in Yorkshire, painting also horses and dogs and still-life; came to London in 1804 and became a foundation member of the Water-Colour Society. He made many lithographs.

LOUTHERBOURG

1740 – 1812

Philip James de Loutherbourg, R.A., the son of a Pole, was born at Strassburg on the 31st of October 1740. Trained by his father as a miniature-painter, going with him to Paris in 1755, he was 'prenticed to the battle-painter Casanova, and, rapidly gaining repute as a painter of battle-pieces, of landscapes, and of sea-pieces, he was elected to the French Academy in 1767, at twenty-seven. At thirty-one, in 1771, he came to London, became scene-painter to Garrick at Drury Lane Theatre, and soon won a wide repute, being made A.R.A. in 1780, and R.A. the following year of 1781. At Greenwich are naval battle-pieces by him. He was also well known for his etchings; and amongst his best works are his pen and wash drawings. His portrait by Gainsborough is at Dulwich. His last years were lived at Chiswick, where he lies buried. He died at Hammersmith on March 11, 1812.

IBBETSON

1759 – 1817

Julius Cæsar Ibbetson, friend and boon-companion of Morland, upon whose art he was to have a marked influence, was the son of Richard Ibbetson of Masham in Yorkshire, to whom he was born on December 29, 1759. The child was educated by the Moravians, from whom he went to the Quaker School at Leeds. Apprenticed to a ship-painter at Hull, one John Fletcher, he came to paint the scenery for the theatres at Hull and York.

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At eighteen he made for London (1777) and embarked on an artist's career, neglected and unrecognised for many years, making forgeries of Old Masters for scoundrelly dealers, and painting landscapes, rustic figures, and cattle-pieces. He appeared in 1785 at the Academy displays, which seem to have brought him to wider repute. He sailed with Colonel Cathcart to China as draughtsman, but, Cathcart dying on the voyage, Ibbetson came back to England. The death of his wife in 1794 was a serious blow to him; and, drifting into debt, he had to flit from London. Marrying again in the June of 1801, this time the daughter of William Thomson of Windermere, he published a couple of years thereafter (1803) *An Accidence, or Gamut of Painting in Oil*, of which a later edition contained his life (1828). Besides oils and water-colours, he came to considerable repute in etching. Ibbetson died in his native village on the 13th of October 1817. His silvery and grey-green landscapes, boldly painted, and with a rare sense of colour, had a far greater effect on the early development of English art than is at present recognised.

JAMES BAYNES (1766-1837), born at Kirkby Lonsdale, pupil to Romney, worked in the most dire poverty.

JOSHUA CRISTALL (1767-1847) painted the home-life of the people in water-colour, and was astoundingly modern in his style. Born to a Cornish seaman, he was a painter on china at Burslem, but by 1804 began to make a mark in water-colour; became a foundation member of the Water-Colour Society, and in 1821 its President.

GEORGE BARRET
THE YOUNGER
1767-8 – 1821

TO GEORGE BARRET, R.A., famous also in water-colour, was born a son, GEORGE BARRET THE YOUNGER, who was to come to wide fame as the water-colour painter of classical landscape. He first showed at the Academy in 1800. He seems to have had a sad struggle for livelihood; and his glowing, sunny water-colours are about the only bright side of his life.

GLOVER
1767 – 1849

WHEREIN WE SEE THE DESIRE FOR PICTURES OF PLACES RAPIDLY LEADING TOWARDS THE FOUNDATION OF THE GREAT BRITISH SCHOOL OF LANDSCAPE

JOHN GLOVER, born at Houghton-on-Hill, in Leicestershire, on February 18, 1767, began life as a writing-master, but at twenty-seven, in 1794, went to Lichfield and set up as an artist, showing landscapes at the Royal Academy from 1795 to 1812. He became a member of the Old Water-Colour Society, sending a large number of works to the yearly displays. In later years he travelled much abroad. After a considerable career in London he bought a house and land near Ullswater, intending to retire thither, but emigrated to Tasmania instead in the March of 1831, and started on a new career of painting there despite his age. But he soon gave up painting for religion, dying at Launceston in Tasmania on December 9, 1849, an old man.

DAWN OF SCOTTISH LANDSCAPE PAINTING

NASMYTH
1758 – 1840

ALEXANDER NASMYTH was to come to fame in landscape. Born at Edinburgh, he was 'prenticed to a coachpainter in that city, making coats-of-arms and the like, where Ramsay discovered him, and took him to his picture factory in London to learn the mysteries. On going back to Edinburgh at twenty he began with portraits. He was taken up by Patrick Miller, who used his knowledge of mechanics as much as his gift of painting—the Miller who, with Nasmyth's skill, applied the use of steam to shipping. Miller lent him the money to go to Italy in 1782, whence he came back to Edinburgh after two years, and soon met with such success in portraiture that he married a sister of Sir James Foulis of Woodhall. So he came to paint *Robert Burns*. Some of his finest portraits are on a small scale, such as the famous *Miss Burnett*, and he was fond of groups in the Zoffany manner. His outspoken politics put him foul of

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his clients; and in 1793 he gave himself up to landscape, in which he was to have a profound influence upon the Scottish genius, many of the earlier landscape-painters being trained under him.

Unfortunately Nasmyth's theatre scenery has long since perished. Somewhat classical in feeling, his paintings of the seats of the gentry tend towards the grand effects.

Nasmyth's eldest son, Patrick Nasmyth (1787-1831) and his daughters became painters; and his youngest son, famous as the inventor of the steam-hammer, left a fortune for decayed artists. Nasmyth trained JOHN THOMSON of Duddingston (1778-1840), and ANDREW WILSON (1780-1848); whilst he influenced ROBERTS, GEDDES, and CLARKSON STANFIELD.

CHAPTER XXVI

WHEREIN BRITISH ART TURNS TO THE UTTERANCE OF THE COMEDY OF LIFE

THE SATIRIST ILLUSTRATORS

WHEREIN BRITISH ART TURNS TO THE UTTERANCE OF THE COMEDY OF LIFE

THE early seventeen-hundreds had brought forth Hogarth, the great painter of the life of the people in the cities; the later seventeen-hundreds were to bring forth in Rowlandson the great limner of the life of the people in town and country—an artist of remarkable gifts, his craft nearer akin to that of the water-colour draughtsmen who were now arising in the land.

ROWLANDSON

1756 – 1827

THOMAS ROWLANDSON was born in the Old Jewry in the July of 1756. He came of respectable middle-class folk, his father being a city merchant of considerable means. But Rowlandson's reckless habits were not wanting in the father; and by the time the youth had come to manhood, the prospects from his father were gone into thin air. Fortunately for the young fellow, he was the favourite of his aunt, a Frenchwoman, who had married his uncle Thomas Rowlandson, and by her he was enabled to live his early manhood with much circumstance.

Rowlandson gave most precocious promise of his artistic bent, and drew before he could write; his schooltime was given to caricatures of his masters and schoolfellows. His gifts were mature before an ordinary student begins his apprenticeship to art. From school he went to the Royal Academy Schools, and was soon known for his devilments and high spirits. He and his friend JOHN BANNISTER were the centre of every fool's-play, and the torment of the professors, from Richard Wilson

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to old Moser. And he sprang up to great stature and strength.

At sixteen he went to Paris for two years and let himself go in pleasure as hard as he worked at his art, besides learning to speak French like a native; he emerged as the complete dandy. After a year at home, he was again in Paris at nineteen, working hard, and eagerly interested in his art. The life, from the Court to the tavern, he made his own. All classes interested him, and he moved freely amongst all; and he poured out his satirical comedy of it with lively gusto. His early tendency to burlesque he disciplined with serious intention towards the portrait, but he went back to satire, which found a large public. His friends being GILLRAY, HENRY WIGSTEAD, and HENRY BUNBURY, the last two being men of fashion, still further encouraged him towards his innate bias.

In 1775, his nineteenth year, Rowlandson sent to the Academy his drawing of *Delilah paying Samson a Visit in Prison*; a year or two afterwards he had settled in Wardour Street as a portrait-painter, and thenceforth sent portraits and landscapes to the Academy, creating a fine type of sketchy portraiture in a manner all his own, that rapidly created school, and won the whole-hearted admiration of Reynolds and West and Lawrence.

By 1784 fortune and fame seemed to have come to him. He gave up all attempt, however, to walk the more "serious" path of art, and freely devoted himself to the comedy of life in those fine drawings, washed in colour, which lent themselves so well to the etched plates after his work, that were coloured by hand after his originals; the work by which he is chiefly known to us, and in which he recorded in unforgettable fashion the life of his age.

At the death of his French aunt he came into £7000, with other considerable property, and forthwith glittered amongst the gayest of the world of fashion. The genial giant was soon well known in every gambling-hell in London, now winning heavily, now losing heavily; but doing both with the dandified strut that conceals all emotion. He was soon in debt to the

tune of several thousands. Other big legacies came to him, to vanish in like fashion. He was often known to dice through a night and the next day ; and once played without ceasing for thirty-six hours. Yet, strange as it may seem, his mania for gambling had no disastrous effect on his character. Scrupulous and upright in all his dealings, and avoiding debt, the moment he had lost his all he went off to his painting-room and coolly sat down to work with the reed pen or pencils that were so much to him.

WHEREIN BRITISH ART TURNS TO THE UTTERANCE OF THE COMEDY OF LIFE

Something of a giant of a man was this Rowlandson of the exquisite touch—as we know from the astonishment of the inn-keepers' wives in France, who feared for the capacity of their larders on seeing him descend at their doors, him whom they looked upon as John Bull incarnate.

Rowlandson's art uttered the impression of the life, high and low, about him—the drawing-room, the palace, the Mall, the village, the town, the tavern. But it is significant that his subtlest observation is given forth in its highest power when he turns to the sordid folk that slouch about the squalid slums of London. For him is a deeper hearing than the ear of Reynolds knows, which is deaf to the realities as it was deaf to much ; for Rowlandson hears the hoarse note of misery that hangs about the gutters of great cities, leads back English art to Hogarth's truthful inquisition, and sounds that hoarse mutter that growls angrily across the far Atlantic, and is about to burst like a hellish shout over doomed France. His varied art gave itself also to book illustration. One of the most dramatic incidents of his artistry is significant of the irony of life. There lay in a debtors' prison one William Combe who was writing in that grim home of literature the famous fooling in verse of *Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*; and though Rowlandson and he never met, Rowlandson illustrated it the while, month by month.

In 1800 Rowlandson married Miss Street of Camberwell, but died a childless man in 1827 in London after a long illness.

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Of Rowlandson's cronies who came to repute, there is scant space to speak here; indeed, the greatest of them, Gillray (1757-1815), came to his fame as the supreme caricaturist of the age in the more parochial province of political caricature, rather than in the wider realm of social satire, bringing remarkable gifts to the business. James Gillray was born a year after Rowlandson, and though not possessed of Rowlandson's painter qualities, his biting line was given to a fierce satire that has had influence upon succeeding generations.

It has become a critical cant that water-colour is peculiarly a medium for landscape; Rowlandson broke that cant to pieces. The Japanese have never made any such blunder, nor the Dutchmen.

CHAPTER XXVII

WHEREIN WE WALK AWHILE WITH A MIGHTY SEER LARGELY INARTICULATE

THE ILLUSTRATORS

THE GREAT VISIONARY

BLAKE

1757 – 1827

WHEREIN WE WALK AWHILE WITH A MIGHTY SEER LARGELY INARTICULATE

A YEAR younger than Rowlandson, and dying in the same year, was a man who stands out as one of the greatest geniuses of his age. With an intense admiration for Blake, I find it difficult, nevertheless, to express the impression that he creates upon the imagination; and all the more so in that he essayed to utter his art in the realm of painting which he never mastered, and in which he was pitifully inarticulate. His high-soaring genius found a fitter outlet in the art of words; but even so, owing to his fundamental mistake as to the significance of art—a mistake inevitable to his intellectual pride—he employed both the art of words and of painting in involved fashion. Strong, obstinate, virile, he poured forth his intention with giant energy.

Beginning in the initial blunder of mistaking art for intellect, despising the senses like a schoolgirl because he mistook sensing for sensuality, he proceeded to try and make the intellect create art! His whole career is founded on this tragic mistake.

Let us take his most marked detail of craftsmanship. Setting the intellect above the senses, he found himself obliged to fall back on symbolism. Now symbolism is always a confession of failure in art—whether in literature or painting. A symbol loses its authority and its significance the moment it has to be explained—the moment, in other words, that it is not

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the common property of the race. The peacock, to the early Christians in the catacombs, meant Eternity—it was borrowed from the pagans. To-day it has no such significance. As a symbol of Eternity it is dead. Now the essential aim of Art, of all art whatsoever, is to transfer emotion to our fellows. It follows that the moment that we employ symbols we debauch art, and try to make it an affair of the intellect instead of the senses.

Blake was a visionary, a mystic, living in the intangible realm of the imagination, lord of a wondrous empire. To him, above all men, if he would transfer his experiences to his fellows, it was essential that he should win to intense simplicity and perfection of artistic utterance. He never so mastered craftsmanship in painting. Worse still, a powerful master of words, he proceeded to entangle his great gifts of words in a jargon of symbols, which make a key necessary to the understanding of them. In painting his every design needs a "book of the words"—he never created a complete artistic thing. Mystification is not Mysticism.

There lived in London a draper or "hosier," as they called it in those days, trading as John Blake, the illegitimate son of an Irish O'Neil, one John O'Neil, which John O'Neil, the scion of a noble house, after his affair with the unknown girl, had married one Ellen Blake, who had money from whisky, and she brought him not only her dowry, but, as he was tangled in politics, her name, and took his motherless boy under her care, giving the child also her maiden name; which boy, grown to youth, then came to London and set up as hosier, took him a wife, and begat five children—one, a daughter, died unmated; the two eldest sons were John and James; the third was WILLIAM BLAKE, destined to immortal fame; and the youngest son, Robert, was the beloved of the parents. Hence the great mystic was born out of a tangled mystery.

When a child of four, William Blake in a vision "saw God put His forehead to the window," and the frightened child dared not tell of it. The child was the neglected one of the

family. The eldest, John, turned out a bad lot, and the family sealed their lips upon him. The second son, James, took his place ; and William was left to dream dreams. At seven the child saw another vision—he saw a tree full of angels at Peckham Rye, for which his father thrashed him as a little liar until the child was begged off by his mother. The child burst into a fit of fury at the indignity of being struck; and he ever afterwards hated the word "father." His mother in later years struck him for having a vision of Ezekiel ! The child's ungovernable fury at being struck decided the parents never to send him to school. This pride and dignity were of the very fabric of the man. He early displayed a gift of speech astonishing in a lad.

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Blake was intended for the trade of hosier, but his hatred of everything to do with commerce soon made it clear that commerce was not for him. For awhile he was granted pocket-money and allowed to do what he willed. The braggart child had grown into a silent boy, the gold-red hair curling untended over his massive head, his dark keen eyes turned into his own world of dreams. Yet he was obedient, well-conducted. By ten he was a complete mystery. He had discovered that the "figure is formed for Beauty." The delight in form came to the lad as the love of books of adventure come to most. The boy pored over Michelangelo, Dürer, Raphael. At the same time what is called Religion took fire within him. He picked up prints at "threepenny auctions"; the auctioneer, struck by the child's taste, favouring him. His father bought casts for him to copy at home. At ten the boy went to Parr's Life School in the Strand.

When the time came to be apprenticed, young Blake, declaring for painting, was taken to see the fashionable artist Ryland ; but the youth decided that Ryland "looked as though he would come to be hanged," and finding that the fee of apprenticeship was less for an engraver, he asked to be bound to Basire. Odd to say, Ryland, who was universally liked, was disgracefully hanged for a trivial forgery ten years later ! And

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it is strange also that Blake only became an artist because he had heard a voice so order him. But we must remember that Blake's father was a follower of Swedenborg, and this early communion with the angels was part of the boy's very acceptance of things. Yet the father hotly resented in the lad what he accepted in the teacher! This mystic reading of the Bible was to be the foundation of Blake's life.

Well, from 1771, for seven years the lad was destined to work at 31 Great King Street on the steel, a magnifying glass in his eye—visions or no visions. He had refused to be bound to a painter, as the heavy fees would have been unfair to the prospects of his brother and sister. But his work at Basire's was only close during 1771 and 1772. It was at this time that he saw the rugged face of Goldsmith, then forty, and wished for such a head when he became a man. There was scant reason to wish for any other than that astonishingly virile and powerful head of his own—the head of a world-conqueror. Basire required drawings made in Westminster Abbey, and 1772 and 1773 saw Blake at the beloved task. It was the saving of him from the Greek vision; he fell enamoured of the Gothic. There, exultant in his work, he saw a vision of Christ and His apostles. Blake was yet in his teens when he wrote his unfinished drama of *Edward III.* It must be remembered that Blake was only sixteen. Letting a Westminster schoolboy ascend the scaffold, the young scamp began to fling down dirt on Blake's drawings; roused to hot anger, Blake climbed after him, flung him to the ground below, and without waiting to see whether he had killed him, went and protested to the Dean —that day the abbey was put out of school bounds. Caught by the Gordon Riots mob in 1780, he went with it and saw the attack on Newgate Prison and the release of the prisoners.

To 1773, his sixteenth year, a year after the death of Swedenborg, belongs his engraved plate of *Joseph of Arimathea.* Already Blake has stepped upon that path to high philosophy which made him also enter the wrong path towards art—he sets the senses below the intellect. He has become an intellec-

tual Puritan. He also enters upon that symbolism necessary to express incorporeal ideas, which are destructive to art, and require assistance outside art for their understanding, and which, when understood, leave the senses cold. He was mistaking art for morals, as he had mistaken art for Beauty. He next set Inspiration even above Reason, which he set amongst the five Senses as not being intellectual enough, not realising that in this setting of Inspiration above Reason he was really putting Reason into its proper place and bringing the Senses to the heights. For Imagination is the highest sensing; and Inspiration is outside Reason. Hence his fallacy in making Allegory the basis of "the most sublime poetry," because it "is addressed to the intellectual powers." It will be at once seen how utterly he has missed the whole significance of art; and we find ourselves tossed about helplessly amid his arbitrary symbols of Albion and Joseph of Arimathea and Los and the rest of it, which, instead of assisting to reveal life to the artist's fellow-men, only boggle the revelation. He could not see that the lamp of the mind could not be unless it were given the vessel of the body to contain it. Here it is not possible to follow Blake into abstract philosophy; I have but led to the parting of the roads where he passed art aside for his vast adventure into the intellect. Scarce out of his teens he took that path; and thenceforth art was largely denied to him, and he became a philosopher.

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At twenty-one, Blake being out of his 'prenticeship went to the schools of the Academy; he ceased for awhile from writing poetry, and eagerly studied the living model. His intense Greek sense of form and line was stirred. And as we have already seen, he had missed the deep sense of the significance of art for the Greek parochial intellectual aim of Beauty. In 1780 he drew himself as *Morning* or *Glad Day*. Even in his intellectual pride, little witting of it, he sounds the deathknell of his achievement in art: "Nature does and always did weaken, deaden, and destroy imagination in me." And henceforth all he uttered, even in words, is held to mean not what the words mean, but something else. He looks upon the

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sensed thing as vulgar and gross as against the reasoned thing; as though the thing felt were not mountains higher and nobler and subtler than mere empty cold intellect!

His first poems were written between twelve and twenty, 1768 to 1777. Chatterton, born in 1752, five years older than Blake, had published his forged poems of Rowley the monk in 1768; and Blake insisted that they were not forgeries, but inspiration; just as he gave Macpherson's *Ossian* to an Ossian after the writer had confessed the poems. Of these early poems the last was the unfinished *Edward III.*

He now had his first great love for a woman, "Polly"—one Clara Woods. Blake's jealousy and Polly's flirting brought the passion to an end in a year—he had Old Testament ideas of woman's subjection to man. To his black poetry of reproach she, utterly baffled as to what he meant, asked him simply, "Are you a fool?" and it cured him of jealousy as cold water quenches fire. The shock to the ardent, trustful, honourable nature of the man was overwhelming; he was stricken down with illness—by the first of those fits of illness that dogged him through life.

His alarmed parents sent him awhile to live in the garden-house of a market-gardener, called Bouchier, to be amongst the flowers. Then Blake fell in love with the dark-eyed, pretty daughter, Catherine Bouchier, who could neither read nor write, though twenty-four. They fell a-lovemaking in one of his "gardens of delight." The parents demanded a year's separation before they plighted their troth. On Sunday, the 18th of August 1782, they were married at Battersea. They settled at 23 Queen Street, Leicester Fields, near Hogarth. Blake's friend Stothard had introduced Flaxman into his life. Blake fired the cold imagination of Flaxman, just returned from Italy. Flaxman took him to the literary salon of the Mathews. Blake was busy with verse, 'tis said, in that salon of "fakes"—faked sculpture, faked coloured glass, faked antique furniture. The publication by Mathews and Flaxman of Blake's *Poetical Sketches* brought irritation to Blake—his

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mistakes had to be pointed out, and he considered himself incapable of mistakes. His feeling for works of art, too, was limited—he deeply admired Fuseli! In 1783 he wrote his unfinished *The Island in the Moon* in which he satirises his friends at the Mathews'. But in the weaving of this spite there were revealed to him his world-famed *Songs of Innocence*, which he wrote amidst some of his most exquisite decorations, freed from symbolism and explanation. Before he followed with the *Songs of Experience* he had passed amongst the makers of myth.

Pretty, loving Catherine Blake meanwhile had learnt to read and write. Her common-sense made her share her beloved poet's contempt of the preciousness of the Mathews' circle, and she, with him, seems to have had no qualms of gratitude. In 1783-84 Blake wrote the *Mary* poems, in which a pretty simple girl is brought into the artificial atmosphere of the drawing-room of fine people. Catherine lost her child before birth; and the shock of it seems to have brought Blake closer to her thereafter. Blake's father died in 1784; Blake would not go to his death-bed—he could not forgive him for not coming to his marriage. The *Tiriel*, in which he holds up fathers as the enemies of their children, probably followed.

Blake had now to divide his father's estate with his brother James, who succeeded to that father's business. Blake changed his home to 27 Broad Street and opened a paint-shop with an old fellow-pupil, Parker; and the younger brother Robert became pupil to Blake. Blake had now designed and engraved a considerable mass of work. But he was poorly paid and had a horror of asking for money. He had painted *The Penance of Jane Shore*, *King Edward and Queen Elinor*, *The Morning after the Battle*, the *Bard*, and the *Joseph* series. The greatly loved youngest brother Robert lived two years with Blake, and died—to Blake's bitter grief. Blake "saw" his blithe soul leave his body, clapping its hands for joy. He went to bed and slept for three days and three nights.

He awoke with a hunger for fresh experience. His young wife grew closer to him. Thereafter Blake flung himself upon

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the writing of his *Prophetic Books*. He steeped himself in his father's books of Swedenborg; and from 1788 to 1790 he evolved the complete symbolic method of thought of which the key is largely lost owing to poverty preventing the printing of many of the books during his life, whilst his "friend" Tatham burnt many after his death as they did not agree with the theology of Irving! Blake's partner grumbled at the neglect of the shop; and they broke up partnership, Blake giving up the printshop and moving to cheaper rooms in Poland Street. He would now not only try to out-dramatise Shakespeare and the Elizabethans; he would out-prophecy Swedenborg. After *Tiriel* came the *Ghost of Abel*; the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* (1790), with *Tel*, the *Visions of the Daughters of Albion*, and such works, and probably the lost book of *Outhoon*. To 1791 belongs the lost published *French Revolution*; the *Songs of Experience* to 1794, and Swedenborg drives him still further to contempt of the senses as sensuality, still further into the icy realm of Thought, or, as he calls it, Imagination, not realising that Imagination must be *felt*. He proceeds to create a system, gives attributes the names of his own created symbols, and soars into philosophy. Art he has left wholly behind. And here we are concerned with him as artist in painting only.

In 1788-89 Blake had a vision in which Robert taught him how to write and draw on copper with a varnish so that the plate could be eaten, and leave the lines relieved as is type, thus enabling him to print from them with printing ink.

So he wrought and printed the *Songs of Innocence*. In 1790 he became enthusiastic over the Revolution with his *Song of Liberty*, and walked into the streets with a cap of Liberty on his head. It was a dangerous thing to do. He strove his life long for friendship—the half-way house between selfhood (all evil) and eternal brotherhood (the ultimate good); but his abounding egoism and quarrelsome nature constantly thwarted him. He pored over Lavater's *Aphorisms* to educate himself in friendship. He read that Lavater had composed them in a single autumn whilst moving from place to place—he must

outdo Lavater, and produced the *Proverbs of Hell* in like fashion, 'tis said, in half-an-hour.

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In 1792 the publication of Tom Paine's *Rights of Man* brought Pitt down upon all "republicans," and Blake being present at Johnson's at a meeting of the "Friends of Liberty," realised that Paine, after his speech, was in danger; taking him aside, Blake warned him not to go home, but make straight for France. Paine escaped capture by twenty minutes. The September massacres of 1792 rid Blake of all enthusiasm for revolution. His mother died in this same September. The break-up of the "Friends of Liberty" sent Blake back to solitude.

He was ever growing poorer. He next moves to 13 Hercules Buildings, and concerns himself with the *America* and *Europe* (1793-94). He was painting in what he called fresco—painting on a plaster surface. But he lacked subtle sense of colour, of harmony, of handling. Incoherent and inarticulate, he never mastered the craftsmanship of painting. Of 1795, the year of the *Song of Los*, the *Songs of Experience*, were the *Lazar House* of Milton, and the like. To 1796 belong fourteen plates for *Surinam*; to 1797 the many designs for Young's *Night Thoughts*, several engravings—*Alfred, King John, Queen Elizabeth and Essex, Death of Lucretia, Death of Cleopatra*, and others, and the five hundred and seventy-two designs and lettering of his poem of *Vala*. In 1799 he made a series of religious pictures for Butts, and four paintings.

Prosperity loomed awhile. He could now keep a servant; and pupils of rank came to him. He was offered the drawing-mastership to the royal family, but refused it; and lest the refusal should insult the sovereign, he gave up all his pupils! The loss was severely felt. The servant disappeared. But the pair were happy; they took long walks together of twenty or thirty miles; and it was in one of their long walks that a thief broke in and stole sixty pounds' worth of engraving plates.

Open-handed, generous, Blake could never keep money; this loss severely taxed his resources.

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In 1800 Flaxman introduced Blake to the egregious poetaster Hayley. So Blake left London for Felpham to be near the "great man of the neighbourhood." The large intellect of the one man, the shallow brain and petty pedantry of the other, were doomed to conflict eventually. Cowper, the poet, had just died, and Hayley arranged with Blake to illustrate his biography of the dead man. Blake was well received, and the joy of the place at once made him burst into song. But Hayley was soon patronising and on Blake's nerves. To the years 1800 to 1804 belong *The Crucifixion*; *Captain Butts in Artillery Uniform*; *Adam naming the Animals*; *Eve naming the Birds*; the *Rev. John Johnson*; *The Riposo*; *St. Paul Preaching*; *Three Maries, with Angel, at the Sepulchre*; *Death of the Virgin*; *Death of St. Joseph*; *Jephthah's Daughter*; and "*I was naked*" (which reminds one of the gossip of Blake and his wife sitting naked in the summer-house to recite passages from *Paradise Lost*); *Ruth*; *Moses*; *Fire*; *Plague*; *Death of the Firstborn*; *Famine*; the *Whirlwind*; *Samson bursting his Bonds* and *Samson Subdued*; *Noah*; the *Four-and-twenty Elders casting down their Crowns*; *Wise and Foolish Virgins*; *King of Babylon*; *Adam Judged.* He also wrought *Eighteen Heads of Poets*, and twice *Satan calling up his Legions.*

The delightful cottage at Felpham clearly answered to the description "covered with roses in summer and filled with rheumatism in winter." Mrs. Blake suffered much. Blake began his *Milton* and *Jerusalem*; he was now secretly, bitterly resentful of Hayley, who kept him to hackwork. But in 1803 his temper could no longer bear it. In the August of 1803 a cavalry-soldier, who had come into his garden, was ordered out by Blake; Blake turned him out; the man, with his fellow-troopers, promptly accused Blake of seditious language—this man, Scholfield, was clearly a "barrack-room lawyer." The justices of the peace demanded bail, and Hayley generously found it. But Blake, galled and deeply humiliated by the whole incident, made for London again, settling at 17 South Molton Street, destined to be his home for seventeen years. Hayley meanwhile engaged counsel for Blake. Blake went down to

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Sussex in the January of 1804 and surrendered to his bail; Hayley acted most handsomely, and Blake was acquitted.

Unfortunately Hayley harassed Blake with constant unprofitable errands to do in London. But all 1804 he was hard at work engraving his *Jerusalem*, though he dare not tell Hayley. The Blakes were now living pitifully frugally. By the December of 1805 Blake suspected the friendship of Flaxman and Hayley —they had been reducing his prices whilst he near starved. Flaxman had recommended Caroline Watson as engraver to Hayley. He also introduced a man whom Blake detested, one Cromek, who had subscribed an edition of Blair's *Grave* on Blake's designs, then threw over Blake as engraver of them for Schiavonetti. As a matter of fact, Cromek did not behave so very unhandsomely in the matter, and had done much for Blake. He was a poor man and could not afford generosities. It is significant of the low ebb of Blake's fortunes at this time that his loyal wife would put the empty dishes silently upon the table, whereon Blake, leaving the poetry, would get him to his copperplates after other artists' designs for bread.

Blake had now made a drawing for Chaucer's *Canterbury Pilgrims*. Cromek saw it and suggested a complete design. He then went to Stothard and suggested the subject to him—the National Gallery holds the picture Stothard painted. Meanwhile Blake worked at *his* design. He chanced upon Stothard innocently painting his, but was affable over it. In the May of 1807 Stothard's work was exhibited. Blake seems to have realised that it must damage his subscription list for engravings after his own painting, and he virulently attacked Cromek. In the May of 1809 Blake's hosier brother lent his house for a display of Blake's pictures—he showed sixteen, including the life-sized *Ancient Britons*. The display was a failure. Let us gaze at it awhile. Blake, it will be seen, had a most limited sense of colour. "The eye that can prefer the colouring of Titian and Rubens to that of Michael Angelo and Rafael ought to be modest and to doubt its own powers." "Colouring . . . is always wrong in Titian and Correggio,

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Rubens and Rembrandt. Till we get rid of Titian and Correggio, Rubens and Rembrandt, we shall never equal Rafael, and Albert Durer, Michael Angelo, and Julio Romano." Herein Blake, instead of blighting great genius, only betrayed Blake's limitations. He mistook painting for sculpture; he bemuddled both with literature. And he displayed sixteen paintings only to confess his complete artistic failure by writing a catalogue that required heavy literary descriptions in order to show that his art had completely failed him. His very titles prove that his art has failed:

Nelson guiding Leviathan, *Pitt guiding Behemoth*, the *Canterbury Pilgrims*, the *Bard*, the *Ancient Britons*, the *Barren Waste of Lock and Newton*, the *Goats*, the *Spiritual Preceptor*, *Satan calling up his Legions*; with the drawings of *The Brahmins*, the *Body of Abel found by Adam and Eve*, the *Soldiers casting lots for Christ's Garment*, *Jacob's Ladder*, the *Body of Jesus in the Sepulchre*, *Ruth*, the *Penance of Jane Shore in St. Paul's Church.*

He is concerned with the "traditions" of painting; he does not realise that art has to create its own craftsmanship, which has nothing to do with schools and traditions. He pours forth egotistical self-laudation. He had lauded Fuseli to the stars!

Blake's indignant *Public Address*, so-called, is interesting as giving his relations at this time of dire want and struggle with those about him, and a trenchant survey of the art taste of the day. In spite of many fatuities, such as the grouping of "Fuseli, Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, and Milton," this *Public Address* contains much fine criticism. But his pathetically foolish distate of Nature in art, his limited artistic sensing, had at any rate this great saving factor—he held that it was not colour that made a work of art, not merely realistic painting of the thing before one.

In 1810 Blake wrote his second account of his picture of the *Last Judgment*—a picture so inadequate as a work of art that it required pages of the printed word to complete its intention—but printed words of deep interest.

In 1813 Cumberland brought John Linnell into Blake's

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life, that Linnell for whom he made a set of pictures to *Job*, his coloured drawings to *Dante*, and to the *Temptation of Christ*. Linnell, never giving him large sums at a time, kept him in livelihood for the remainder of his days on a living wage. And at last Blake was granted his long-desired vision of the Devil, grimly enough, just also when he had found his noblest patron. JOHN LINNELL, the landscape-painter, had been pupil to VARLEY, the artist of astrological habits. For Varley Blake would make vision-portraits of men. He rendered the *Ghost of a Flea*. In 1820 he made his woodcuts for Virgil's *Pastorals*.

It is significant to find Blake, amongst his many contradictions, announcing boldly near his last days that *feeling* after all is the highest wisdom. "I know what is true by internal conviction—a doctrine is stated; my heart tells me it must be true." An artist at last!

Blake had found a handsome friend and patron in Mr. Butts of Fitzroy Square—Butts gave him a running order to make pictures for him, and Blake made them at his own will and pleasure. Butts probably had little sympathy with the work done, but admired the strange man. Then Blake was to know this other patron, as generous, but closer akin to his soul.

For *Dante* Blake made several water-colour drawings; death came to him even whilst he was engraving them. But his last great work was the *Job*. Blake had changed his home to meaner lodgings at 3 Fountain Court in 1823. He was hard pressed even for food. Visitors now had to sit on the bed. It is difficult to realise these vigorous and fresh designs as being the work of an old man who was killing himself with work on scant fare. For two years he never left the house. But Linnell came forward with permanent help, and Blake was given an order for duplicates of Butts' *Job*, and for the engraving of them. The old artist was now free from actual want, or dread of want, thanks to Linnell. In Linnell he found a comrade without patronage; Wainewright was now writing for the *London Magazine*, and within his flippant powers admired Blake —that Wainewright who afterwards poisoned his sister-in-law, a

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beautiful girl, with strychnine, in order to get £18,000 for her life assurance, confessing to committing the crime "because her ankles were too thick"; he was sent to penal servitude, which he is suspected of having shortened by strychnine.

Blake was a well-known figure when out of doors in his broad-brimmed hat, his plain black suit, and knee-breeches now out of fashion. The fashionable trousers he kept for indoors, despising them. At the instance of Collins, Cooper, Baily, and Bone, the Academy granted Blake £25 for merit in his Blair's *Grave*.

The *Job* was published in the March of 1825. Linnell glitters immortal in the dignity he employed in his transactions with Blake. Employing a cold formal business "agreement," written and signed, he hid, under what made his act to Blake appear a frigid contract, all appearance of patronage; and he gave to him as though Blake conferred the benefit by taking. For Linnell he was drawing to the end, *sometimes in bed.* Unfortunately Blake did not give all his manuscripts to Linnell before he died, as he did the *Vala*; Tatham was to commit the unforgivable crime of destroying such as he did not approve after Blake's death.

So Blake walked peacefully to his end in that little house the back-window of which peeped out upon the river—that quiet house with the fine Queen Anne staircase, the front-window that gave on to Fountain Court being the light to the drawing-room, the other only room that bedroom and dining-room, workshop and kitchen all in one, where his noble wife kept all neat and tidy, where Blake once said to a little one: "My child, may God make this world to you as beautiful as it has been made to me." He had turned his back on the king's palace that he might dream dreams. Into this paradox and mighty contradiction of a man, who denied sin yet affirmed that God forgave sins, it is not our affair here to inquire. His "drawings out of his own head" were near done. Fearless of punishment beyond the grave, believing "death an improvement in the state of the departed," he turned to his beloved wife

with "I have no grief but in leaving you, Catherine." At the passing of noon on August 12, 1827, Blake began to sing as he lay awaiting death; in an ecstasy of joy he made the rafters ring. Then silence; and, without the watchers knowing it, his life departed from his body.

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They buried Blake in Bunhill Fields Burying-ground. The loyal comrade of his long life lived on awhile in memories of him. She gained her frugal bread by sale of his books and works. When the Princess Sophia sent her £100 she returned it "with all due thanks, not liking to take or keep what, as it seemed to her, she could dispense with, while many to whom no chance nor choice was given might have been kept alive by the gift." When she died after four years of grief she left all that remained to the egregious Tatham.

In Blake died the last of the great artists of the Renaissance. The increase of art since Michelangelo died was for him wholly blotted out. He went back, and strove to take up the splendour that Michelangelo had completed; and he had not the strength nor the craftsmanship to go beyond Michelangelo. But he was a giant; if in art an inarticulate one. He was a mystic; but he could not reveal the mysteries. He laboured with stupendous will to reveal them; and he failed —in art. He affirmed the Imagination as an affair of the intellect above the senses; but he constantly contradicted himself. He remains, spite of all inquisition, as mysterious as the mysteries; for he gave us no key but Mystification to unlock the gates. He would have cancelled the whole wide gamut of art since the death of Michelangelo—he repudiated colour and chiaroscuro—he fought only for line. He essayed to put back the hands of the clock of life. He would destroy all that was vital in art for the frigid Greek line, wholly misunderstanding painting, which is concerned with colour, not with line. He scorned the impression in art, even whilst he essayed to create impression by line—for art can do nought but create impression. Over the superb lines "When the morning stars sang together,

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and all the Sons of God shouted for joy," he drew a fine design of angels, debauched by feeble figures and landscape below; the whole of the design even at best but futile against the superb poetic communion of the words!

With Blake's verse we are not here concerned, but it is significant that he gave to words a sense which the words do not hold. Now the province of the mystic as artist is not to make mysteries but to unravel the mysteries. The poet, before he can reveal the mysteries, has to master the craft of words so as to employ the simplest and purest words in the language with such power that he creates emotional communion thereby to his fellows. That is why scientific and philosophic men often can scarcely write literature at all, far less create art with it—that is why the whole of modern art-criticism is absolutely futile; the critic has not learnt to create art in words, how therefore is he going to create the impression of works of art in painting? Worse still, writers on art and philosophy have created a bastard scholastic tongue which has no emotional force and no relation to the simple language of the people. They have "vasometer systems" and "tactile values" and "bottegas"—the fact that the editor of the *Manchester Guardian* considers this rank stuff to be literature does not make it literature—they employ vile pedantries and latinities; and they fail utterly, as they are bound to fail. So Blake failed. When he spoke of "Imagination," he did not mean Imagination, he meant something else. He broke his brains in the search for "truth" in the intellect; there is no such truth; truth can only be fully conceived by the senses in marriage with the intellect.

Thus: Prudery is an intellectual act; shame is an emotional act—shame is a noble and true thing; prudery is a lie and an ignoble thing. Prudery looks therefore upon the lust of sex as an indecent thing, which it is not, being one of the supreme truths and significances; shame looks upon the repudiation of the lovers as a base thing, which it is, and only when treachery follows is desire base.

CHAPTER XXVIII

OF THEM THAT MADE THE PORTRAIT IN THE LATE SEVENTEEN-HUNDREDS

As the seventeen-hundreds fulfilled themselves, a younger group of portrait-painters grew up, and produced a fine art.

NORTHCOTE
1746? – 1831

To a small watchmaker of Plymouth was born in 1746 a son, JAMES NORTHCOTE, who was destined to win to repute as an artist. By sixteen he was practising portrait-painting, when Reynolds went down to Devonport with Dr. Johnson; and Sir Joshua being pointed out at a public meeting, young Northcote got as near to him as he could and touched the skirt of his coat.

So he was blundering along in his art as best he could, when Dr. Mudge got him an interview with Reynolds in 1771, his twenty-fifth year, and Reynolds, in spite of much shaking of the head over his crude work, took him into his house as a pupil. The young fellow was now working in the Royal Academy as well.

His five years under Reynolds done, Northcote went to Plymouth awhile, hoarded enough money from portrait-painting to go to Rome in 1777, whence he came back in 1780 to be warmly welcomed by Reynolds, who strongly approved of his resolve "to take a house and commence painting portrait and history." He settled at 2 Old Bond Street. In 1783 he showed his first portrait, and was drawing sitters to his painting-room. But whilst society poured into the painting-room, his narrow nature and timidity in facing risks kept him from taking advantage of his great chances as his master had done. Money poured in, but Northcote's table remained

frugally set, and his dress simple; economy was an obsession. This miserly habit was even more intense in his sister, who kept house for him, and spread his table so parsimoniously that the rare guests were wont to congratulate themselves on leaving the house alive. Hazlitt greatly admired the little man's brilliant talk. He had, however, a rasping habit of a sarcastic and bitter tongue.

For the Boydell Shakespeare Gallery he painted the *Murder of the Royal Children*, a wretched thing, and the sorry *Death of Wat Tyler*, which, however, was well received, but is best remembered for the waggish Fuseli's humour about it: "Now Northcote will go home, put an extra piece of coal on his fire, and be almost tempted to draw the cork of his only pint of wine."

Though Northcote joined the Academy, he wisely kept from its bitter debates; he had no affection for the institution or its ways. He had his moments. He had met the young Prince of Wales. Reynolds asked him what he knew of His Royal Highness. "Nothing," said Northcote. "Nothing, sir!" said Reynolds—"why, he says he knows you very well." "Pooh!" said Northcote—"that's only his brag." As the laughing Reynolds muttered, 'twas "bravely said, bravely said," and witty withal.

Amongst his best-known portraits is the *Edward Pellew, Viscount Exmouth*.

In 1791 Northcote moved to a larger if still small house at 39 Argyll Street, prosperous, forty-four, and in considerable repute. His fellows respected his sarcastic and quick tongue and lightning repartee, even if they did not greatly love him. His Whiggish trend endeared him to the Prince of Wales and the Whig leaders. But the stepping into the shoes of Sir Joshua was baulked by the rise of men who could flatter more deftly with the brush.

He had one fine quality: Northcote was no snob. The Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV, being in Northcote's painting-room, with several lords and ladies, twitched the collar

of the seedy old gown in which Northcote worked, and touching his grey locks, said: "You don't devote much time to the toilette, I perceive." The answer came hot from Northcote: "Sir, I never allow any one to take personal liberties with me; you are the first who ever presumed to do so; and I beg your Royal Highness to recollect that I am in my own house," and turned again to his painting. The Prince, after a long silence, opened the door and departed; but the royal carriage not being arrived and the rain falling, he came back and borrowed an umbrella with which to leave. The next day, at noon, Northcote being alone in his painting-room, heard a gentle tap, the door opened, and the Prince walked in. "Mr. Northcote," said he, "I am come to return your sister's umbrella; I brought it myself, that I might have an opportunity of saying that yesterday I thoughtlessly took an unbecoming liberty with you, which you properly resented. I really am angry with myself, and hope you will forgive me, and think no more of it." Of this pretty incident Northcote said he could at that moment have sacrificed his life for him. The Prince, in sailorly fashion, put it: "He 's a damned honest, independent, little old fellow."

So he grew to old age, a fragile little man, dying in 1831, passing peacefully away as though he slept into eternity. They buried him in Marylebone Church.

BEECHEY

1753 – 1839

Sir William Beechey, R.A., was a typical artist of this group of portrait-painters that wrought their art after Reynolds with a fine sense of colour and subtle touch. Born at Burford in Oxfordshire on December 12, 1753, he was trained for the law, but breaking away, he entered the Academy schools as a student in 1772, and is said to have studied under Zoffany and Reynolds. He early began to make a mark in portraiture. Beechey showed his first portraits in 1775, and caught the town. The *Queen Charlotte* won him the office of Portrait-

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painter to the Queen. The equestrian group of *George III with the Prince of Wales and Duke of York*, at Hampton Court, brought him knighthood. The vogue of Lawrence dimmed his fame. The National Portrait Gallery has his *Mrs. Siddons*, and Dulwich his *John Kemble*, *Pybus*, and *Sir Francis Bourgeois*.

Elected A.R.A. in 1793, he became R.A. in 1798, the year of his knighthood. He was twice married; and his son, GEORGE BEECHEY, also painted portraits. Beechey's fine art, however, develops no new vision; though it is true and reaches towards the simplicity of Opie, and sounds the coming note. He died at Hampstead on the 28th of January 1839.

STUART

1755 – 1828

GILBERT STUART, called "American Stuart," was born to Scottish parents at Narragansett near Newport, Rhode Island, in the American colonies, on December 3, 1755. He came to Scotland about 1775, his twentieth year, to the University of Glasgow; but soon thereafter took to painting portraits, going first to London, then to Paris, exhibiting at the Academy from 1777 to 1785. To him sat *Louis XVI*, *George III* and the *Prince of Wales*; besides *John Kemble*, *Alderman Boydell*, *Reynolds*, *West*, and other celebrities. Going back to America, now become the United States, he settled at New York, thence went to Philadelphia and Washington, and about 1806 retired to Boston. At the National Portrait Gallery are his *West* and *George Washington* amongst other fine portraits. He is famous as the painter of six Presidents of the United States—*Washington*, *John Adams*, *Jefferson*, *Madison*, *Monroe*, and *John Quincy Adams*. Stuart, after a career of high repute, died at Boston on July 27, 1828, leaving a widow and daughter.

CHAPTER XXIX

OF A SCOTTISH GIANT IN PORTRAITURE

RAEBURN
1756 – 1823

OF A SCOTTISH GIANT IN PORTRAITURE

THE paint was wet upon Sir Joshua Reynolds's canvas of *The Age of Innocence* when a young fellow of twenty-nine stepped into his painting-room who was to reach to high rank in painting. HENRY RAEBURN, a young Scottish giant, had come to London with his wife—he was already of repute in Edinburgh—and the ageing Reynolds, with wonted kindliness, gave him high encouragement; and he is said to have so greatly admired the work of the other that he advised him to go to Rome—offering to supply the means to do so out of his own pocket if the young giant lacked them—which Raeburn declined, deeply touched by the old artist's offer.

To Robert Raeburn, a mill-owner at Stockbridge, Edinburgh, and to his wife Ann Elder, was born on the 4th of March 1756 their second son, HENRY RAEBURN. The Raeburns came of good old Border-raiders stock. Born the year after Romney's marriage at twenty-two, three years after the thirty-year-old Reynolds had gone to settle in London, the lad was left an orphan with his elder brother William Raeburn at an early age, losing both father and mother. The manly elder brother William fathered Henry, though only himself sixteen or eighteen, sending the little fellow of nine thereafter to the famous school of Heriot's Hospital, where the boy received the sound education and acquired the old-world courtly manners that stood him in such good stead in the after-years. Taken from school at fifteen (1771), he was apprenticed to a goldsmith, one Gilliland; and got to painting miniatures, of which are the *David Deuchar* and the *Dr. Wood*. Self-taught, he first

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did it for the love of the thing; but by twenty he passed from miniatures to painting in oils, again self-taught; and in that year, encouraged and helped by his kindly master, the goldsmith, and picking up what craft he could from Ramsay's pupil, David Martin, he was getting so many orders that he was allowed to break his bond of apprenticeship to give himself wholly to art. Rapidly coming into favour, healthy, high-spirited, genial and cultured, Raeburn was soon on the way to social as well as artistic success. He had only one drawback—he was a comparatively poor man. He mended it. A dainty little lady, a widow, some twelve years older than he, came to sit for her portrait; in a month they were married. Thus, at twenty-two, the painter found himself mated to Ann Edgar, widow of one of the Leslies of Balquhan—found himself a stepfather of two girls—and master of a considerable fortune, to say nothing of Deanhaugh House. It was a happy marriage. One of his stepdaughters afterwards became Mrs. Ann Inglis, whose husband dying in Calcutta left her with two boys, Henry Raeburn Inglis and Charles James Leslie Inglis, of whom the elder lad, Raeburn's godson and favourite stepgrandson, he was to immortalise as *A Boy with a Rabbit* in his diploma picture to the Royal Academy. However, this was later. Happy in his home of Deanhaugh, with children growing up about him, his circle of friends in the brilliant artistic, literary, and patrician society of the Scottish capital ever widening, free from care, Raeburn advanced from masterpiece to masterpiece of portraiture. *The Binning Boys* is a famous canvas of these years.

So Raeburn, self-taught, rapidly developed his original, broad, virile style of painting. A big man and of splendid strength he roamed the country, with sketch-book in pocket. Of his many portraits of his early married years is the Judge *Dundas*, either of the year he went to Rome or the year he returned; the *Mrs. Ferguson of Raith and Children* (1781); the *Chalmers of Pittencrieff*; the *General Sir Ronald Ferguson.*

Whether it were the thing to do, or that ambition grew

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RAEBURN

1756 – 1823

"MRS SCOTT MONCRIEFF"

(National Gallery of Scotland)

with increase of powers, Rome called Raeburn in 1785, and it was on his way to Rome with his wife that he stepped into Reynolds's painting-room. Returning in 1787 from Italy to Edinburgh, Raeburn at thirty-one set up his painting-room in George Street, and went to work to create masterpieces which reject all hint of any study of the Old Masters, unless it be that Velazquez had added strength and vigour to his original style. A year after his return, on the death of his brother, Raeburn succeeded and moved into St. Bernard's House, where he was to live until his death, painting in the George Street studio until he built a large painting-room for himself at Raeburn House in York Place in 1795. To him sat nearly every man and woman of note in Scotland. Raeburn did for Scotland what Reynolds and Gainsborough and Romney had been doing for England; happy in his home and his family, a generous host, and an enthusiastic helper and encourager of any struggling artist. Of his earlier works on his return from Italy were the *William Inglis*, the *Alexander Wood*, and the *Professor Duncan*, whom he painted again in later life for the Royal College of Physicians. The *Lord Eldin* (whom he had painted as *John Clerk* when they were struggling and poor together), and the *Principal Hill of St. Andrews* are also early work, followed by the *Principal William Robertson*, the *Professor Adam Ferguson*, the *Lord Provost Thomas Elder*, and the *Professor John Robison* in nightcap and dressing-gown; the *Andrew Agnew* in red uniform with yellow facing, a lieutenant in the Twelfth, is somewhat earlier.

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To 1790 belongs the *Sir John Clerk, Bart., of Penicuik, and Lady Clerk*; to 1791 the famous *Dr. Nathaniel Spens* in archer's uniform.

Of 1795 were the *Chief Baron Robert Dundas of Arniston*; the full-length of *Sir Ronald Ferguson*; then came the two youths *Sir Ronald and Robert Ferguson*, and other portraits of the Fergusons of Raith, of which is the poetic boy *William Ferguson of Kilrie*. Other portraits of the 'nineties are the *John Tait of Harvieston with his Grandson*; the fine *Viscount*

Duncan, hero of Camperdown (1798); the *James Balfour* ("singing Jamie Balfour").

We know that Raeburn painted a copy of Nasmyth's portrait of Burns; of Scott he made over half-a-dozen pictures, one of *Scott in Youth*, and a replica of it; the Buccleuch 1808 full-length *Scott* in long boots, seated upon a ruined wall, and with his bull-terrier at his feet; the 1809 full-length Abbotsford *Scott* with dogs; the two half-length *Scotts* of 1822-23. The fine *Dr. Alexander Adam* is of 1808; the *Francis Horner* was of 1812, the replica of 1817; the *Lord Jeffrey*, the *Lord Cockburn*, the *Henry Mackenzie* (of "The Man of Feeling" fame) in the National Portrait Gallery, the *Raeburn Family*, the Rosebery *Henry Raeburn on a Pony* of the 'nineties, the *Lady Raeburn* of about the same time, the *Self-Portrait* of 1815, the *Eliza Raeburn* (his granddaughter), the powerful *The Macnab*, the famous *Sir John Sinclair, Bart., of Ulbster*, the masterly *Lord Newton*, the superb *James Wardrop of Torbanehill*, and *John Wauchope*; the *Christopher North*, the *G. J. Bell*, the *Archibald Alison*, the *Professor Blair*, *Playfair*, *Reid*, *Chantrey*, *Thomson* (the painter), *Pillans*, *Fox*, *Thomas Gladstone*, *Warren Hastings*, and a host of other masterpieces were of these great years.

Women also he immortalised, and some are of his greatest achievement—the fine elderly *Mrs. James Campbell*, the beautiful old lady *Mrs. Campbell of Ballimore*, the beautiful *Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff*, the *Miss Janet Suttie* and *Miss Margaret Suttie*, the *Mrs. Cruikshank*, the *Mrs. Welwood*, the *Mrs. Stewart of Physgill*, the homely *Hannah More*, the fine *Mrs. George Kinnear* all show his high artistry and gift of character.

So Raeburn was fast growing to wealth when, in 1808, the failure of Henry Raeburn and Company, merchants, involved him in ruin and sent him bankrupt. He had to sell his studio in York Place, of which he was thereafter only tenant. He looked south to London to repair his broken fortunes. Hoppner died on the 23rd of January 1810; Raeburn made for his London house with intent to settle therein. It would have been a severe loss to Northern art; but his triumph in London

XVI

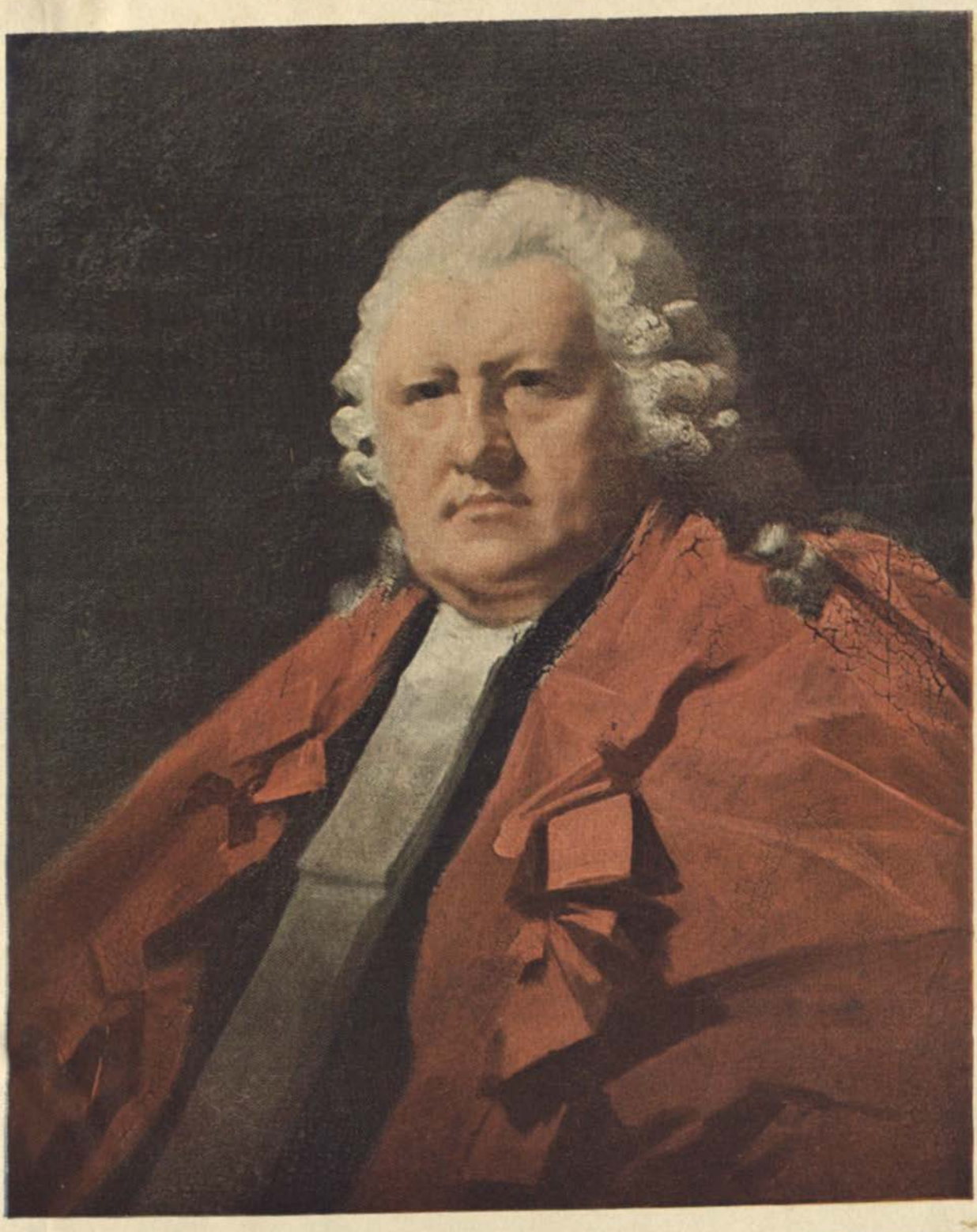
RAEBURN

1756 – 1823

"LORD NEWTON"

(National Gallery of Scotland)

One of the most celebrated characters who ever sat upon the bench of the Court of Session. Famous in his day for "law, paunch, whist, claret, and worth," the exploits of Charles Hay, "The Mighty," as he was called, have become traditions of the Parliament House.



would have been secure. His vogue in Scotland was very great. He was in London looking for a house in the May of the year; consulting Wilkie as to whether he had "any prospect of establishing himself." But Wilkie was afraid to fall into disfavour with the Academy by advising Raeburn to come to town. The Academy was torn with jealousies and bickerings; the portrait-painters dreaded Raeburn's rivalry; and Lawrence, with self-seeking astuteness and bland pretentions of guarding the great Northerner's interests, strongly urged him to stay in Edinburgh. Raeburn was in many ways a simple fellow; he had been sending to the Royal Academy for eighteen years without honour or recognition. He was no longer young. He sadly turned north again, and left Lawrence master of the field. Lawrence could now write with exultation, "The death of Hoppner leaves me without a rival." Raeburn's withdrawal from London dealt English portraiture a severe blow.

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At the same time the Academy might have destroyed his powers; its intrigues would have dealt him many and deep wounds. He was best out of it. As it was, he went back to paint the famous *Lord Newton*, the fine *Lord Craig* (1810 to 1815 there); then about 1818 the *Sir William Gibson-Craig, Bart.*, the *John Hay*, the *Professor David Hume*, the *Kennedys of Dunure*, the *Mackenzies of Portmore*, the *Lord Meadowbank*, the *Admiral Milne*, the *Thomas Telford*, his fine *Scott*, his *Self-Portrait*, and the *Misses Suttie* (1820).

In 1814 the Academy, feeling that Raeburn was now safely settled in Edinburgh again, made him an Associate; and in the following year—the year of Waterloo—a full Academician; whilst Lawrence was knighted. It was six years before Raeburn sent, in 1821, to the Academy as his diploma picture, the *Boy with a Rabbit*. Lawrence had been made President of the Academy in 1819.

But the great Scotsman was not to be filched of honour from the State. The king, George IV, going to Edinburgh in 1822, sent for Raeburn and knighted him—indeed, so charmed with the dignity and courtly bearing of the big man was he

that he would have made him a baronet, but was dissuaded therefrom owing to the fact that Reynolds had only been knighted. The following year he was made "the King's Limner and Painter in Scotland." The king desired a portrait by Raeburn; but it was not to be. Sir Henry Raeburn was now sixty-eight; he was engaged upon a portrait when, to his distress, he lost sight of the canvas on which he was at work, which swam before him and changed its aspect. He went for a long excursion with a party in the summer—of whom were Miss Edgeworth and Sir Walter Scott—to view historic ruins and places in Fifeshire; the fatigue and the heat of the sun wearied him; on the day of his return to his painting-room in York Place he began to work upon a half-length of *Sir Walter Scott*, but was baffled by it and had to give it up; he walked home, his head aching, and went to his bed, from which he never rose again. For a week he lay dying, passing away on the 8th of July 1823. His body was laid in an unmarked grave in the east end of St. John's Church in Princes Street—his widow outliving him ten years.

At the Louvre is a superbly painted *Head of a Greenwich Pensioner*, which has escaped the critics until quite recently, when they have taken to challenging it as by Raeburn. If by Raeburn it is one of the supreme works of his great achievement; if not by him, then we have a work by one of the finest portrait-painters of the age who is unknown!

Raeburn saw life with vision astoundingly akin to the vision of Velazquez; both men were original and personal to a marvellous degree. Without debt or training to a soul, Raeburn gave forth an art of marvellous power, an art all his own.

A man of regular habits, taking much exercise at golf, fishing, archery, gardening, and much given to building, ever ready to play with children, keeping open house, he loved his art, and above all portraiture. Rising early, he was ready to take his first sitter at nine, painting three or four a day, at an hour-and-a-half sitting. For the head he required four or five

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sittings; he painted direct, at first stroke without chalk drawing or other preparation, and without mahlstick; setting up his canvas beside the sitter, he stepped back from both, surveyed the sitter, and walking rapidly to the canvas, painted without looking again at the sitter until he stepped back into the room again and repeated his survey. So he painted throughout. Thus he was essentially an impressionist; he relied wholly on impression. Sweeping in his darks in broad thin masses, he loaded his lights with heavier impasto. He was rather a master of tone and values than a great colourist—he caught the wizardry of light. Above all, he was a great master of character; not only a great painter but a great artist. For laws and traditions he had utter contempt. The thing as he saw it was his only guide. As he saw *General Sir David Baird*, *General Sir W. Maxwell of Calderwood*, *Professor John Wilson*, standing by their horses, held in the light, so he set them down boldly, catching their character with power and grip; and the womanly loveliness of *Miss Cunningham Graham* he saw and stated with as fine subtlety as he uttered the beautiful old age of *Mrs. James Campbell* in his immortal essay. Half a century after Raeburn died, so little was he honoured that the Redgraves flung him in the ruck as one of the "contemporaries of Lawrence"! this man who was supreme in the supreme gifts of the portrait-painter—in stating character. The National Gallery is fortunate in possessing his great canvas of *Colonel MacMurdo* and a portrait of a *Lady*; whilst there are several portraits by him in the National Portrait Gallery.

CHAPTER XXX

OF THEM THAT MADE THE PORTRAIT IN THE DAYS OF THE FIRST GENTLEMAN IN EUROPE

HOPPNER

1758-9–1810

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HANDSOME John Hoppner was son of no one for certain, but there seems some likelihood that he was son to George III in particular, who was still Prince of Wales when the child was born to Mary Ann Hoppner in Whitechapel. Whether Hoppner by maiden name, or whether her tombstone tell the whole truth when it vows her "the widow of John Hoppner, Surgeon," who shall discover? She is said to have been one of the German attendants at the Royal Palace, but whether before or after she mated with the surgeon Hoppner, deponent sayeth not. Hoppner, the son, as he grew to manhood, strutted it readily enough as the king's son; but human nature loves to think itself of the blood-royal, whether with or without Church sanction. The "German attendant" seems to have been a pretty paraphrase for a "domestic servant."

The little fellow "toddled about the passages and corridors of St. James's Palace, where he was looked upon as a little chance person," and so toddled into boyhood, when a fine voice caught the royal ear, and he was made a chorister of the Chapel Royal.

In 1773 a case came on at the law-courts in which one Joseph Walker sued a king's page, Richard Chapman, for the recovery of £50 which he had paid to Mrs. Hoppner through the king's page, to secure him a place on the Customs; and the plaintiff won his case with damages and costs. The business caused consternation at Court, where it was seen that Mrs. Hoppner had considerable influence with the king, and

was selling offices on the backstairs. The queen would naturally not let the business pass by easily; and the king clearly was angered and sent mother and child packing. The boy now knew a pitiful struggle for bread, at fourteen, with his little sister and mother.

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However, the king seems to have relented, and at sixteen the young fellow went to the Academy schools at the royal charge. Here the youth worked steadily, and slowly came to the front, winning prizes and making a mark. He came to know the American, Mrs. Patience Wright, a friend of Benjamin West, whom he must often have met at the Wrights' house, and whom he was to assist in starting Mrs. Wright's son Joseph on an artistic career. West often painted her youngest daughter, Phœbe Wright; and Phœbe sat for *A Primrose Girl*, which, with a *Portrait of a Lady*, made Hoppner's first display at the Academy of 1780. The following year Hoppner was engaged to the pretty girl, and in 1782, when he won the gold medal for the best historical painting with his *King Lear*, he married her. He painted her again and again. For a couple of years thereafter he lived with the Wrights in Cockspur Street, but his vogue so greatly increased that he then took No. 13 Charles Street, his home for the rest of his career. In the year of his marriage he had shown his *Salad Girl*, for which Phœbe sat, and fortune seemed to smile upon him. At his mother-in-law's house he was meeting the literary celebrities of the day—she was a Lovell and a niece to John Wesley. She made wax portraits, which had a considerable vogue, and brought her the name of "the Promethean Modeller"; she even went to Court until she bluntly scolded the king in 1775 for the war with the colonists. She acted throughout the war as a valuable spy for the revolted states, sending information gained from West and others to Franklin in Paris. Westminster Abbey has her wax model of *Chatham*. She died in 1785 in her sixtieth year.

Hoppner was early painting *Perdita* (Mrs. Robinson), so was clearly in favour with the Prince of Wales, her "protector";

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and *Mrs. Siddons* sat to him, probably in 1782 when she burst upon the town. In 1783 he is said to have shown his *Countess of Mexborough*, his *William Locke* of Norbury Park. The next year of 1784 saw him hailed with Opie and Northcote as a coming man, showing his *Captain Beauclerk*, *Lady Beauchamp*, *Miss Williams* as Sophia Western, and *Lady Talbot*; the fine *Viscountess Hampden* was also of this time, as was the *Edmund Ayrton* in the red gown of a Doctor of Music, the *Girl with Pigeons*, and the *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.

Reynolds and Gainsborough and Romney were now the stars in the firmament—Romney was painting Emma. It was Reynolds that Hoppner took as his art god. Hoppner could now risk a house of his own—and near the Prince of Wales. Lawrence had not come on the scene; Hoppner looked like the heir to the firmament.

The year 1785 was a year of splendour for the handsome young fellow of twenty-six. He was called to the painting of three princesses of the blood—*Mary*, *Amelia*, and *Sophia*, the small children of the king. The *Princess Royal* was also of about this time, as was the *Jupiter and Io* and a *Primrose Girl*. Mrs. Hoppner several times sat to him. To 1786 belong the *Captain Lloyd* and *Mrs. Jordan as the Comic Muse*, whilst Nelson's Emma sat for *Neæra*. The beautiful Mrs. Jordan had come to town the autumn before—her real name was Dorothy Bland; five years later she became the mistress of the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV, and her children, ennobled after her death with the Earldom of Munster, were the heads of the family of Fitzclarence. After twenty-one years of the splendid life with her lord, she died abroad in great poverty.

Unfortunately, Hoppner's honest tongue now lost him the favour of the Court, and won him West's ill-will, by his frank preference for the art of Reynolds to that of West; and his favour with the Prince of Wales, who was now in open opposition to the king, but increased the disfavour of the Court.

Hot-headed, frank, eager, and in good conceit of himself,

Hoppner was not the man to maintain a diplomatic reserve. To him had already been born a girl, Helen Clarence, godchild to the Duke of Clarence, and a boy called Catherine Hampden Hoppner, godson to Lady Hampden. In 1787 was born his third child, Richard Belgrave Hoppner, who was to become the loyal friend of Byron. Gifford, who introduced him into the Grosvenor circle, was now clearly his close friend —a friendship only severed by death. Gifford, like Hoppner, had known a harsh boyhood and youth—beginning as cabin-boy when an orphan of twelve, he at fourteen became a shoemaker's apprentice, until his versifying at nineteen caught the ear of a patron who sent him to Oxford. He founded *The Quarterly Review*. It was at Oxford that Gifford met the REVEREND MATTHEW WILLIAM PETERS, Royal Academician, then governor to Lord Belgrave. Peters introduced Gifford to the young peer, and Gifford is said to have ousted Peters from his post. Gifford now became friend to Hoppner, and a droll attack by Gifford on Peters's *Adam and Eve* at the Academy involved Hoppner in Peters's suspicion.

Of this time, 1786, are the Wallace *Portrait of a Lady* and the *Lady Boughton*. And of 1786-7 is the so-called *The Show*, portraits of Lady Duncannon and her children—she was sister to the beautiful *Duchess of Devonshire*, whom he also painted. Of 1787 are the *Mrs. Crouch*, *Mrs. Gale*, *Sir Mathew Ridley*, *Lady Lewisham*, *Miss Finch*, the *Mrs. Hoppner* as "Caroline de Lichtfield," and other works engraved by Ramberg, as well as the *Countess of Carysfort* and the *Mrs. Sophia Fielding*, with her two daughters, *Matilda Fielding* as "the Hurdy-Gurdy Player," and *Augusta Fielding* (1788), and *Humphrys* the boxer.

In 1787 Lawrence, now but eighteen, showed for the first time at the Academy, and won straight to Court favour. It boded no good to outspoken Hoppner. Cautious, crafty, insinuating, the gentle-voiced Lawrence, "handsome, but rather effeminate in manner," soon won the favour of women with his flattering brush—in 1788 he could show portraits of the *Queen*

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and *Princess Amelia*. Hoppner realised the dangerous rivalry of "the flirt"—he was to know it to his cost for twenty-two years.

To 1788 belong Hoppner's *Standard-Bearer*, his *Mrs. Bradyll*, his *John, third Duke of Roxburghe*, his *Mrs. Tolfrey*, the fine *Miss Coussmaker*, probably the *Mrs. Gibson as a Wood Nymph*, his *Fox* and *Burke*, his *Mr. Batt* and *Mrs. Batt*, the National Gallery *William Smith*, the actor, who first played Charles Surface, the *Sir Matthew White Ridley*.

In 1789 Hoppner was made portrait-painter to the Prince of Wales. It was the year of his *Edward Lascelles*, afterwards Viscount Lascelles; the *Lord Henry Fitzgerald as "Don Felix"*; the portraits of his own children as *Infant Vanity*; the Pierpont Morgan *Godsall Children*. Of 1790 were the portraits of the beautiful Misses Horneck, now *Mrs. Bunbury* ("Little Comedy") and *Mrs. Gwyn* (the "Jessamy Bride"), those friends of Goldsmith whom Reynolds had painted in youth—they and their Guardsman brother were the children of a Captain Kane Horneck of the Royal Engineers. It was for a slander about himself and the Jessamy Bride that Goldsmith committed the assault on his libeller that cost him so dear. Bunbury, the husband of "Little Comedy," and famous as artist, had greatly befriended Hoppner in youth; he was brother to the baronet who married George III's flame, the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox. The *Mrs. Gwyn* is in the Tennant Collection. The *Miss Bover*, of Warrington, is of this time, as are the *Countess of Aylesford* and the *Lady Trevelyan*, the *Love Enamoured* and the *Rescue from an Alligator*. He is also said to have painted *J. M. W. Turner in Boyhood* at this time.

The year 1791 seems to have brought Hoppner back into the royal favour, for he wrought the State pictures of the *Duke of York* and the *Duke of Clarence*, both painted with dignity. It was the year of his superb *Mrs. Jordan as "Hippolyta."* And his art was at its height in the *Hoppner's Children Bathing*, the *Mlle Hillsberg*, the dancer, if not in the "*Evelina*" (Fanny Burney). In 1792, the year of Reynolds's death, Lawrence was promoted

painter to the king, who this year forced Lawrence upon the Academy in spite of there being no vacancy and the painter being under age—though Hoppner, Romney, and Opie were alive. Hoppner's friends rallied to him, and he painted the *Prince of Wales*, the *Duke of York*, the *Duchess of York*, and the *Duke of Clarence*, besides the *Sleeping Venus*, the *Admiral Duncan* (made Viscount Duncan), and the *Lord Macartney*. Of 1793 were the Knole full-length portrait of the *Duchess of Dorset*, daughter of Sir Charles Cope, who afterwards married Lord Whitworth, and the *Lady Jane Douglas*.

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In 1794 Hoppner was elected A.R.A. with BEECHEY; Lawrence being made full R.A. It was the year of his *Lady Caroline Capel*, of the *Mrs. Parkyns* (Lady Rancliffe), the *Earl of Moira*, *Dr. Beilby Porteous* (Bishop of London), of the very fine and simply handled masterpiece of *Lady Charlotte Legge* and of one of the Percy family, *Lady St. Asaph* (grandmother of Swinburne), of his fine *Self-Portrait*, of his *Haydn*, and of *Mrs. Hoppner as Nature*.

Elected full Academician in 1795, Hoppner except for Raeburn was now without peer—next came Opie, Lawrence, Shee and Beechey. He gave forth his excellent *Douglas Children*; his famous Tennant *Daughters of Sir Thomas Frankland* (the doomed descendants of Oliver Cromwell—one girl died this very year, and the other but five years later); his *Duke of Rutland*, *Lady Charlotte Pirey*, *Justice Rooke*, *Lord Weymouth*, *Lady Young*, *Lady Charlotte Greville*, *Lady Darnley*, *Colonel Grosvenor*, and the vanished *Wood Girl*; and it is pleasant to see how Hoppner has rid his art of all straining after the grand manner.

It was in 1796 that Hoppner aroused the wrath of Beechey by withdrawing one of his own pictures and one by Beechey to make room for the younger men—but the wound was soon healed. Indeed, both men were very prolific this year. Hoppner had painted many full-lengths: the *Prince of Wales*, the *Duke of Clarence* as Admiral in a seascape, the famous *Mrs. Taylor* (Miss Vane) as "Miranda," *Lady Charlotte Campbell*, the *Duke of Bedford*, *Mrs. Lascelles* (Lady Harewood), *Lady*

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Paget, *Lady Bligh*, *Mrs. Jordan* as "Rosalind," *Sir Ralph Abercromby*, *Mrs. Martin* and her sisters, *Judith Beresford* and *Frances Beresford*, the *Rev. Thomas Gisborne*, *Thomas Babington*, the fine *Sisters Bligh*. Hoppner was now openly recognised as the first English painter of the portrait.

In 1797 he again painted the *Duke of Bedford* (now at Woburn); and it was a full year for Hoppner—the *Earl of Uxbridge*, the *Earl of Carlisle*, *Lord Berkeley*, *Lord Gower*, the *Mrs. Sheridan* as a rustic, with her child on her back, going for water to the brook, *Lady Oxford*, *Miss Morris*, *Mrs. Caldwell*, *Dr. Heath*," *The Master of Eaton*," the *Idle Girl*, the famous Knole *Sackville Children* (Lady Mary, afterwards Lady Plymouth; Lady Elizabeth, afterwards Countess de la Warr; and George Frederick, afterwards Duke of Dorset), the *Lord Mornington* (afterwards Marquess Wellesley), the *Lady Mornington and her two Sons*, the *Mrs. Denison*, the *Lady Coote*, and the *Cottage Children opening a Gate*. Hoppner was markedly at his supreme achievement. This year Gifford made his onslaught upon "Pasquin" (John Williams) who had year by year as critic, with Opie's friend "Peter Pindar" (Dr. Wolcot), been attacking Hoppner; Gifford brought him to bay in a libel action which utterly ruined Pasquin's repute and sent him to die miserably in America. Of his lifelong ally *Gifford* Hoppner painted a strong portrait.

Hoppner, with Opie, Stothard, and others, to the number of seven in all, seems to have been swindled by a Miss Provis into paying for her secret of Titian's colour about this time, which hugely tickled the town.

In 1798 Hoppner was in wide demand as shown by his portraits of *Lady Paget*, the *Countess of Clare*, the *Hon. Miss Chetwynd*, *Lord Duncan*, *Canning*, the famous *Lady Anne Lambton and Children*, one of his masterpieces; the glowing *Countess of Oxford* at the National Gallery, whom Byron shamelessly and vilely betrayed in print; the *Hon. Mrs. E. Bouverie*, *Mrs. Whitbread*, *Mrs. George Hibbert*, and *George Hibbert*; the *Earl of Inchiquin*, who married Reynolds's niece,

Mary Palmer, and became Marquis of Thomond; *Miss Goodall* the actress, *Colonel the Hon. John Hope*, the *Sir William Milner*; the beautiful *Countess of Euston*, whom Reynolds immortalised in his three *Sisters Waldegrave*; the Lord Mayor of London in 1798, *Sir Richard Carr Glyn*; the fine portrait of *Lady Elizabeth Howard*; the well-known *Lady Elizabeth Cavendish* and the *Admiral Lord Keith.*

OF THEM THAT MADE THE PORTRAIT IN THE DAYS OF THE FIRST GENTLEMAN IN EUROPE

Of 1799 were the "*Duchess-Countess*" of Sutherland, who brought the rank of Countess in her own right to the Marquis of Stafford; *Mrs. Orby Hunter*, the *Archbishop of York*, a *Mr. Boswell*, *Lady Melbourne*, the *Duke of Rutland*; *John, Lord Chatham*; *Mrs. Arbuthnot*, his fine *Lady Andover* (one of the Cokes), and *Lady Langham.*

Of 1800 were *Lady Georgina Gordon*, the *Hon. Miss Harris*, *Mrs. Arbuthnot*, *Lady Paget*, the *Princess of Wales*, *The Children of the Earl of Sefton*, the *Prince of Orange*, the National Portrait Gallery *Lord Grenville*, the famous *Lady Anne Culling Smith and her Daughters*—a masterpiece, the *Gifford*, the boy *Paulet Mildmay*, the *Earl of Essex*, *Lord Hugh Seymour*, the *Right Hon. William Dundas*, *Sir Philip Francis*; *Robert Bloomfield*, the "inspired shoemaker"; and that *William Cleaver, Bishop of Bangor*, of whom De Quincey fell foul.

Hoppner had now done his chief work; ill-health was to assail him. The Academy of 1801 saw no work by his hand; but he painted several fine portraits: the *Lord Spencer*, *Thornton*, *Colonel Graham* (that Graham who, to drown grief at the loss of his beautiful wife, whom Gainsborough's art has immortalised, raised a regiment for the Peninsular War, revealed great soldierly gifts, and came to honours and a peerage thereby); *Sir Watkin Williams Wynn*; the beautiful *Lady Darnley with her Baby Daughter*; and the boy Edward, afterwards *Lord Darnley*—the manly little fellow destined to early death—which is one of the supreme child-portraits of this great period. Why he held back from the Academy it is difficult to tell, for his hand showed rare skill. The Darnley family he painted throughout at this time; and Cobham is rich in him. Hoppner was very

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busy this year, and other vigorous portraits by him were the *Lord Mulgrave*, *Lord Pelham*, *Lord Hervey*, *Lord Wilton*, *Lord Clare* and *Lady Gordon of Letterfourie*; as well as the Boydell Gallery *Scene from "Cymbeline,"* in which his wife sat to him for the last time.

To the Academy of 1802 he sent the vanished *Mary*; but he painted also the *Mrs. Pearson*, *Lord Grosvenor*, *Thomas Grosvenor*, *Windham*, the *Duchess of St. Albans*, and the famous *Lord Nelson* after the Battle of Copenhagen, besides the *Lady Heathcote as "Hebe."* The March of the year saw the signature of Peace, and Hoppner, with several other artists, made for Paris, and there were genial junketings with Shee and West, Cosway and Fuseli, and a young fellow called Turner. The change seems to have done Hoppner good; the next year he was busy again, sending eight canvases to the Academy, of which were the *Miss Grimston as "Psyche,"* *Lady Mildmay and Child*, *Arabella Jane Wilmot as "Love me, Love my Dog,"* *Lady Grenville*, the *Bishop of Durham*, the *Bishop of Carlisle* (a Harcourt); *Lady E. Bligh*; besides painting the *Lady Kenyon*, the *Duke of Bedford*, *Windham*, *Lord Cornwallis*, *Lord Moira*, *Metcalfe*, and the *Duke of Kent*.

To the Academy of 1804 he sent but one portrait, the child *Miss Cholmondeley*; but it was the year of his *Lady Cholmondeley and Son*, the child *William*, *Son of Lord William Russell*, the famous full-length of *Lord Nelson by the Seashore*, the *Lady Douglas*, *Miss Pollok*, the Nottingham reputed *Kirke White*, and the *Arthur Dillon*, *Archbishop of Narbonne*.

The year 1805 seems to have brought back strength to Hoppner; he sent six works to the Academy—*Lady Mulgrave*, *Miss Mercer*, *Master Smith* engraved as "The Nabob," *Mrs. Jerningham as "Hebe,"* the *Duke of Grafton*, and *Mrs. Manning and Child*. Of this time were the excellent *Lady Caroline Lamb* of Byron fame, the *Lady Cowper* (Lady Palmerston), the well-known full-length *Duchess of Rutland*, the *Lady Frances Balfour*, the *Lord Frankfort*, the *Sir Wilfrid Lawson*, and *Manners Sutton, Archbishop of Canterbury*.

By 1806 Hoppner seems to have come again under the numbing hand of illness; for, though he sent six canvases to the Academy, they complete his achievement of the year—*Lord Camden*, *Pitt*, *Sir Arthur Wellesley*, *Sir William Scott* (Lord Stowell), *Hookham Frere*, the *Primrose Girl* and the *Sleeping Nymph* (or "Venus and Cupid"), in which he pays tribute to his inspirer Reynolds—the handsome head was that of Miss Cottin, who became Lady Leicester and thereby Lady de Tabley, and who afterwards sold the picture on marrying a parson, as not caring "to go down to posterity in such *négligé* toilet"! Yet the *Lord Eldon* and the last *William Pitt*, which was so widely replica'd, must have been of this time—Pitt died on January 23rd.

In 1807 his skill of hand was still at its full range—it was the year of his famous masterpiece of *Lady Louisa Manners*, besides which, at the Academy, he showed the *Prince of Wales*, *Lord King*, *Grenville*, *Lord Hawkesbury*, *Lord Farnborough*, *Sir Samuel Hood*, and *Miss St. Clare*. Other portraits of this year were the *Lady Mary Greville*, *Lady Pollington*, *Edmonstone*, *Canning*, *Sir Soulden Laurence*, and *Lord Cathcart*.

Ill-health increased, and the Academy of 1808 was empty of Hoppner, though he painted the youth *Sir Charles Coote*, the *Duke of Richmond*, and *Lady St. John of Bletsoe*.

To his last Academy, in 1809, he sent six works—*Lord Essex*, *Lady Essex*, *Sir George Beaumont*, *Mrs. Inchbald*, *Earl Spencer*, and *Lord St. Vincent*; and he painted, besides, *Henry Legge*, *Edward Legge* (Dean of Windsor), *Edward Forster*, *Lord Braybrooke*, *Lady de Tabley*, *Dr. John Eveleigh*. But, by the June of this year, the liver trouble that had been the curse of Hoppner's last years, brought about a severe seizure at Ryde, after a long ride thither on horseback, from which he rallied only to go down again. Lawrence showed such attention as to his health as to rouse ill-will instead of gracious reception from the suspicious Hoppner.

On the 23rd of January 1810 Hoppner passed away, and was buried in the grounds of St. James's Chapel in the Tottenham Court Road.

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Besides this long list of achievement, Hoppner painted a large number of other celebrities of his day—*Warren Hastings*, *Samuel Rogers*, *Southey*, *Sir Sidney Smith* of Acre glory, and a vast number of unknowns.

Hoppner sounds the end of the Reynolds tradition. Gifted with literary powers, he realised and wrote his dread of schools and academies on creative force.

Of his four sons, one became a judge, one flung his life away as a famous explorer, one turned from art to diplomacy and became Byron's "better angel," and the fourth died in his early promise as a painter—that youth, Lascelles Hoppner, for whom Hoppner copied Gainsborough's *Blue Boy*, then in his possession, causing the confusion to-day as to which is Gainsborough's and which Hoppner's. His girl married a naval officer, Captain Gallwey. His widow survived him until 1827; and it was she who tried to prevent Gifford from publishing the brutal review that hurried Keats to the grave. His unscrupulous enemies accused Hoppner of base neglect of his mother; he was not of that nature; but we shall never know—she vanished to retirement in a country place, and the tombstone in a Worcestershire village, at Hagley, that vows her the widow of a surgeon, shut down her secret for ever in the April of 1812, two years after her famous son was laid in his grave.

Hugh Robinson (1760?-1790), showed early promise that was to be early clipped by the shears of death. Son of a Yorkshire house, of gentle birth, he sent at twenty (1780) a portrait to the Academy; and soon afterwards went to Italy, but on his homeward journey in 1790 the ship went down with him and his pictures. His *Thomas Teesdale*, a boy in green with a kite, proves his great promise.

Lemuel Francis Abbott (1760-1803) became pupil at fourteen to Hayman. By 1780 he was a recognised portrait-painter, and showed at the Academy now and again from 1788 to 1800. At the National Portrait Gallery are his *Nelson*, *Vancouver*, *Herschel* and *Nollekens*.

OF PAINTING

OPIE
1761–1807

OF THEM THAT MADE THE PORTRAIT IN THE DAYS OF THE FIRST GENTLEMAN IN EUROPE

To a carpenter of St. Agnes, near Truro, in Cornwall, was born in the May of 1761 a son, JOHN OPIE, who, like his father and grandfather before him, seemed destined to earn his bread as a carpenter. But the early drawings in red chalk on the boards, that brought his father's horny hand about his ears, revealed gifts that the worthy carpenter little suspected. There happened to be living at Truro Dr. Wolcot, better known as the scurrilous poetaster "Peter Pindar"; and Pindar took the youngster under his care about 1775 for three or four years, beginning by taking the boy to save him from the horny hand's rough admonishings. He was early painting portraits as a wandering genius. It was only when the youth came home again in a handsome coat with lace ruffles, and in silk stockings, and running to his mother gave her twenty golden guineas, that the horny hand ceased from stricture. British hearts forgave—they realised that art might pay. It seems that Pindar meanwhile was taking half of young Opie's earnings as commission for introductions.

Lord Bateman encouraged the lad, who painted the rustics, and rapidly grew to skill of hand and truth of utterance. At sixteen he had acquired facility and directness of handling. In the autumn of 1781 Pindar took the young fellow of twenty to London, and presented him to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who encouraged the youth; but Pindar was for flinging the eager lad on the town as "The Cornish Wonder," and worked hard for that result, so that Who that was Who was soon flocking to look upon "The Cornish Wonder." Success was complete. He was "employed by all the principal nobility of England." Northcote, though Opie came as a rival, treated him most generously. Opie seems to have been born with an instinct for strong light and shade, or *chiaroscuro* so-called. He had a fine sense of realism.

In 1782 Mrs. Boscawen, whose friendship Pindar had won, asked Opie to paint *Mrs. Delany* for the king—the portrait was

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so liked by the Court, that the king kept it hung in his bedroom at Windsor until he died. Horace Walpole vowed this "strong, bold, masterly" work to be like Rembrandt. Lady Bute, whose lord was then in favour at Court, desired a like portrait of *Mrs. Delany* by Opie forthwith. The favour of the king at once followed, to whom Opie was presented, after being taught the etiquette by the faithful and proud Wolcot, and showed his *Old Jew*, the *Beggar and his Dog*, *Old Kneebone of Helstone*, and *Mat Trevenen*. The king kept the *Beggar and his Dog* and the *Mrs. Delany*; and West, who was present, was told to pay for them. But more, Opie was ordered to paint the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and children. The *Lady Salisbury*, the *Lady Charlotte Talbot*, the *Lady Harcourt*, and other beauties of the Court immediately followed. So to the Academy of 1782 went five works by Opie; henceforth the Academy was to know him every year except in 1791 and 1793.

But, alas! fickle fashion, as ever, became bored as soon as the novelty wore off; his street was no longer packed with coaches; and the young fellow gazed out of an empty house in Orange Court, Leicester Fields. His art rapidly matured; but the crowds, now that his work was of rare quality, looked coldly upon him. To begin with, his rough country manners were against him; but fortunately he was neither weak nor vain. Dividing his time between portraiture and historical painting, he worked hard to win a career. He tried also to educate himself. He developed the strong light and shade of his self-taught style. He lived simply; and he tried to cultivate good manners.

Opie had been about a year in London when he fell in love with the pretty Mary Bunn, daughter of a solicitor and money-lender of St. Botolph's, Aldgate. They were married at St. Martin's in the Fields on the 4th of December 1782; and Opie entered upon a miserable state of wedlock that was only to end in divorce in 1796, after she had eloped in 1795, after twelve years of wrangle.

OF THEM THAT MADE THE PORTRAIT IN THE DAYS OF THE FIRST GENTLEMAN IN EUROPE

Opie sought relief in hard work and self-culture. The Boydell Shakespeare in 1786 drew five canvases from Opie, to which he afterwards added a sixth. This historical painting won him into the Academy in 1786, and in 1787 he was full R.A.—his diploma picture being the poor *Age and Innocence*. This success made him return again and again to history.

Divorcing his runaway wife in 1796, he married at Marylebone Church, on the 8th of May 1798, Amelia Alderson, and thenceforth knew the happy comradeship that did so much for his art. The couple went to live at 8 Berners Street, his home until his death. His wife was a cultured woman, and a writer. It was under her influence that Opie sought for grace in his women sitters; the fact was that he now saw womanhood through more exquisite spectacles—his wife's charm. His wife's father, Dr. Alderson, drew the painter to visits to Norwich, where many of his portraits are to be found. The dearth of sitters in the winter of 1801-2 alarmed the pair; but it was the turn of the tide, and thenceforth he never lacked. In 1802 they went to Paris, and saw the superb collection of works of art that Napoleon had looted from all Europe. At the Louvre they met Fox, and became friendly with him—the portrait of *Fox* for Coke followed.

Opie took to the pen, writing a "Life of Reynolds" for *Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters*. Thereafter he wrote urging a National Gallery for England.

On Barry's expulsion, Opie was about to apply for the Professorship of Painting, but retired on hearing that Fuseli sought the chair; on Fuseli being made keeper soon afterwards, Opie was elected Professor in 1805.

But just as all was radiant for Opie, the shadow fell. The slow and consuming illness that sapped his strength baffled five of the greatest doctors of the age to determine. His friends gathered about him; and to HENRY THOMSON, afterwards an R.A., he left the finishing of the robes of his *Duke of Gloucester*. The picture was placed at the foot of his bed; and the dying man, rousing from delirium, begged for more colour in the

background. Thomson dashed in more colour. Rousing again, Opie gazed on it, satisfied. So he passed away, in imagination painting his picture, on the 9th of April 1807, but forty-six years of age.

He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, hard by Reynolds.

Opie resented Wolcot's scurrilous attacks on the private life of George III, and a breach between the two men is said to have come after reaching London, on Opie bluntly refusing to admire Wolcot's painting. As a matter of fact, it was Opie's second wife who sent Wolcot out of his life.

It is curious to note that in Opie's "historical subjects" the heads are sometimes on different pieces of canvas which have been let into the main canvas.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN, who died in 1807, was a pupil of Opie, and painted portraits. He lived for a while at Hull.

SAMUEL DRUMMOND, A.R.A. (1763-1844), painted many of the portraits for the *European Magazine*. Greenwich has his *Admiral Duncan receiving the Sword of Admiral De Winter*. At the National Portrait Gallery is his *Mrs. Fry*.

GEORGE FRANCIS JOSEPH, A.R.A. (1764-1846), painted portraits, of which the National Portrait Gallery holds the *Perceval*, painted from a mask after death, and the *Stamford Raffles*. He retired to Cambridge, where he died.

GEORGE WATSON, P.R.S.A. (1767-1837), born at Overmains in Berwickshire, was trained by Nasmyth; came to London and worked under Reynolds. Going back to the north, he settled at Edinburgh, where he was the honourable rival of Raeburn.

MATHER BROWN, who died in 1831, was born in America, but coming to England in youth became pupil to West. The Court smiled upon him; *George III* and his *Queen* sat to him. But his powers early decayed, and he filled his house with pictures that he made long after his gifts had deserted him. Amongst his portraits at the National Portrait Gallery is the *Admiral Popham*.

WILLIAM OWEN, R.A. (1769-1825), pupil to CHARLES COTTON, R.A., caught the eye of Reynolds. He became portrait-painter to the Prince of Wales in 1810; and thereafter principal portrait-painter to him as Prince Regent, from whom he refused knighthood. At the National Portrait Gallery is his *Earl of Rosslyn.*

LAWRENCE
1769 - 1830

THOMAS LAWRENCE was born in Bristol, on the 4th of May 1769, to a broken-down attorney, the son of a parson. The attorney soon after the boy's birth turned tavern-landlord, and took the "White Lion" Inn at Bristol, but failing as tapster as thoroughly as he had done in the law, and as poetaster, actor, revenue-officer, and farmer, went therefrom to the sign of the "Black Bear" at Devizes, where the child Tommy was wont to be set on a table to recite or to draw portraits—in order to draw customers. From Devizes our innkeeper drifted to Oxford, where the boy Thomas at ten began to win success with portraits in coloured chalks. The self-taught child was to be no mere freakish whim for a tavern's entertainment. He was one day to sit in the President's chair of the Royal Academy.

From Oxford his father took him to Bath, where his pastel portraits were to become quite a vogue. In 1787 he came up to London, and took fine quarters in Leicester Fields, where the egregious father had a display of his works, using a legacy left to one of his daughters to buy stuffed birds to add to the attraction of the show! But young Lawrence found that the fleeting glamour of "the boy prodigy" was gone. He would have to take his career more seriously. He took a portrait of himself to Reynolds, and acted with modesty that pleased Sir Joshua, who, after gazing at the painting, said: "You have been looking at the Old Masters, I see; but my advice is this: study Nature, study Nature."

The year that Raeburn returned to Edinburgh from his Italian wanderings (1787) the lad Thomas Lawrence, now a

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stripling of eighteen, entered himself as a student at the Royal Academy. He was to snatch the bays of academic honours from the great Scottish painter. A year after he came to town he painted the *Queen* and *Princess Amelia*.

Blindness had struck down the art of Reynolds in 1789. The following year (in 1790), at twenty-one, the young Lawrence painted his masterpiece of *Miss Farren*, afterwards Countess of Derby; and at a stride stepped into fame. Although under age, he was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1791 at the pressure of the king and against the desire of that body; in the following year of 1792, on the death of Sir Joshua, he was made painter to the king; by twenty-five he was a full Academician (1794).

There was much in Lawrence's self-seeking, smug character that is repulsive to his fellow-countryman; but the man had to win his way against fearful odds. One of a large family, the son of a broken-down gentleman—of all things the most egregious thing for a father—who was ready to stoop to any vulgarity in order to exploit his son's talents, the lad, though the son of a gentle mother of family and manners, was dragged up with scant education as the breadwinner of this large and feckless family from childhood. The young fellow arrived in London deeply in debt from his egregious father's eternal speculations and the demands for bare existence of his family. Such a bringing up tends to make a man either subtle and crafty, or a rough, ill-conditioned, and sullenly suspicious boor. It made Lawrence an intriguer. Whenever money came in, the father looked upon it as a godsent windfall, to be spent. Rapidly Lawrence came to earning large sums—they went on backed bills for his father. He gave freely to charity. He realised that he must court the great—and the great are expensive. He was at any rate saved from the Italian tour which would have destroyed what powers he had.

In 1797 Lawrence showed his secretly-painted "historical subject," the *Satan calling to his Legions*. It seems to have created considerable mirth—it hangs at Burlington House.

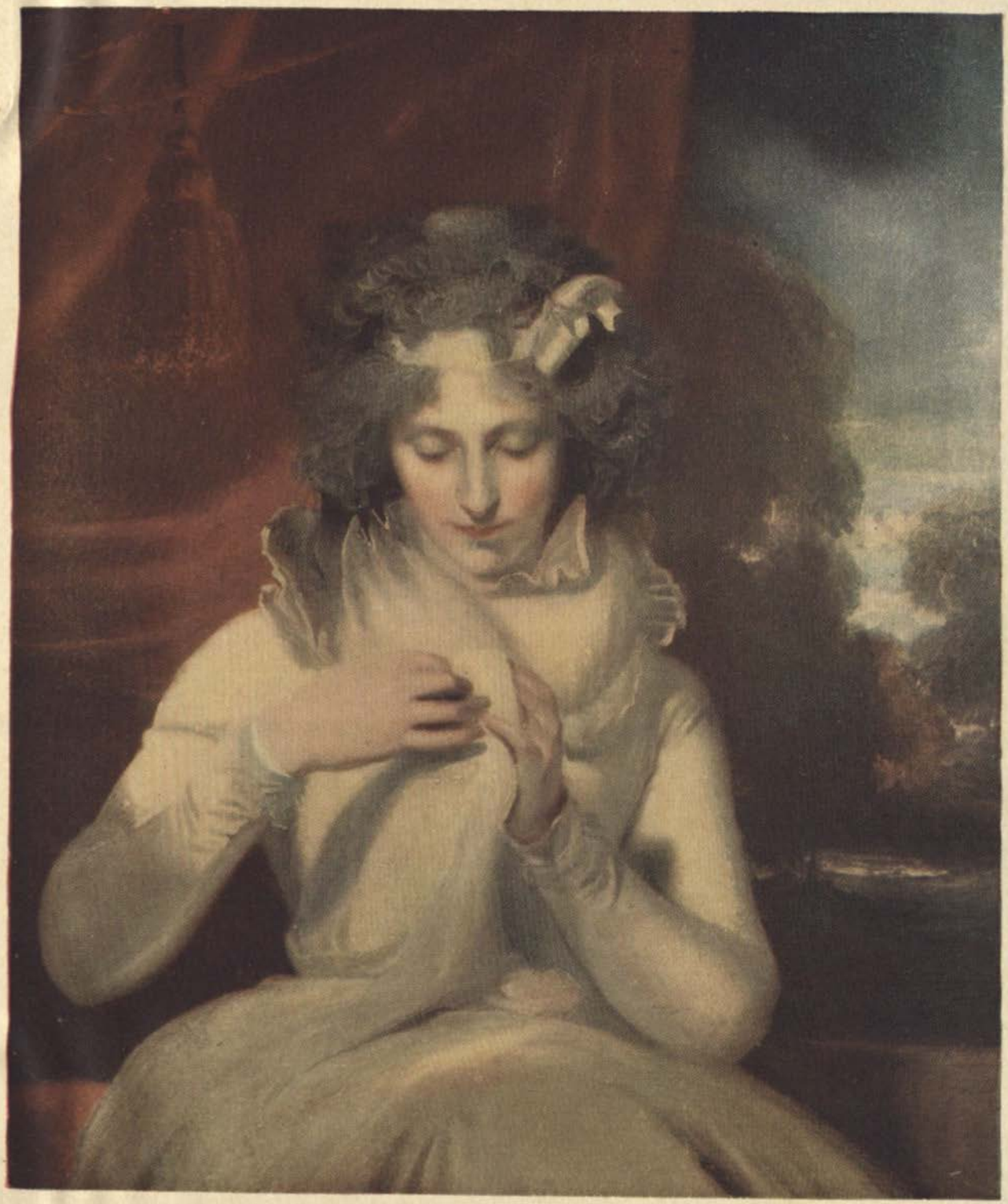
XVII

LAWRENCE

1769 - 1830

"MISS GEORGINA LENNOX, AFTERWARDS COUNTESS BATHURST"

(Collection of Earl Bathurst)



But he realised that his realm lay in the land of Hoppner; therefore to win away the beauties he must flatter them—and he flattered them, so that the waggery got upon the town: "Phillips shall paint my wife, Lawrence my mistress." With *Mrs. Siddons*, whom he painted as "Aspasia," he was soon on such friendly terms that he was making love to both her daughters; and his visits to the *Princess of Wales* after he had painted her, set scandalous tongues wagging. The official inquiry into the Princess's conduct acquitted Lawrence in 1806, but for awhile his sitters fell away—and Beechey became the favourite of the Court, whilst the Prince of Wales's party hotly supported Hoppner. However, that he was flourishing nevertheless is proved by his moving from Greek Street to 65 Russell Square, and a steady rise in his prices. On the death of Hoppner in 1810 he promptly further raised his prices.

But he was scarce done rubbing his hands at the deliverance from Hoppner when, in 1810, Lawrence was assailed with the dread of Raeburn's intention to settle in London; but, taking the simple measure of the man, he persuaded him from it. He could write exultantly, "The death of Hoppner leaves me without a rival." In 1814 the Regent smiled upon him, and in 1815 knighted him.

At the fall of Napoleon, the Regent sent him to Aix-la-Chapelle to paint the notabilities gathered there for the royal collection; from thence he was sent to Rome to paint the Pope and some Cardinals. Returning in 1820 he was elected President of the Royal Academy in place of the dead West.

Lawrence was soon so largely helped by pupils, and his art became so trivial, taking on the mawkish note that was coming over the land, that his later work bears no comparison in technical excellence with the masterpieces of his younger years. However, whether we take his earlier or his later period, his treatment of childhood stands out as being of the height of his achievement.

Lawrence died on the 7th of January 1830, being buried with great pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral.

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During the thirty years of his painting, he was as greatly in vogue for the painting of the fashionable folk as his great predecessor Reynolds had been in the age before him. Of his many fine pictures of children was the famous *Master Lambton.* Whatever his affectations and poses, Lawrence painted children, in spite of the sentimentality which he inflicted upon them, astounding well; and he himself seems to have realised his strength, for he chose his canvas of the *Calmady Children* as being his masterpiece—perhaps better known by its engravings as *Nature*, though it is difficult to know why he preferred it to the *Master Lambton* or the fine *Countess Gower and Child.* But perhaps his best-known work is that rich-hued and glowing colour-scheme in the National Gallery known as the *Child with a Kid*—or even sometimes as *A Boy with a Kid*—in which the little peasant with bare feet and legs, and in ragged clothes, reveals the well-bred, handsome five-year-old, little Lady Georgina Fane. Whether he idealised his children or not, it must be confessed that the charm and fascination of childhood he most appropriately and justly uttered.

Opie said wittily that Lawrence made coxcombs of his sitters, and his sitters made a coxcomb of Lawrence. The Royal Academy *Self-Portrait* shows him much as tradition reports him. Of his most famous portraits of ladies of quality are the *Beautiful Miss Croker*, the *Lady Blessington*, the *Miss Macdonald*, the *Countess Grosvenor*, the *Lady Charlotte Greville*, the South Kensington *Caroline of Brunswick*, and the finest head of a woman he ever painted—indeed, his unfinished works always reveal power—the National Portrait Gallery *Lady Calcott.* Of the more famous men-portraits are the theatrical *Kemble as "Hamlet,"* the excellent, unfinished *George IV*, the Louvre *Lord Whitworth*, *Angerstein*, *Warren Hastings*, *Lord Bloomfield*, *Bathurst*, the aristocratic and handsome *Lord Londonderry*, *Sir Samuel Romilly*, *Sir John Moore*—a somewhat smug presentment of a virile personality, the excellent *Sir Graham Moore*, the ridiculous *Canning*, and the fine unfinished *Wilberforce.*

XVIII

LAWRENCE
1769 – 1830

"CHILD WITH A KID"

(National Gallery)

The famous canvas by Lawrence is often called *A Boy with a Kid*—but the fair-haired child happened to have been a girl, Lady Georgina Fane, posing as a little peasant by a brook.

Lawrence, with courtier tongue, and confidential, soft voice that lured women, ousted Hoppner from the royal favour, and persuaded Raeburn north again. He gave his beauties, in an age that was affecting the prim proprieties, an air of naughtiness that appealed to women. He courted women, and played the flirt often beyond play. He involved a royal princess in scandal, and wooed the two daughters of Mrs. Siddons at the same time. But he had the astuteness to keep his secrets. He sedulously avoided making enemies. He wore the blunt and frank Hoppner down with calculated finesse. At the same time it must be recorded that he was generous and affable.

After Lawrence came a run of portrait-painters who, though they lived well into the eighteen-hundreds, carried on the old tradition.

Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A. (1769-1850), born in Dublin, came to London in 1788; was introduced to Reynolds by Burke; ran to verse as well as portraiture; was made President of the Academy at the death of Lawrence in 1830; and painted many of the celebrities of the age—*Queen Victoria*, *William IV*, *Picton*, and the rest.

Henry Howard, R.A. (1769-1847), pupil to Reinagle, painted *James Watt*, *Hayley*, *Flaxman*, and *Mrs. Trimmer* amongst others.

Thomas Phillips, R.A. (1770-1845), came to London in 1786; studied at the Academy, rejected the historic for the portrait, and painted *William Blake*, *Byron*, *Chantrey*, *Faraday*, *Thurlow*, *Burdett*, and *Wilkie* amongst other celebrities.

James Saxon of Manchester showed portraits at the Academy in the seventeen-nineties; he died in London about 1817. His *Sir Walter Scott with a large Dog in a Landscape* is well known.

James Lonsdale (1777-1839), pupil of Romney, lived in the Berners Street house vacated by Opie, where he painted most of his portraits, several of which are in the National Portrait Gallery.

PAINTING

THE BRITISH GENIUS FINDS VOICE

JOHN JACKSON, R.A., was born on the 31st of May 1778 to a village tailor of Lastingham in Yorkshire. Disliking his father's trade to which he was apprenticed, he was allowed to copy the pictures at Castle Howard, where he caught the eye of Lord Mulgrave and Sir George Beaumont, who sent him to the schools of the Royal Academy in 1805. He early came to repute as portrait-painter. He travelled in Holland and Flanders; and soon thereafter, in 1815, was elected A.R.A.; being made R.A. in 1817. In 1819 he went to Rome with Sir Francis Chantrey, and was elected to the Academy of St. Luke there. His first wife, a Miss Fletcher, dying in 1817, Jackson married a daughter of James Ward, R.A. Jackson died at St. John's Wood on 1st June 1831.

CHAPTER XXXI

WHEREIN WE SEE THE DAWNING OF MODERN PAINTING IN THE PORTRAYAL OF THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE BY ONE WHO RIOTS IN THE TAVERN

LET us turn back awhile to an artist who developed very late.

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STUBBS
1724–1806

GEORGE STUBBS, A.R.A., born in Liverpool to a currier and leather-dresser, or, as is also said, a surgeon, on the 24th of August 1724, early displayed such marked artistic powers that at sixteen he was helping Mr. Winstanley in the copying of pictures at Knowsley Hall. He later went to Wigan, and thence to Leeds, where he painted portraits; going thence to York where he gave himself up to the close study of anatomy, dissecting both human and animal subjects, and learning engraving to illustrate Burton's book on anatomy. Going to Hull, he thence made for Liverpool again, and sailed about 1754 for Italy to study the Old Masters at Rome. Returning to England he settled for awhile in Lincolnshire, painting portraits and preparing plates for an *Anatomy of the Horse*, which he brought to London in 1759, and their publication in 1766 established him; he came to wide vogue as a painter of animals and hunting-scenes and portraits of famous racehorses. Sending to the Society of Artists from 1761 to 1774, he became their President. He showed at the Academy from 1775 to 1803, being elected A.R.A. on the 6th of November 1780, and R.A. elect in the February of 1781, though he cancelled his election by refusing to send a diploma work. Stubbs died in London on the 10th of July 1806.

Now Stubbs's painting of horses and hunting-scenes was,

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with Ibbetson's landscapes, to have a marked result. Hogarth had turned the native genius to the life of the people of the cities; Gainsborough, with lyrical gifts, had led to the fascination of country scenes; Rowlandson had added the comedies of country and town life.

GEORGE MORLAND
1763 – 1804

Morland's significance in art is that he uttered the life of the countryside as Hogarth uttered the life of the city; he brought the fragrance of English country pursuits across the canvas with rare painter's skill. At the turn of the century England in art was to be the mightiest genius in the wide world. Her innate sense of splendid colour which was akin to that of the Dutch, combined with her subtle sense of colour which was her heritage from France and the Dutch, were now about to create immortal poetry. And Morland led her thereto by his jocund delight in her rural fascination. He turned his back on antique tradition; broke the Italian spectacles, and just frankly joyed in the meadows that lie by pleasant streams amid the woodlands, where the old carthorses and cattle browsed, and dogs barked, and hogs grunted, and there was music in the cackle and cry of poultry.

Born on the 26th of June 1763, the child's first impressions must have been of the making of art; he crawled on all fours amongst the easels and painting tools and gear of artists, both his father and French mother being painters, and of no mean order.

The father, Henry Robert Morland, is known to fame as HENRY MORLAND (1730?-1797), the painter of elegant ladies playing the laundress or dairymaid or the like, which caught the vogue; the National Gallery holds his two canvases of *The Laundrymaid* washing linen, and *The Laundrymaid* ironing. Henry Morland, himself the son of an artist, George Henry Morland, at times made a considerable income from painting, as he lived in the house that Reynolds afterwards made famous in Leicester Square. Reynolds was always a good friend to him.

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Thence Henry Morland had gone to a small house in the Haymarket, where his famous son George was born. Besides painting and drawing in chalks, Henry Morland was a mezzotinter, and a picture-dealer and restorer. He seems to have been a jack-of-all-trades and not over-squeamish as picture-dealer. His wife, a lively and hard-working woman, showed two pictures at the Academy in 1785. To the pair were born three sons and two girls.

If gossip speak true, the small GEORGE MORLAND knew a harsh childhood, and was early set to work to master the mysteries, being as a boy shut up in an upper room to copy paintings, by his father, by Ruysdael, by Hobbema and Gainsborough and others, probably to be sold as originals. Thus we may account for his sound training in landscape at least, however harsh. Indeed, as a matter of fact, the child joyed in pencil and brush, even if he were kept somewhat cruelly at the grindstone; besides, he was awkward and shy, and was glad to be out of his father's fine company. So in his garret the youngster painted secretly, with occasional bouts upon the violin, whilst, below, his father and mother entertained artists, amongst them Sir Joshua Reynolds and Flaxman. His two brothers ran away to sea—one disappeared; the other, Henry Morland, came back and became a picture-dealer; but the two girls seem to have been lively, cheerful souls, who evaded the father's tyranny. The lad George had as sole friend another pupil to his father, one DAWE, who afterwards wrote his life, and with whom he would go long walks of a Saturday.

'Tis said that the youngster was sent to the Academy schools, only to be taken away by his mother for falling into bad company, and showing a taste for those strong drinks that were to be the curse of his life. It was therefore no longer a secret that he was an artist, for Romney offered to take him as apprentice and give him £300 a year, whilst the drawing-master to the royal family is said to have made him the same offer. But he was on the eve of manhood; he was doggedly set on ridding himself of the trying restraint of his narrow upbringing,

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his one thought was to be free and done with all control. He left his home and took lodgings in Martlett Row, Bow Street, getting into league with a scoundrelly Irish picture-dealer of Drury Lane, for whom he had been secretly painting, and now painted a number of pictures, many of them indecent, which were rapidly sold, chiefly 'tis said to Lord Grosvenor. Rid of control, the young fellow bolted into debauch. With manhood he became the dandy about town, flung off reserve and shyness, and shone in the taverns as a ready wit amongst the bloods, of whom none were more ready for an adventure, more daring in folly, or of more rollicking and genial humour. At The Cheshire Cheese, off Fleet Street, he was soon flinging away every penny he earned in loose living and hard drinking and riot. He would drift down to the riverside taverns and junket with rough sailors.

Reckless, gay, debonair, handsome, the merry fellow seems to have caught the fancy of a Mrs. Hill who was none too staid in her relations with the fashionable gallants about town ; and she asked him to go down to Margate with her, promising to introduce him to the bloods there gathered for the season and so to procure him portraits. So our blithe Morland made straight for the Irish dealer, borrowed as much money as the rogue would advance, and, hiring a horse, rode gaily for Margate. Putting up at an inn near the fair Mrs. Hill's lodgings, Morland made a rollicking week of it, until, word coming to him that the owner of the horse was getting restive about it, he sent back his mount to London with a postboy, and let his father pay the ten-pound bill for the hire of the same. Morland lived the dandified life at Margate, painting the folk of fashion, of noble if somewhat shady history, there gathered, and must have made considerable money, for he let himself go with the best of them.

There is something grimly humorous in a letter describing his regular day at Margate in which he breakfasts with "some nobleman's brother, but I forget the name." It happened that this breakfast companion of his mornings was Lord Digby's

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brother, Sherborne, one of the Hill's men, who greatly liked the brilliant young Morland. How the young fellow found time to paint when he was off to any cock-fight, boxing-bout, horse-race, or other "sport" in the wide neighbourhood is a marvel that can only be matched by Phil May's astounding industry and output under like conditions. Morland rode as a jockey in two important races, and, losing one from over-riding the early part of the race and winning the other, discovered the unsportsman-like nature of the so-called sportsmen who frequented the turf. The Margate season over, Mrs. Hill took the rollicking youth over to France, to Calais and then to St. Omer, and here again the French and English bloods largely employed him. 'Tis a strange adventure; the young fellow seems to have had neither love nor gratitude for the lady. However, his hands were now full with portraits of the nobility and gentry there making holiday. His letters to Dawe show the keen artistic observation, from the picture of his huge French bed "so very high I had to jump into it," to the church music which seemed to him to be threaded with the air of "Nancy Dawson." How sincere and close is that observation of the difference of beds, which is so marked a sensation on going across the Channel! Morland's letters from France are a rare picture of life. A few weeks in France, and Morland came back to Margate; but trouble was setting in. Mrs. Hill seems to have been outwardly a most proper person; Morland, on first coming to her, had started a violent love affair with her waiting-maid Jenny, a tall, handsome girl of seventeen from Liverpool. Mrs. Hill discovered the business; the girl suddenly departed to her brother in London; and, needless to say, the reckless youth followed her, and brought her back awhile to Margate. He fell foul of Mrs. Hill, and returned to town having promised the girl to marry her. Morland was clearly anxious to get rid of Mrs. Hill's control; but Jenny found him as little faithful to his pledge to her as grateful to her mistress. The man shrank from the marriage. By a base trick he got out of it—one of his companions went to the girl's brother, told him that Morland

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was a black scoundrel, and so alarmed the man about his sister's future with him that the duped brother wrathfully broke off the marriage. Morland had clearly learned to be a "sportsman" as the turf understood the word. He straightway started an affair with another servant-girl; but he had gone to live with the engraver William Ward, brother to the famous James Ward, and the two men fell in love with each other's sisters, were married in the same month in 1786, and the four young people set up house together in Marylebone. To the beautiful young wife her blithe, high-spirited, handsome genius must have seemed an ideal lover; but when the harsh reckoning came Anne Ward stood by him with devoted loyalty and forbearance. However, the cheery household were soon foul of each other; whose fault we know not, but when young Ward and Morland stalked out in hot anger to the sandpit behind the house and missed each other with pistols it was clearly time for the couples to separate. Morland and his young wife took a house in Camden Town, and the young fellow now seriously gave himself up to his art. With all his faults, Morland deeply loved the beautiful woman who stood by him through good and evil days; and he had already increased his repute by his paintings of the *Idle* and *Industrious Mechanic*, the *Idle Laundress* and the *Industrious Cottager*, and the famous *Letitia* sequence of a girl's life from the innocence of her country home to her return as a penitent to that home—that series of charming designs for which his beautiful wife sat. The intention is the intention of Hogarth taken out of the city and set in the country; it is more gently seen, more sentimentally felt, and its pathetic tenderness is poles apart from Hogarth's more virile and unflinching art; but it is pure and native and fragrant. About this loyal girl all that was best in Morland was enwrapped. He was soon to go forth on that reckless debauchery of life that is his sad career; but through it all his respect and love for her remained at least a holy thing. It was Letitia's lover, not Letitia, who wallowed in the mire; it was Letitia who had to weep, not for her own weaknesses, but for the poor reckless

fellow who lay in drunken sleep after his wild outbursts, the sorry husk of the handsome youth she had loved so well.

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But in their new home at least all began blithely. Through 1788 he launched on those scenes of domestic life and of childhood which, from his *Blind Man's Buff*, through their engravings, were to win him a vast public. Grimly enough, in his delight at the high price, as prices then went, for the *Blind Man's Buff*, the picture done, he flung down palette and brushes and vowed a glass of gin as libation for each of the twelve guineas; sallied off with a boon-companion to the nearest tavern, to return after twelve glasses of gin in drunken uproariousness. Ward was now friendly again; and his engraving of Morland's picture won a great public. So Fortune beckoned, and Morland replied with the *Children playing at Soldiers*, the *Children Bird's-nesting*, the *Children Knitting*, the *Boys robbing an Orchard*, the *Angry Farmer*, the *Boys Bathing*, the *Gathering Butterflowers*, the *Kite Entangled*, the *Juvenile Navigators*, the *Gathering Blackberries*, the *Selling Guinea Pigs*, the *Dancing Dogs*, the *Snowball*, and the like simple facts of rural life that Ward engraved with such profit—scenes that went home to the heart of the people, to whom they were dear, familiar things of childhood, and to whom they brought back the fragrance of their youth. The threat of sentimentality in the *Letitia* series had now departed. What little he owed to Greuze and the Frenchmen in his earlier series was vanishing, though it peeps back again in his next works, the *Visit to a Child at Nurse* and the *Visit to a Boarding-School*. The man, like so many riotous fellows, loved swarms of children romping about him, even as he worked; he understood the little folk, and they confided their best to him, and they at least would have no blame for the poultry and animals and the straw that littered the floor of his painting-room, nor for the casual passer-by whom he would call out of the street and hire with free hand to sit to him. He painted always from the life. The little ones at least did not think him mad, whatever the elders vowed. He was hail fellow! with the high and the low; and the people loved him. He

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had heard the voice of Hogarth, and his instinct had revealed to him the coming of the democracy—he painted the democratic spirit of the new age that, born out of the Commonwealth, was thundering triumphant in the American colonies overseas, and was overturning the ancient state of Europe in the French Revolution.

He lured into his room a sergeant, drummer, and private on their way to arrest a deserter—he plied them with drink and searching questions, and gave forth his *Deserter*. All the rag tag and bobtail that plied their traffic along the coaching roads and frequented the taverns he limned with skilful brush, and uttered his multitudinous impressions of their wayfaring, giving forth his works such as the *Interior of an Ale-house*, the *Ale-house Politicians*, the *Amorous Ploughman*, and the rest of it. His free-handed generosity, his genial, rollicking humour, and his jollity made him a welcome figure everywhere; his ready guinea for any man in trouble or want soon had him enmeshed in a crowd of sponging wastrels who roared applause and good fellowship when he sat amongst them at the tavern, chorused his songs, and drank his money. Thence he would sally forth to lead them into wild devilments and horseplay. Why he allowed himself to become for a short while the police officer or "head borough" of his division, except for the farce of the thing, was difficult to decide; but he soon tired of the constable's uniform which he got into more scrapes than he made arrests.

There came to live with Morland about this time two men who were to have a considerable effect upon his life. Irwin, a gentlemanly young fellow, seems to have come into his house out of sheer affection for the man, and became his go-between in the selling of pictures to the dealers. But he probably lapsed into the habit of asking much more, and getting much more, from the dealers than Morland demanded. Boon-companion to Morland in his cups, Irwin at last had some bitter quarrel with him, for he suddenly left his house, never to return, dying soon after in wild debauch. Brooks was

of a different kidney, and came as servant to become the confidential valet and faithful friend of his wild master. Of humble stock, a shoemaker by trade, Brooks attached himself to the man; nothing was too menial for him to do on his behalf; he served Morland like a dog. He drank with his master, laughed with him when the sun shone; served him; kept his creditors at bay; and when evil days befell, he followed him into hiding.

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Morland, though now making large sums of money, selling his works as fast as he could paint them, was hedged in by a pack of rogues who secured his pictures for small sums—he would always part with a work for money down of a tithe of the amount that he could have got by negotiation with reputable dealers—and the rogues bled him. But even had he got more, it would have burnt a hole in his pocket as rapidly. He was soon deeply in debt; and he lived in an age when debt meant the prison. At last the day of reckoning came. Morland did not wait to meet it. With the faithful Brooks he smuggled the furniture out of his house by night, and gleefully in 1789 flitted from Camden Town.

The trouble brought into his life the loyal friendship of Wedd, a solicitor, who set himself to clearing Morland, getting him into lodgings "within the rules" of the law-courts, which put him out of reach of creditors on a letter of license to pay off his debts by instalments, thus freeing the wild fellow, who worked hard, in fifteen months. Then Morland went to Leicester Street, Leicester Square, and did well; here it was that he painted the famous *Gypsies kindling a Fire* that created a new sequence of subjects. Thereby hangs a tale. Colonel Stuart, for whom he was painting it, went to him one morning with a friend to see the work; and on asking Morland how soon he could have it, was told "By four in the afternoon"! Stuart expressed his doubts in French to his friend, Morland giving no sign that he understood; however, the gallant Colonel said he would call for it at four. Morland at once to reduce the labour upon it painted out several figures, worked in a mass of darks and foliage, and by three o'clock was

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finished. He played with battledore and shuttlecock until the Colonel came. His handling indeed always reveals the rapid and sure touch.

For some reason during 1789 and 1790 he changed his abode in London again and again, then settled in the country again in a house overlooking the White Lion Inn at the then rural Paddington. It was at this time that he took two pupils Brown and Hand into his house. The smug Brown, posing as model of respectability, was soon dealing in Morland's pictures; he bought *The Farmer's Stable* for forty guineas and sold it for a hundred, and *The Strawyard* for a hundred and twenty; but Morland wearied of the virtuous David Brown and parted with him. Hand was a ne'er-do-weel who was too ready to be boon-companion to his master. *The Farmer's Stable*, now at the National Gallery, was from the White Lion Inn at Paddington.

Morland was at this time making a hundred guineas a week with ease; but he took to paying his creditors with pictures instead of with money; and wove ruin thereby. Every rogue in the place became a picture-dealer, and bled him.

At this house, and at his other house in Paddington, at Winchester Row, whither he moved from it, he lived prodigally, "like a lord," they said—dressing in the height of fashion, keeping a couple of grooms and a footman in livery, his house open, his stables full of horses. He hired a room as a school for prize-fighting, and gave prizes. A detestation of the "gentleman-connoisseur" who *would* suggest alterations in his work, and tamper with his fine art, kept him from the large fortune he would otherwise have secured. The man was of the people by taste, by habit, and by intellect. He found, besides, no pleasure in the company of aristocrats and the fashionable. In 1787, on the death of his father, he was urged to take up the baronetcy to which he was thereby entitled. Not only would he not give half-a-guinea for a title, he absolutely refused to apply for the baronetcy to which he was the heir-at-law—the creation of Charles II—laughing it aside

XIX

GEORGE MORLAND

1763 – 1804

"THE INSIDE OF A STABLE"

(National Gallery)

Painted in oil on canvas. 4 ft. 9 in. h. × 6 ft. 7½ in. w. (1·448 × 2·019).

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with "there was as much honour in being a fine painter as a titled gentleman; that he would have borne the disgrace of a title had there been any income to accompany it; but, as matters stood, he swore he would wear none of the fooleries of his ancestors."

But freely as he made money, the life "like a lord" at Paddington rapidly grew to an end. Deep in debt, Morland found his boon-companions dropping away; the rats were leaving the sinking ship. The debtor's prison loomed. And Morland himself fell to shady ways. A young fellow with a large sum of money upon him, having drunk heavily at a tavern, went home with Morland, to whom he discovered that he had a large sum upon him which his father had given him to bribe himself into a Government office, but he had been outbid by a heavier purse. Morland, filling the youth with wine, gave him an I.O.U. for the money. But the father looked like becoming dangerous, for Morland had promptly paid off pressing creditors and gone riot upon the rest. Only under promise of early repayment did he escape. But he was swamped in debt, and flitted from his big house with his wife to a farmhouse at Enderby in Leicestershire. Here Wedd and Ward and a few friends set to work to save him from a debtors' prison. His creditors being called together in 1791, agreed to payment by instalment. His friends took a house for him in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, on his pledge to pay off debts at £120 a month. And here, be it said, he worked hard and made a large income, painting for Colonel Stuart *The Benevolent Sportsman*, for Wedd *Watering the Farmer's Horse* and *Rubbing down the Post Horse* (both painted in one day). Unfortunately he now began to scamp his work in a stream of small pictures which rapidly let down his reputation; and his earlier rollicking outbursts had already turned to the sodden drunkenness of confirmed habit. Youth and vitality were flown. His famous bill of a day's drinking reads to us impossible to-day, and he fitly wrote at the bottom of it, under a sketch of a tombstone with skull and crossbones, "Here lies a

Drunken Dog." The reformation at Charlotte Street was a short affair, then ; and poor Anne Morland knew the misery of a sodden drunkard for bedfellow. His will to keep his promises was gone. His old habits of picture-traffic were soon in full blast again ; and he rode carelessly towards the gates that lead to the debtors' prison. His sense of honour became still further smudged. Then he got into the hands of a money-lender of the lowest type, an unprincipled scoundrel called Levi, who bled him, and then had him arrested for debt. A generous friend freed him ; and Levi, to his horror, found Morland leaning over his counter with a crowd outside, and felt a smashing blow on his nose from the hot-tempered man, whose anger cooled as fast as it rose, and to Levi's relief he saw him leave with the cheering and triumphant crowd. So Morland got back awhile to his childish practical jokes and liberty.

But instead of working for his original creditors, he now flung himself into further debt. He became suspicious. He would make sudden journeys into the country to avoid arrest. He was become the artful dodger, flying from one place to another, a hunted thing. Even his poor wife rebelled at times, and burnt with passionate indignation and grief at the wanton ruin he was bringing upon them. At times she would even leave him for the shelter of the Wards' house ; but she loved the broken, dissolute fellow, and she realised that his love for her was the one wholesome instinct left to him. He lived now in terror of prison, hunted by bailiffs. With Brooks and Hand he would flit at a few moments' notice to the country, where the cottagers' children loved to play with the kindly man.

Morland now knew bouts of black despair, and would burst into tears of self-contempt, and he several times thought of suicide.

From the country, Brooks and Hand would smuggle his pictures to town and sell them. And Morland himself would slip up to Charlotte Street, and live in hiding there. He had found out the way to keep off the law, by bribing the bailiffs, whom he would entertain in his painting-room in the old

jovial fashion. He painted a famous *Self-Portrait* seated at his easel, painting, with old Brooks in attendance, and fragments of a meal about, two dogs in the room. But he was now growing puffy and stout; his old love of life was growing dulled; his wife went to him when she safely could do so; but he had to live much alone and in secret. Indeed, Charlotte Street was soon too hot to hold him; old Brooks was as well known as his master, and was sent away; Morland gave up the place, fell amongst ruffianly hangers-on, and flitted from hiding-place to hiding-place. His first move had been to Chelsea, where he promptly met a heavy creditor who had him arrested, but was bailed out by a friend. Thence he hid in Lambeth, thence flitted to East Sheen, and so on, hunted and fearful of arrest—his poor wife occasionally joining him in the wretched wayfaring.

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Then he made a bold bid for liberty by going to Hackney with his wife and calmly taking up an extravagant attitude and lavish ways. Here his plans were upset by a ludicrously clever fellow, who hearing him talking of engraving and copperplates, suspected him as a forger of bank-notes, informed the bank, by whom a police raid was made from which Morland escaped by the back door, taking horse for London, thinking it was the bailiffs after him. For this folly the bank sent a handsome apology and a cheque, thanks to Wedd. After further flittings, Morland went to a friend, Lynn, at Cowes in the Isle of Wight, with wife and servant, and there was soon busy with sea-pieces, of which he painted some of his famous masterpieces. From Cowes he went to Newport to a friend of Lynn's, but here his busy artistic life was suddenly disturbed by a warning that the bailiffs were after him, and he hurriedly made for Yarmouth. But destiny now seemed set on playing practical jokes on this born practical joker; he was scarcely settled in Yarmouth when a lieutenant and eight soldiers entered the room where they were breakfasting and arrested the lot—it was the house of the famous smuggler George Coles, and Morland was taken before the bench as a French spy sketching the coast, and only got off with a caution!

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Morland was growing weary of the whole thing. In the November of 1799 he made for London, took lodgings in Vauxhall, and, giving himself up to his creditors, was sent to the King's Bench Prison. But being able to make a large income still by skill of hand, he was given the benefit of "the rules," living on licence in Lambeth Road, St. George's Fields, where his wife went to him with her maidservant. Morland's brother set up as a picture-dealer and became his agent. Morland now did the hardest and steadiest work of his life; indeed, during the last eight years of his career, in spite of sickness, he painted four hundred and ninety-two pictures for his brother alone, and some three hundred others, besides a vast number of sketches. Unfortunately, though whilst he lived within the rules of the King's Bench he kept the rules strictly, being always at home by the time appointed, he gave himself up to riotous living. The rules indeed were but a legal form to hold his creditors at bay, so long as he kept the rules. Other debtors went to his home to drunken revels; and with this strange company of broken wits he held high hilarious debauch. And through all, presiding over this strange company, flits the wan, ghostly figure of poor Mrs. Morland, the once blithe "Letitia," constant, loyal, unafraid.

Think of it. This man was to *die* at forty-one! His powers should have been at their fullest, his art at its ripest. He was near burnt out, and he knew it. He had to paint out days of work done. Then came a stroke of apoplexy. He was filled with profound dread—yet his will was gone, unable to keep him from the bottle. In 1802 the Act of Insolvency freed him from the King's Bench; but he stayed in the Lambeth Road house until a second fit of apoplexy fell. Thence he went to lodge at the Black Bull at Highgate; but quarrelling with his landlord, he removed to a restaurant set up by his brother in Dean Street. By this time his kin had persuaded his wife to live at Paddington for health's sake and peace of mind; and Morland provided the funds regularly, realising the unfitness of his life for her. He lived miserable, disconsolate, now working

here, now there, his love of freedom gone, the paid servant at two guineas a day to his picture-dealing brother. Drink was killing his brain and had shattered his nerves; he lived with black melancholy and delusions; dreaded to be in a room alone, and could not sleep unless the candles were kept alight. A prey to unknown fears, he raved in his sleep. A sudden knock at the door, a chair upset, would set him violently a-tremble, or he would fall off his chair. Afraid of the dark, he would walk out into the night; and was once found lying unconscious and near frozen in the snow. Stroke after stroke fell upon him; he lost the use of his left hand; he shrank from his fellow-men.

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At last a vile publican arrested him for a small debt and sent him to a "sponging-house" in Eyre Street, Coldbath Fields; he tried to make the money by painting a landscape, but, whilst sketching it, fell off his chair in a fit. For eight days he raved in delirium, and never regained consciousness, dying on the 29th of October 1804. They kept the news from his poor wife for a day, but on hearing of his death she uttered a shriek, fell into convulsions, and passed away four days after the man whom she had loved so faithfully and well, and with whom she was buried in the God's acre of St. James's Chapel.

Rowlandson's sketch of Morland in water-colours as he stands before the fireplace gives us the figure of the man in telling fashion—the sportsman, the dandy not yet left behind, an air even in the studied carelessness of the dress. Something typical and English about him, with something of French daintiness withal.

Such was the man who, like most geniuses in the arts, created a development of the native achievement, scarce witting of the significance that he was a pioneer. He led away artistic endeavour from the blighting vision of mimicry to the virile utterance of life. This man, without faculty for citizenship, reckless of duty or honour, with the wit and habits of a school-boy, led art to its democratic utterance, whilst the philosophic brain of a Reynolds was making every effort to turn back the native utterance to the dead sea of Italian endeavour. This

man, wallowing in the mire, the drunken lord of low revellers and rioters, gave his strenuous days with astounding power and energy to the creation of a pure and fragrant art of the life of the countryside that is astounding in any man, but a miracle when it is realised under what conditions he created it. He lived in an age of hard drinking: the very clergy drank—judges drank—Members of Parliament came drunk to debate the most vital issues of the State; and the maddening gin was the liquor of every class—they drank it as men drink water. It was an age when men quarrelled over dogma, mistaking it for religion, little concerned with its relation to life. Strong men could stand in the street and watch some poor fool hanged for stealing a loaf—even when the fool was a woman. Hogarth lashed the age; and Hogarth died the year after Morland was born. Gainsborough and Wilson were turning men's eyes to landscape, but in languid fashion as yet. Trained in copying the Dutchmen, Morland early broke away from all tradition both of art and conduct, and poured forth works which at once appealed to his race, as Burns's lyrics appeal. No man has been more heavily forged than Morland, or so consummately forged.

JAMES WARD, R.A., born in Thames Street, London, on October 23, 1769, was first 'prenticed to the engraver, J. R. Smith, then to his own brother WILLIAM WARD, famous for his mezzotints. After some engraving, James Ward took to painting in the style and subjects of his brother-in-law George Morland, his early works often passing as being by Morland. On the New Year's Day of 1794 James Ward was made painter and engraver in mezzotint to the Prince of Wales (George IV). The commission from the Royal Agricultural Society "to paint a high-bred cow," in 1796, turned him to the animal-painting on which his fame rests. But he still painted portraits and landscapes, besides racehorses; and his output was very large. The National Portrait Gallery has his *Self-Portrait*. A daughter of James Ward married the portrait-

painter JOHN JACKSON. He lived and wrought to very old age, dying in Cheshunt in the November of 1859.

Six years younger than Morland, Ward so early displayed artistic gifts that Morland, strange as it now seems, was jealous of him, and would not allow him to see him painting. His *Coming Storm* is, perhaps, one of the best-known examples of his art.

Of them that came to a vogue in painting animals thereafter, the best, perhaps, are ALKEN and HERRING (1795-1865), who treated the horse in the conventional gallop. Shayer on occasion wrought work that rivals the art of James Ward, and even of Morland. But Herring belongs more to modern painting.

But even as the broken Morland lay a-dying, the British genius was come into its great realm of art. The alien spectacles lay smashed and broken. The new genius had come to grips with life. And when 1800 struck there was a galaxy of great artists in the land who were leading the way to the modern revelation; and above them all, head and shoulders, stands the mighty genius of Turner, the creator of modern painting, and its supreme master.

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THE END OF VOLUME VII

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